STORIES

SCHOOLS

ANIMALS

Fourth-Grade

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Keys to Independence in Reading

A CONTINUATION OF Phonetic Keys to Reading

Tales to Enjoy

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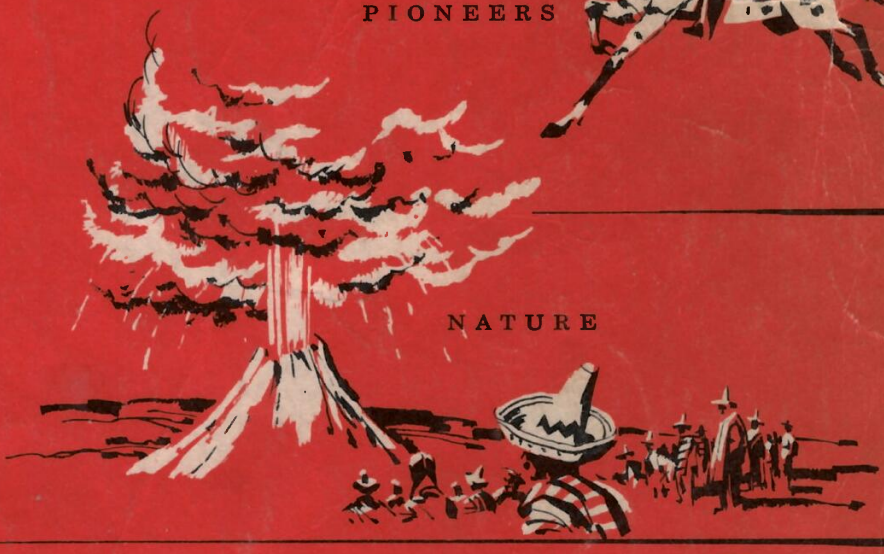
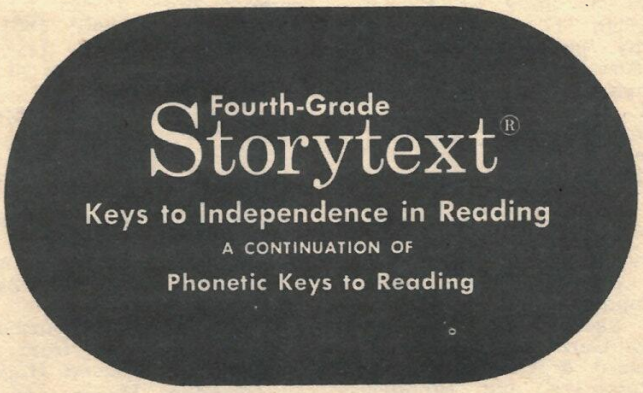


NATURE

INDIANS

Tales to Enjoy



by Theodore L. Harris, Mildred Creekmore, Margaret Greenman

A Basic Reading Series

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A World of Stories

What Makes Stories Different

All around you, in magazines, in books, and in newspapers, there are stories for you to read. Many of them are interesting and exciting, and some are very funny. But you will find that they are not all alike.

Some are "realistic" stories. They tell about people and things that are real or that could be real. Other stories are "make-believe." They tell about strange people and strange things that you know could never really happen.

But no matter what the story tells about, you will find that it has a plan. The plan that a story follows is its "plot." Each part of the plot leads you on to a high point in the story, which is the "climax." The climax gives you an idea of how the story will end and is often very exciting.

Every story also has "characters." They are the people or animals or strange creatures who do the things told about in the story. Without characters there could not be a story.

Many good stories also have a "theme." If the author of a story has a special idea or point that he wants you to understand, he weaves this into the story. If you read carefully, you can find this theme.

Here are several different stories. One of them could really happen to boys and girls like you. The other stories are different kinds of make-believe stories. As you read them, see if you can tell what there is about each story that makes it different from the rest.

Realistic stories make up an important part of your reading. You may read them just because you like stories about real people and real things or about imaginary people who do things that seem true to life. But you can also learn many interesting things from them.

Through realistic stories you can visit different places, have exciting adventures, and meet interesting characters. The characters in this kind of story are much like us, and the things they do are very much like the things that people do in real life.

Here is a story that could really happen, and the main characters—the boy, the girl, and the calf—could be real.

Texas Norther

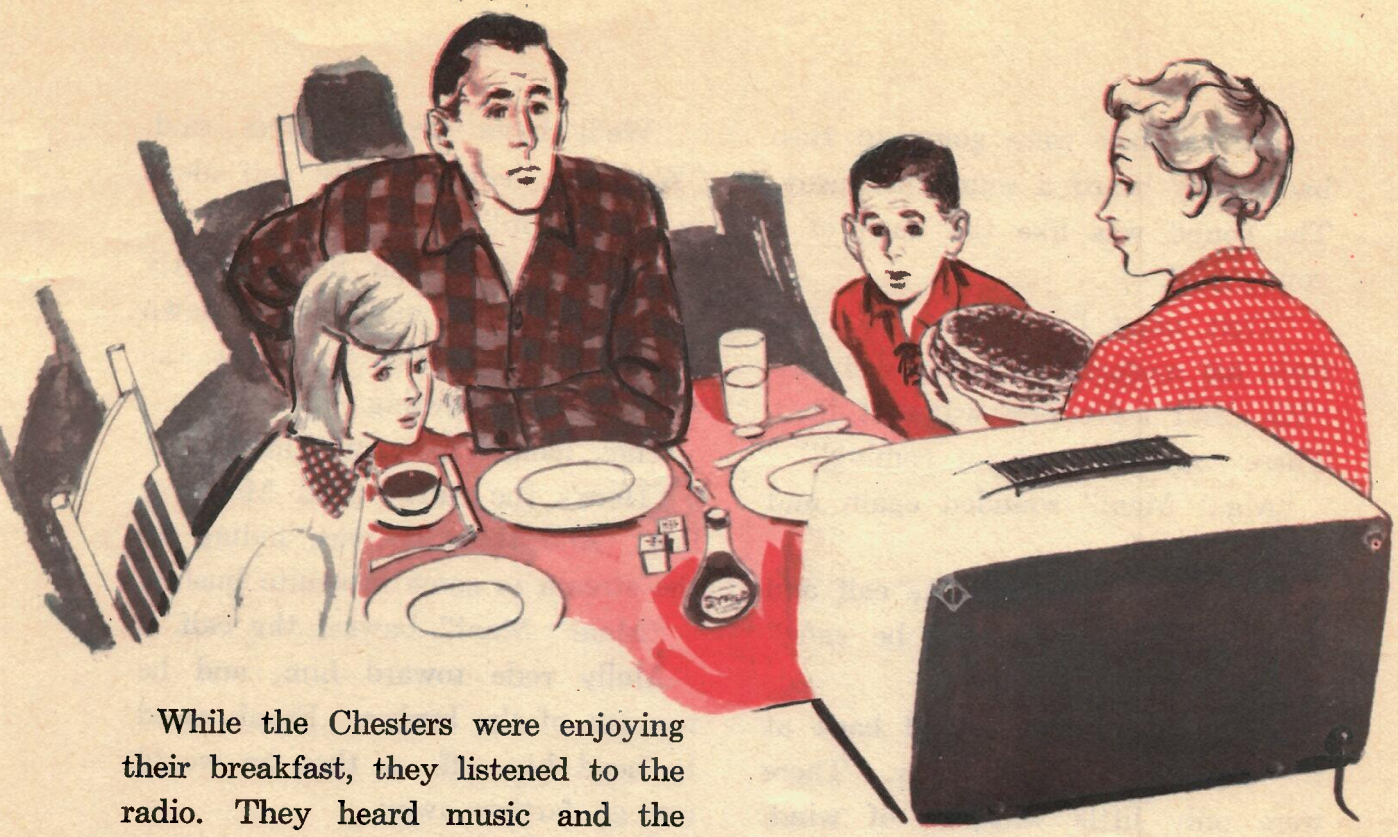
The Chester family had moved to a ranch in Texas. Molly and Frank liked to ride their horses over the grassy range. Each day they rode over the hill and down the far side. Then they watered their horses at a small stream.

They liked to sit by the stream while the horses drank. They sat in the shade of a scrub oak. One branch of the scrub oak had been stripped of its bark by a flash of lightning in a big storm. But that was some time ago. There hadn't been any storms at the ranch since the Chesters had moved there.

One morning Mr. Chester, Molly, and Frank sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Chester brought in sausage and pancakes.

"This is good sausage," said Mr. Chester.

"And these are good pancakes, too," Frank said.



While the Chesters were enjoying their breakfast, they listened to the radio. They heard music and the news about what was happening all over the country.

Suddenly they heard a bell sound on the radio. "We have special news about the weather," a voice said. "A cold front is moving in from the north. The wind will be very strong, and it may bring dust and rain."

Mr. Chester said to Molly and Frank, "You must be careful not to ride too far this morning. That cold front could be bad. A norther with dust and rain sometimes means a big storm."

Molly and Frank thought of this as they got on their horses.

"Be sure to get back before the storm breaks," their father said again.

"We will, Dad," they called, as they started out.

They rode south across the range. Now and then they looked back at the sky. No storm was in sight.

"I'll race you to the top of the hill!" Frank said.

"All right," said Molly. They pulled their horses up side by side.

"Get set! Go!" cried Frank.

The horses leaped forward and ran as fast as they could. Frank raced on ahead. His horse, Ranger, was as swift as the wind.

Molly followed on her horse, Bill. She caught up with Frank when he stopped at the top of the hill.

They both turned to look back at the sky. Not a cloud was in sight. The air was warm and still.

They sat looking down across the grassy field. Off to the right they could just see the scrub oak by the stream. It looked like a tiny spot.

Just as they were going to turn back, they heard a sound far away. The sound was like the bawl of a young calf.

"That must be a baby calf lost from his mother!" Frank called out. "We can't leave him way out here. There may be a storm coming!"

"Maa! Maa!" sounded again and again.

"Maybe we can find the calf and drive him home so he'll be safe," Molly said.

Molly and Frank looked back at the sky. It was still clear. There were only little whispers of wind. Now and then the wind picked up dust. It blew the dust in little swirls, then dropped it.

"We'll have time," Frank said. "We can't leave a baby calf alone in the storm!"

They touched their horses lightly with their heels and moved down the hill. They tried to follow the sound of the bawling.

They looked here and there.

"Here's the calf!" cried Molly at last. And there he was, hiding by the stream in some mesquite bushes.

"Maa! Maa!" bawled the calf.

Molly rode toward him, and he ran out of the bushes. Frank raced to head him off, so that he would not go farther away.

He turned and ran away from Frank. Molly rode after the calf. She managed to get in front of him and head him back toward home. Frank rode his horse to the side to keep the calf from breaking away.

Little by little they drove the calf toward the top of the hill. By this time the wind was cooler and was coming in strong puffs. It was blowing sand and dust in their faces.

"Watch the calf, Frank!" Molly called.

The calf began to dodge here and there, trying to go with the wind back to the mesquite bushes. But Molly or Frank rode out each time to guide him into the wind toward home.

At the top of the hill a strong wind swept over them with a great

"who—oo-sh!" The calf stopped a minute and lowered his head. Then he tried again to turn around and run back to the mesquite bushes by the stream.

"Don't let him get past you!" warned Frank. And Molly rode around the calf and headed him back toward the ranch.

Far off to the right they could see the ranch house. All along the edge of the sky there was a great black cloud. The two children looked at one another. Each knew what the other was thinking. They wanted to run for home, but they couldn't leave the calf.

"Hoo-ee! Hoo-ee!" Frank shouted, as he rode swiftly toward the calf. The calf started to run again. "We must guide him to the right!" Frank called.

Now blast after blast of wind swept over them, then died away. It was hard to face these blasts. The little calf kept trying to turn to get the wind behind him. But Molly and Frank drove him on and on.

A strong puff of wind picked up more sand and swirled it into their faces.

"We have to get home!" cried Molly. The wind caught her breath and filled her eyes with dust.

Then a tumbleweed came rolling toward them, and Frank pulled his horse quickly to the side to let it

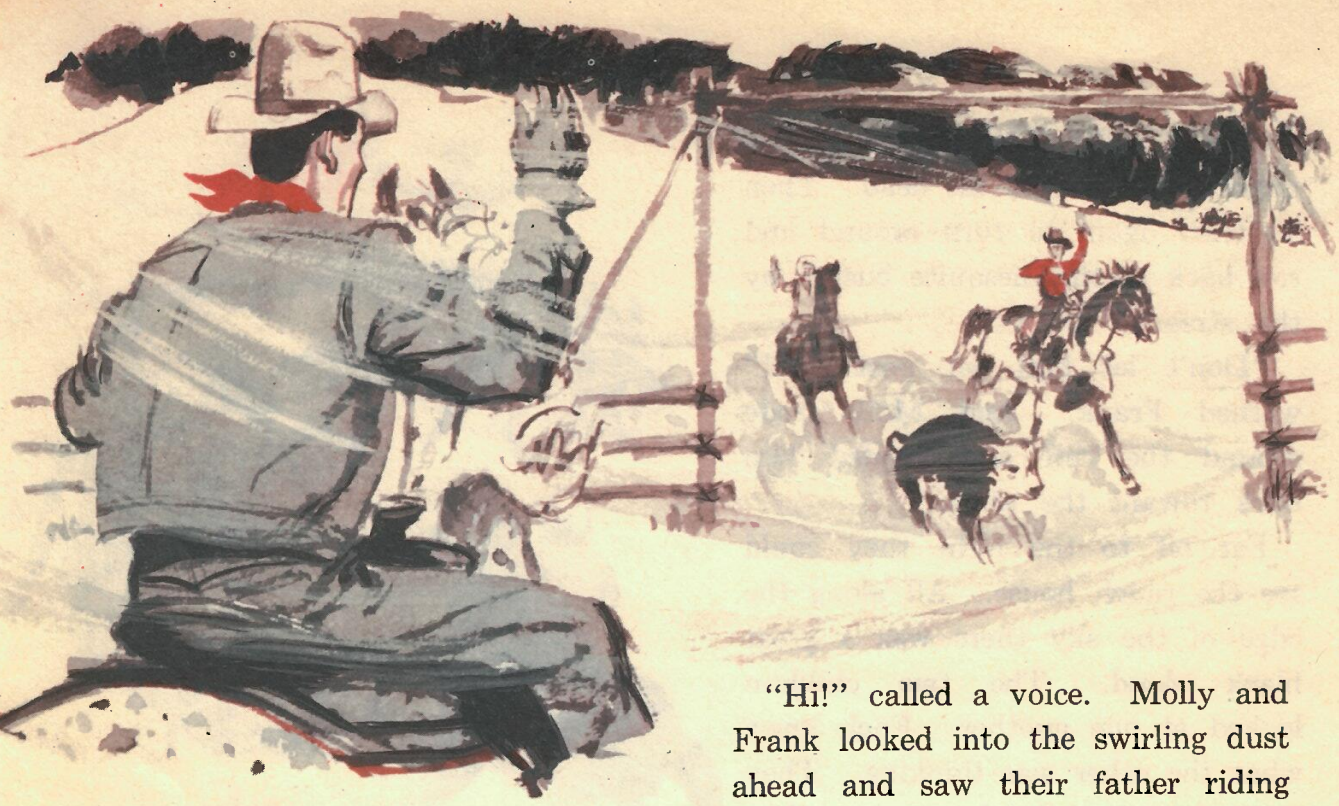
go past. Tumbleweed after tumbleweed went rolling by.

Over and over again the wind whipped them with sand that stung their legs and faces. For a minute they could not see the ranch house.

"The storm is coming closer!" cried Molly. Frank nodded. He could tell that she was afraid. Well, he was afraid, too.

The wind died down a bit, and the little calf stopped fighting to go back to the bushes. His little legs were getting tired. He put his head down and stumbled toward the gate, bawling as he went.

Frank's horse snorted as the wind struck again. Molly's horse gave a neigh in answer. He lifted his front legs and pawed the air.



"Hold on, Molly!" called Frank. "It's just a little way now."

Molly soon quieted the horse, and they went on. When the dust settled, they could see the ranch house again. They pushed ahead. The black storm cloud kept moving toward them.

In spite of their fear, Molly and Frank held their horses back and made them stay behind the calf.

"There's the gate!" Molly cried at last. As she spoke, a sudden cold blast of air struck them. The storm was coming fast now.

When the cold wind died down, Molly and Frank drew their horses together to guide the calf through the gate. They could see the great black cloud rolling toward the ranch house. Then there was a big flash of lightning.

"Hi!" called a voice. Molly and Frank looked into the swirling dust ahead and saw their father riding toward them. "I was coming out to look for you!" he called. "Your mother and I were worried!"

Molly and Frank smiled. They weren't afraid now.

Mr. Chester helped Frank and Molly get the calf across the barnyard and into the barn. The little calf lay down on some soft hay, breathing hard.

"Go on up to the house," said Mr. Chester to the children. "I'll take care of your horses. And I'll give this little fellow some warm milk. He's cold."

Molly and Frank started up the walk. Just as they reached the door, the storm broke. Great drops of rain began to fall. Some of them mixed with dust and threw splatters of mud around the children. They dashed into the warm house, where their mother was waiting for them.

In just a little while Mrs. Chester and the children were sitting beside a roaring fire, listening to the storm.

"That little fellow sure drank up his milk," said Mr. Chester as he came in. "He'll be all right."

Then Molly said to her father, "Dad, we went farther than we meant to. But we heard the calf and had to find him. We couldn't leave him alone out there."

"I understand that," their father answered. "It was brave of you to stay with the calf in the face of a storm. I guess he really belongs to you and Frank, since you were the ones who found him. Would you like to have him for your own?"

"That would be great, Dad!" Frank said.

"Oh, thank you, Dad!" Molly cried. She thought a minute. Then she said, "And I know what to name him."

And from that day on they called the calf—"Texas Norther."

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which sentence gives the main idea of "Texas Norther"?

a. Molly and Frank did not obey their father.

b. A brave boy and girl saved a lost calf during a storm.

c. Mr. Chester gave Molly and Frank the calf they had found near the stream.

d. A norther came suddenly and caught the Chester family before they were ready for the storm.

2 Which sentence gives the climax, or high point, of the story?

a. Molly thought of a name for the calf.

b. Frank and Molly came in sight of the gate and saw their father riding toward them.

c. Molly found the calf hiding by the stream in some mesquite bushes.

3 Which three words best describe Frank and Molly in the story?

a. lazy	**d.** careless	**g.** jolly
b. brave	**e.** frightened	**h.** selfish
c. cruel	**f.** kind	

4 Which two sentences explain why this is a realistic story?

a. Molly and Frank were strange children who did strange things.

b. Molly and Frank seemed to be real children.

c. The things that happened to Frank and Molly could really happen.

d. It was long ago when Frank and Molly found the calf.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Did the calf in the story act like a real calf? Why was it so hard to get the calf to go in the right direction?

2 What would you have done if you had been in Molly's or Frank's place and had heard the calf bawl?

3 Do you think Molly and Frank had an easier time together than either would have had alone? How did they help each other?

4 Find the three paragraphs that give the climax of the story and make you feel that everything will turn out all right. Be ready to read the paragraphs to the class if your teacher calls on you.

5 Why is "Texas Norther" a good name for this story?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Vowels

Counting the number of vowels in a one-syllable word can help you decide what vowel sound to use.

When a word has two or more vowels, the first vowel usually has its long sound. All other vowels are silent.

If a word has only one vowel, the vowel usually has its short sound unless it is at the end of the word.

1 What vowel sound is in each word?

draft rush cheek least

Looking at the position of the vowels in a word can help you decide which vowel sound to use.

If a one-syllable word has two vowels with more than one consonant between them, the first vowel usually has its short sound.

2 Which word has a short vowel sound?

sense shy spite

When **o** comes just before **ld** or **mb** at the end of a one-syllable word, it usually has its long sound.

If **o** comes just before two consonants at the end of a one-syllable word, it usually has its long sound, or the sound of the **o** in **song**.

3 What sound does **o** have in each word below?

loft ghost gold

When **a** is a single vowel just after **w**, it usually has the sound of **ŏ** as in **want**.

When **a** comes just before **ll** or **lk**, it usually has the sound of **ô** as in **all**.

4 What sound does **a** have in each word below?

chalk Wally waddle

Spellings

The spellings **au** and **aw** usually have the sound of **ô** as in **saw**.

1 Sound these words that have **au** or **aw** in them.

bawl haunt shawl

The story "Texas Norther" is a realistic one, but the next story is a "fantasy"—a kind of make-believe story. Most of what happens in a story of this kind could not happen in real life. At least, it is not very likely to happen!

The characters in a fantasy are also make-believe. Often they are different from real people or real animals. And they may do strange things in strange ways.

Sometimes a fantasy is full of nonsense. The funny things that happen may make you laugh. In this story a little boy finds a strange friend and takes him along on a trip with the family.

Lonesome Spooky

Wally Winkler went out to the barn one summer morning to feed his horse. He climbed the ladder to the hayloft. He was just picking up an armload of hay when he heard a strange sound: "Woo-Woo-Wally! Woo-Woo-Wally!"

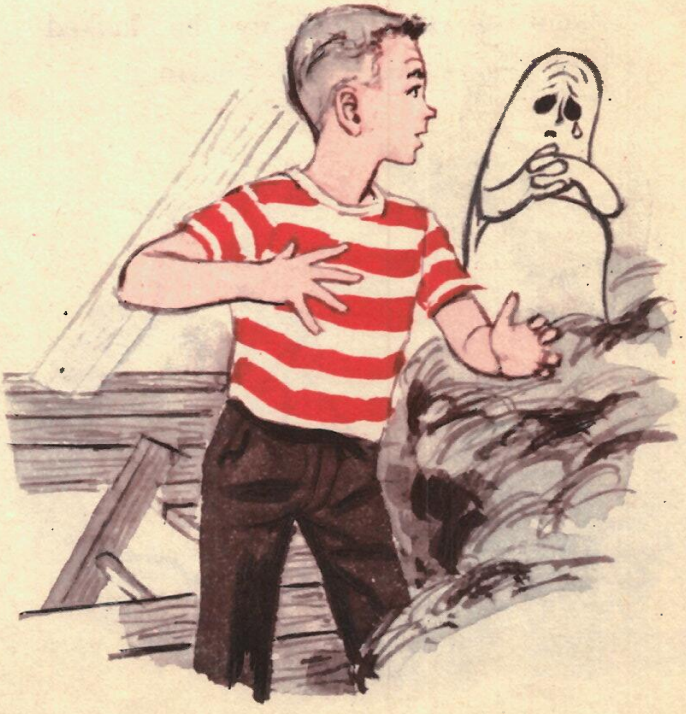
Wally looked up at the rafter above him and then all around the hayloft. At first he could see nothing. Then he saw something very thin and white in a corner of the hayloft. It made him think of a misty cloud. But as he looked, it seemed to grow until it looked like a tall, thin snowman with big black holes for eyes.

"Who are you?" asked Wally.

"I'm Spooky," replied the queer thing, in a voice that was half a whisper and half a sigh.

"What's wrong?" asked Wally.

Spooky sighed deeply. "I'm just a sad, lonesome ghost," he said. "I can't find any place to haunt." He shook as if he were crying. "And I haven't any friends or family. I'm all alone."



"Oh, I'm sorry, Spooky," said Wally. "It must be terrible to have no friends or family!"

Spooky stopped shaking and sighed a lonesome sigh.

"Can't you haunt around here?" asked Wally.

"No," said Spooky sadly. "Nobody except you believes in ghosts around here. I'll have to find a better place to haunt."

Wally thought for a minute. "I know!" he cried suddenly. "I know the place for you to haunt. Mother and Dad and I are going on a trip. We are going right through a ghost town. Wouldn't that be a good place for you?"

Spooky began to shake again. But this time it wasn't because he was crying. He was just excited. He wiggled up tall and wiggled down short. Suddenly he looked like a very short, fat snowman.

"A ghost town!" he exclaimed. "That's woo-woo-wonderful! Could you take me with you?"

"Well, I'm not sure what my mother and father would think about riding with a ghost—," he began.

"They wouldn't need to know!" cried Spooky. "You see, you're a very special person. Only special persons can see me. And grownups are not often special in that way."

"Well, then," said Wally, "if you will be in the back seat of our car when we start out early tomorrow morning, you may go along."

"Oh, that's woo-woo-wonderful!" sighed Spooky. And he shot up into the air and sat on a rafter. He looked like a flat little cloud.

"I do hope there will be enough room," said Wally, beginning to worry. "They're sure to put some baggage in. I wouldn't want to crowd you."

The ghost laughed a strange, whispering laugh. "Oh, don't you worry about me," he said. "I can just kind of flow around things. I can sit on the ceiling until they get the baggage in."

"Then I will see you tomorrow morning," said Wally.

"All right—and I sure thank you, Woo-Woo-Wally!" the ghost called from the rafter, as Wally threw some hay down from the loft and went down the ladder.

Early the next morning Wally went out to the car. He unlocked the doors and opened the windows. There was the ghost, like a flat little cloud, sitting on the ceiling.

"Why, however did you get in?" asked Wally. "All the doors and windows were locked."

"Oh, I just flowed around the cracks," said Spooky.

Soon Wally's mother and father came out. The car was packed, and off they went. Spooky floated down from the ceiling to sit beside Wally. A sudden draft of wind seemed to go through the car.

Wally's mother turned around. "If that draft is too strong for you, you might close the window," she said.

"Oh, no, I like it," Wally called. Wally and Spooky giggled softly. "Are you comfortable?" whispered Wally.

"Oh, yes, I'm quite comfortable," whispered Spooky in answer.

That night they stayed at a small motel. Wally turned out his light and was just going to sleep when he saw the ghost sitting on the foot of his bed. When he saw that Wally was awake, the ghost said quickly, "Now, I'm not going to make any trouble, but I was just thinking I'd try a little haunting through these rooms. You don't mind, do you, Woo-Woo-Wally? I want to practice my haunting."

Spooky grew long and thin. "I haven't had a chance to haunt for a long time," he sighed.

"Well, be careful not to make any trouble," said Wally.

"Thank you," called Spooky, as he became a flat little cloud and floated out the door.

The next morning as they left the motel, Mrs. Winkler said to her husband, "Wasn't it windy last night! Did you feel that draft in our room?"

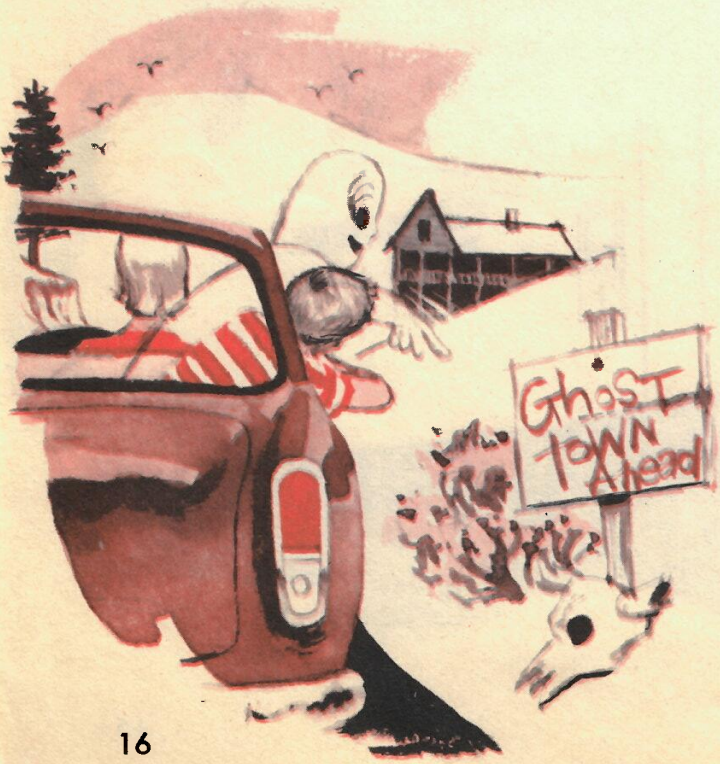
Wally and Spooky giggled again very quietly. "That was you," said Wally.

"Wally," said his mother, "why do you keep talking to yourself?"

"Oh, I'm just thinking out loud," said Wally. And he and Spooky laughed and laughed without making a sound.

They rode out over the prairies. They came to the mountains. At last they passed an old silver mine. They saw a big sign with an arrow at the top. The sign read, "GHOST TOWN AHEAD."

Spooky began to get so excited that he grew whiter and whiter and rounder and rounder and shorter and shorter. Just then Wally's mother turned around. "We are coming to the ghost town!" she said. Then she stopped. "Why, my goodness! I didn't know it was so misty this morning! There is mist all over the back seat of the car!"



Spooky made himself thinner and thinner. "Oh, I must have been wrong," Mrs. Winkler said then. "It must have been the way the sun was shining."

"Now you'd better be careful," whispered Wally. And Spooky nodded his head, but he didn't say a word.

On and on they rode. They went through the streets of the town. Mr. Winkler showed them an empty school, an empty church, and a big, empty station where the trains used to come in. An old engine still sat on the track. Something that looked like little white clouds floated in and out of the engine windows.

Suddenly Spooky began to grow longer and longer. Then he grew smaller and smaller until he was a round, white ball. He bounced up and down on the seat in excitement.

"Loo-ook there, Wally," Spooky whispered loudly. "That's just the right place! And there are some ghosts like me. Now I won't have to be alone any more!"

"Good-by, Wally, and thank you," Spooky said in a thin voice, as he flowed out of the car.

Wally watched the ghost rush toward the old engine. Two little white clouds came out to meet him. And then three little white clouds floated back to the station.

Mr. Winkler drove on down the street. All at once they heard a train whistle.

"That's strange," Mr. Winkler said. "Why, there haven't been any trains through here for years and years!"

They turned around at the end of the street and rode back. As they were going by the station, they heard the train whistle again.

"If I didn't know better," said Wally's father, "I'd think that whistle came from the old engine."

Wally smiled and stuck his head out the window. There on top of the old train engine sat a fat, happy Spooky with his two ghost friends. Spooky grinned and waved. Wally waved back.

Then Wally saw Spooky puff his cheeks out. "Who-oo, whoo-oo!" came a sound like a train whistle. "Whoo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo! Good-by, Woo-Woo-Wally!"

Wally was a bit sad. But he was glad, too. Now poor, lonesome Spooky had a great big place to haunt and friends like himself to haunt with him.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which sentence best tells what "Lonesome Spooky" is about?

a. Wally was a boy who could see ghosts in the barn.

b. Spooky found an engine whistle to blow.

c. A boy helped a lonely ghost find friends and a place to haunt.

2 Which sentences are true? Write the true sentences in the order in which they happened in the story.

a. In a ghost town Wally and Spooky saw little white clouds.

b. A ghost frightened Wally's horse.

c. The boy asked Spooky to go on a trip with him and his family.

d. Spooky stayed in the ghost town to haunt with his new friends.

e. The people in the ghost town were afraid of Spooky.

f. Wally found a lonely ghost in the hayloft.

3 Which sentence gives the climax of the story?

a. Spooky saw an old engine with little white clouds floating in and out of the windows.

b. Spooky puffed his cheeks out and made a sound like a train whistle.

c. Mrs. Winkler felt a draft of wind in the car.

4 Which three groups of words were used in the story to tell what Spooky looked like?

a. A fat, round balloon

b. A flat little cloud

c. A long white cloth

d. A short, fat snowman

e. A round, white ball

f. A puff of smoke

5 Which two sentences explain why "Lonesome Spooky" is a fantasy?

a. Spooky was a make-believe character.

b. Wally seemed to be a real boy.

c. Mrs. Winkler was worried about a draft of wind.

d. Ghosts do not really live in ghost towns.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Did Wally seem to be a real boy? What did he do and say that made him seem like boys you know?

2 Why couldn't Wally's mother and father see Spooky?

3 How could you tell that the town was a ghost town?

4 Which part of the story did you enjoy most? Find that part of the story and be ready to read it to the class.

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Vowels with r

When the consonant **r** comes just after a vowel or a group of vowels, it usually affects the vowel sound. Learn the following spellings.

The spelling **or** usually has one of these sounds.

or—ôr
After **w—ûr**
Before **e—ōr**
In unaccented syllable—**ẽr**
Before another **r—ŏr**

1 What sound does **or** have in each word below?

sore nor worth author
sorry order chore

The spelling **ar** usually has one of these sounds.

ar—är
After **w—ôr**
Before **e—âr**
In unaccented syllable—**ẽr**
Before another **r—ăr**

2 What sound does **ar** have in each of these words?

stare war arm beggar
arrow art share

The spelling **er** usually has one of these sounds.

er—ûr
In unaccented syllable—**ẽr**
Before another **r—ĕr**

3 What sound does **er** have in each of these words?

cherry neither her

The spelling **ir** usually has one of these sounds.

ir—ûr
Before **e—īr**
Before another **r—ĭr**

4 Sound **ir** in each word below.

fir mirror admire

The spelling **ur** usually has one of these sounds.

ur—ûr
Before **e—ūr**
In unaccented syllable—**ẽr**

5 Sound **ur** in each word below.

burst pure murmur

The spelling **ear** usually has the sound of **ēr** as in **dear**, **âr** as in **bear**, or **ûr** as in **earth.**
The spelling **air** usually has the sound of **âr** as in **fair.**

6 What sound does **ear** or **air** have in these words?

beard pair search

Now you can see how **r** affects vowel sounds. You must remember the sounds of vowels with **r** in order to read many words correctly.

7 Find the spellings of vowels with **r** in the following words. What sound does the spelling in each word have?

bother	form	arch	herd
honor	narrow	score	firm
gurgle	downward	spear	glare
worm	borrow	warm	carry

Sound the Words

com plete	fro zen	in stant
strug gle	vi o let	state ment

A fantasy is one kind of make-believe story. The "fairy tale" is also make-believe—a story ever old and ever new. This kind of story is old because it was first written hundreds of years ago. It is new because boys and girls of today still like to read the old, old fairy tales and new stories that are written like them.

In some fairy tales the chief character has to do some great deed or go through great danger before he can win something he wants very much. In other fairy tales good people often have to struggle to win against bad ones.

The good people are often helped by magic. Most fairy tales tell us how a good fairy or a magic ring or some other kind of magic helps the chief character win his struggle. There is magic in the story you will read next.

The Four Seasons

Many years ago a lovely young girl named Clara lived in a little house with her mother and sister. Clara was both beautiful and good, but her sister, Laura, was ugly and mean. And their mother was ugly and mean, too.

Now the mother loved her ugly daughter but did not love Clara because she was so beautiful. So she made Clara work very hard and was often unkind to her.

One cold winter day Laura said, "Mother, send Clara out to pick some violets for me!"

"Violets in this season!" cried her mother. "But they cannot be found now, for the forest is covered with ice and snow."

But Laura insisted that she must have the violets. So the mother said, "Clara, go into the forest and find some violets for your sister!"

Clara looked at her mother in surprise and said, "Why, Mother, that is not possible in winter!" But her mother shoved her out into the snow and closed the door. And poor Clara started in search of violets.

She wandered here and there in the forest. The snow was deep, and an icy wind kept blowing through the trees. The poor girl was almost frozen.

"I'm so cold!" she cried to herself at last. "If I could only find a fire to warm myself!" She looked to the left and then to the right, and not far away she saw a huge fire.

Twelve men were seated around the fire. Three of them had long white beards and were dressed in long white robes. Three of them had yellow beards and wore robes of green. Three had brown beards and wore yellow robes, and three had black beards and were dressed in purple robes.

Clara walked slowly toward the group. She saw that one man with a white beard had a stick in his hand. As she came closer, this man turned and said, "My child, what are you doing here in the forest?"

"I'm looking for violets, sir," said Clara.

"But," answered the man, "this is not the season for violets. It is the season for snow and ice."

"Yes, I know," said Clara. "But my mother told me that I must go out and pick violets for my sister, and I do not dare to disobey."

The man looked at Clara a minute. And then he said, "Come, warm yourself by the fire." And he turned to speak to a man with a yellow beard.

"Brother May," he said, "violets are your business. Will you help this little girl?"

May said, "Certainly, Brother January." He took the stick that January held out to him and poked the fire with it. In an instant the ice and snow disappeared. Clara was no longer cold, for it was suddenly as warm as a spring day. Green leaves grew on the trees. Grass covered the ground. And here and there were patches of purple violets.

Then May said to the girl, "Come, my dear, pick some violets quickly and go away."

"Thank you, Mr. May," said Clara, and she picked the violets and left at once.

May handed the stick back to January, who poked the fire with it. In an instant the violets and the grass and the green leaves disappeared. Once more, nothing could be seen but ice and snow.

Clara hurried home and knocked on the door. As her mother let her in, she quickly asked, "Did you bring the violets?"

"Yes, Mother," Clara answered. And she gave her mother the flowers.

"Where did you find all these violets?" her mother asked angrily.

"In the forest," replied Clara. "There were lots of violets in the grass there."

The mother was surprised, but she said nothing. She gave the violets to Laura, who sat around and smelled them all day.

The next day the wicked daughter said, "Mother, send Clara into the forest to pick me some strawberries."

"In this season!" her mother exclaimed. "It is not possible to find strawberries when everything is covered with snow and ice!"

But Laura insisted, so the mother said to Clara, "Go into the forest and get your sister some strawberries!"

Clara looked at her mother in surprise and said, "But, Mother, that is not possible! There are no strawberries in winter!"

But the mother insisted, and so Clara went out to search for strawberries. She grew very cold, but again she saw the fire and the twelve men not far away.

As she came up to them, Clara said, "Sirs, I am very cold. Will you please let me warm myself?"

January replied, "Certainly, my child. What are you looking for today?"

"Strawberries, sir," said Clara.

"Strawberries! This is not the season for strawberries!" the man exclaimed.

"But my mother told me I must go into the forest and pick strawberries," said Clara. "And I dare not disobey her."

This time January handed his stick to a man in a yellow robe. "Brother June," he said, "will you help this girl?"

"I will help her gladly," answered June, and he took the stick and poked the fire. In an instant the snow and ice disappeared. The air became warm, the grass became green, and in a few minutes many ripe strawberries appeared.

June turned to Clara and said, "My dear, pick your strawberries quickly and run along home."

Clara picked the strawberries and started off. She called, "Thank you, Mr. June."

Then June gave the stick back to January, who poked the fire with it. At once the grass and strawberries disappeared, and the air grew cold.

When Clara returned home, her mother demanded, "Where are the strawberries?"

"Here they are," said Clara, handing them to her mother.

"Where did you find all these berries?" asked her mother.

"Out in the forest," said Clara. "There were many strawberries in the grass."

The mother was surprised, but she said no more. She gave the berries to Laura, who ate every one of them.

The next day the wicked daughter said to her mother, "Send Clara out to get me some apples!" And once more the cruel mother sent Clara into the forest.

When Clara reached the fire and the twelve men, she asked, "May I warm myself again?"

"Certainly, child," said January. "What are you looking for this time?"

Clara said, "My mother told me to bring home apples, and I dare not disobey her."

This time January gave his stick to September, who poked the fire with it. Clara saw an apple tree appear at once. It was covered with ripe apples.

"Hurry, child, and pick the fruit," said September.

Clara picked two large red apples, thanked September, and hurried away. Then September gave the stick to January again. And when January poked the fire, all was covered with snow and ice once more.

When Clara reached home, her mother demanded, "Do you have the apples?"

"Yes, Mother, I do," answered Clara, and she gave her mother the fruit. Then the mother gave the apples to Laura, who ate both of them. Then she asked, "Sister, where did you find such large red apples?"

"In the forest," answered Clara. "There was a big apple tree covered with them."

The next morning the wicked daughter said, "Hand me my coat and shawl, Mother. I am going into the forest and pick all the violets and strawberries and apples I want!"

So her mother helped her put on her coat and shawl, and Laura started into the forest. But she found no violets, no strawberries, and no apples. There was only ice and snow.

Soon Laura grew tired and very cold. She looked around to the right and to the left for a place to rest and warm herself. Not far away she saw the large fire with the twelve men seated around it.

When Laura came near, January asked, "My child, what are you doing in the forest this season?"

"Nothing that matters to you!" snapped the impolite girl.

At that, January poked the fire with his stick, and huge flakes of snow began to fall. Laura started toward home, but the snow was so thick she could not see. She stumbled along, trying to find her way.

Hours passed, and Laura did not return home. Her mother grew worried. She started to walk the floor and wring her hands. "Oh, I wonder where Laura can be!" she said over and over.

At last she put on her coat and shawl and went out to look for her daughter. She came to the fire and saw the twelve men.

January asked, "My good woman, would you tell me what you are looking for?"

"Nothing that matters to you!" snapped the woman, who was as impolite as her ugly daughter had been.

Then January poked the fire with his stick, and great flakes of snow began to fall. The woman started for home, but she, too, lost her way. And neither the mother nor the daughter was ever seen again.

After that Clara lived happily, all alone in the little house. And twelve times each year one of the men she had seen in the forest visited her. December, January, and February brought ice and snow. March, April, and May brought spring flowers. June, July, and August brought berries and other small fruits. September, October, and November brought many apples and nuts.

Clara was always polite to the visitors. She remembered how kind they had been to her, and she was glad to see her good friends.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What word will complete each sentence below and make a true statement about the story?

a. Clara was beautiful, but Laura was ____.

b. The mother loved ____.

c. Violets were given to Clara by ____.

d. Strawberries were given to her by ____.

e. Apples were given to her by ____.

f. The twelve men gave nothing to Laura because she was ____.

g. Neither the mother nor ____ was ever seen again.

h. After that Clara was visited ____ times each year.

2 Which of the words below best describe Clara?

a. ugly	**e.** selfish
b. good	**f.** polite
c. kind	**g.** impolite
d. wicked	**h.** beautiful

3 Which of these words best describe the other daughter in the story?

a. kind	**e.** selfish
b. ugly	**f.** wicked
c. polite	**g.** impolite
d. good	**h.** beautiful

4 Which sentence gives the theme of "The Four Seasons"?

a. Good people will win their struggles against bad people.

b. It is foolish to look for flowers and fruit in winter.

c. Wicked people get lost in snow.

5 Which two sentences explain why this is a fairy tale?

a. The months of the year were old men dressed in long robes.

b. Laura seemed to be a real person.

c. The twelve men used magic to help Clara.

d. Clara did not dare to disobey her mother.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 How was magic used to help Clara? Who used the magic?

2 How could you tell that there were three months in each season?

3 Why was January kind to Clara but not to Laura and the mother when they went into the forest?

4 How is this story like other fairy tales you have read?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Diphthongs

Diphthongs are vowels or groups of vowels that stand for two speech sounds in a word or a syllable.

The vowels **oi, oy, ou,** and **ow** are diphthongs.

The diphthongs **ou** and **ow** usually have the sound of the **ou** in **out.**

The diphthongs **oi** and **oy** usually have the sound of the **oi** in **oil.**

1 In which of the following words do you hear the sound of **ou**?

hound	join	howl
growl	stout	joint
joy	prowl	pound

2 Find each word below in which you hear the sound of **oi.**

frown	sound	toy
enjoy	point	found
boil	scout	moist

Vowel Sounds

Each vowel has several different sounds. Groups of vowels may also have several sounds. To decide which vowel sound is heard in a word, think of the meaning of the word, or read the rest of the sentence in which the word appears.

The spellings **ou** and **ow** are two groups of vowels that have more than one sound.

These two groups of vowels usually have their diphthong sound or the sound of long **o.** But in some words the spelling **ou** may also have the sound of **o͞o, o͝o, ŭ, ô,** or **o͝o.**

1 Which sound of **ow** do you hear in the underlined words?

I <u>owe</u> him some money.

Did he <u>frown</u> at you?

<u>Throw</u> the ball.

2 Which sound of **ou** do you hear in the underlined words?

Bread is made of <u>dough.</u>

I have a <u>pound</u> of butter.

The meat is <u>tough.</u>

Walk <u>through</u> the door.

Spellings Having Vowel Sounds

The spellings **eigh** and **ay** usually have the sound of long **a.**

The spellings **igh** and **eye** usually have the sound of long **i.**

1 Which vowel sounds do you hear in these words?

weight	lay	eyetooth
ray	eight	sleigh

Synonyms

Some words have meanings that are very much alike. These words with like meanings are synonyms.

1 Find a synonym for **look.**

scrub stare share

2 Find a synonym for **story.**

tail sentence tale

Sound the Words

dug stuff pride form
stared bor row both er
pow er thou sand gov ern ment
gen er al u ra ni um cra zy
po em u nit

Fantasies and fairy tales are make-believe stories. But the "tall tale" is a special kind of make-believe story.

The things that happen in a tall tale could not ever really happen. They are always bigger, or "taller," than they could ever be in real life. This kind of story is nonsense to make you laugh.

The chief character in a tall tale is always one who can do great things. He is bigger or stronger or faster or slower than anyone else. He can outdo others by ten times, a hundred, or even a thousand times.

Now the chief character in this tall tale is a hound. And *he* can outdo any other hound when it comes to sniffing.

The Sniffing Hound

That Dog!

Sam lay in front of the general store in Parkersville. He had made a big, deep hole there, and he lay in it day after day with his nose on his paws.

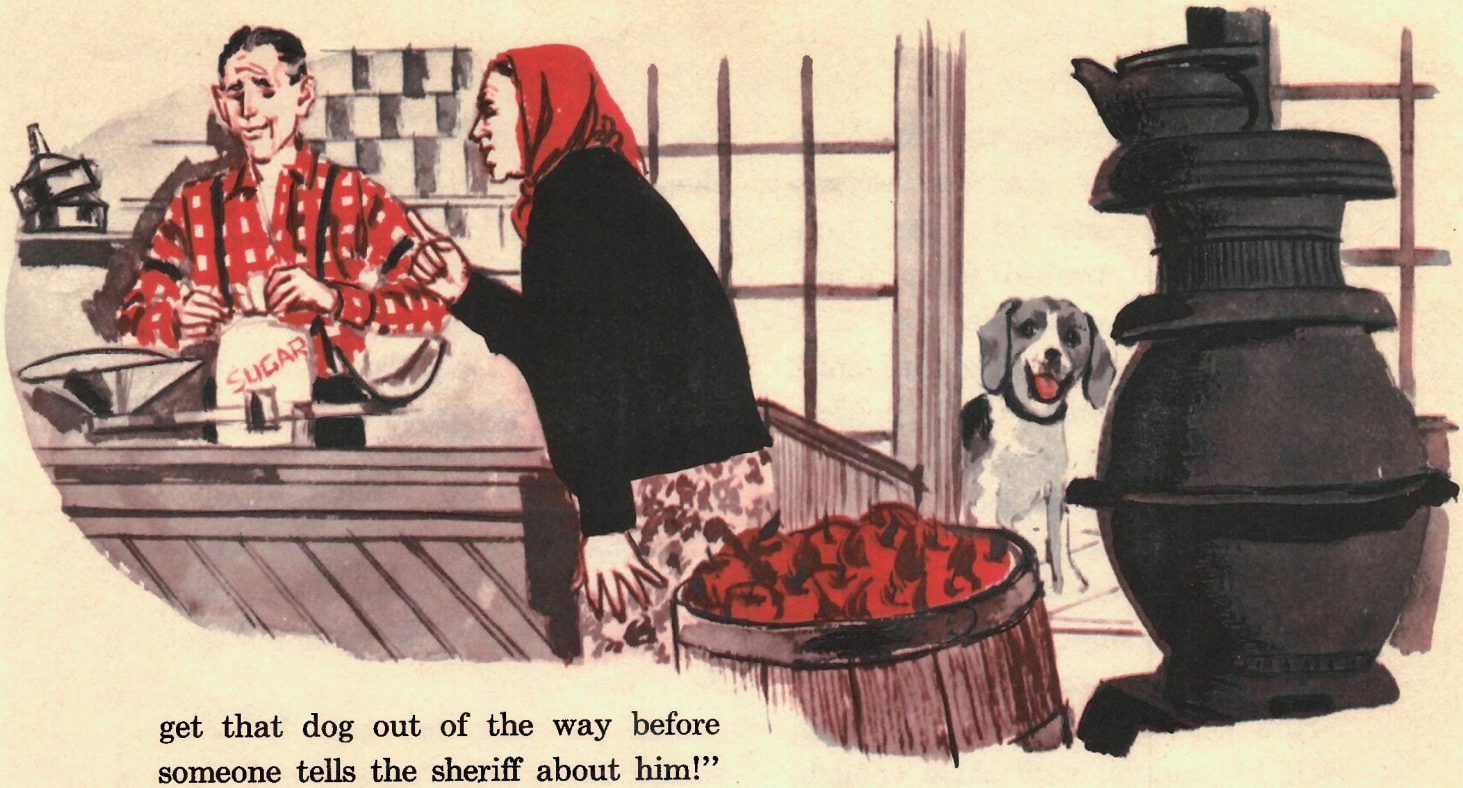
While Sam lay outside asleep in the sun, Jed Coyle worked inside the store. He sold groceries, yard goods, and farm tools.

One morning Sara Flint came by and started to scold. "Well, I never!" she said. "That dog has made a hole so deep that a lady takes her life in her hands to come in here! If Parkersville had any other store, I'd stay away from your place, Jed Coyle!"

Jed didn't pay any attention to Sara Flint. She was always scolding about Sam. But anything Sam did was all right with Jed. You see, Sam wasn't just an ordinary dog. And the hole he lay in wasn't an ordinary hole, either. It wasn't even an ordinary dog hole. Sam hadn't dug it. He had sniffed it!

Yes, Sam was a sniffing hound. He was such a sniffing hound that he sniffed even in his sleep. All the time he was asleep he kept turning, until he had sniffed a huge hole around himself. The hole kept getting deeper and deeper. Some people said that soon it would reach to China!

In the store Sara Flint kept on scolding. "Now listen to me, Jed Coyle!" she said. "You'd better



get that dog out of the way before someone tells the sheriff about him!"

Jed just smiled and said, "Someday, Sara, you're going to find out how important that dog is!"

Sara wrinkled her nose and stuck it in the air to show she didn't agree. She paid for the sugar she had bought and swished off home.

It wasn't long before Sheriff Bird dropped by to talk to Jed. "Jed," he began, "I've been hearing about that dog of yours. You ought to do something about him. That hole he's making is so deep that someone might fall into it and get hurt pretty bad."

"Now, Sheriff," said Jed, "everyone knows about that hole. No one's going to fall into it. Besides, Sam is my friend, and he loves that hole. You know, Sheriff, Sam's a very important dog. He's a sniffing hound, and sniffing hounds are worth their weight in gold."

"What good is a sniffing hound if all he can do is sniff a hole?" asked the sheriff.

"Oh, Sam can sniff other things, too. Important things," said Jed.

"What things?" asked the sheriff.

"Well, I haven't found out yet what special thing Sam can sniff," said Jed slowly. "But I will. Just any day now I'll find out. You'll see. Sam will be worth his weight in gold!"

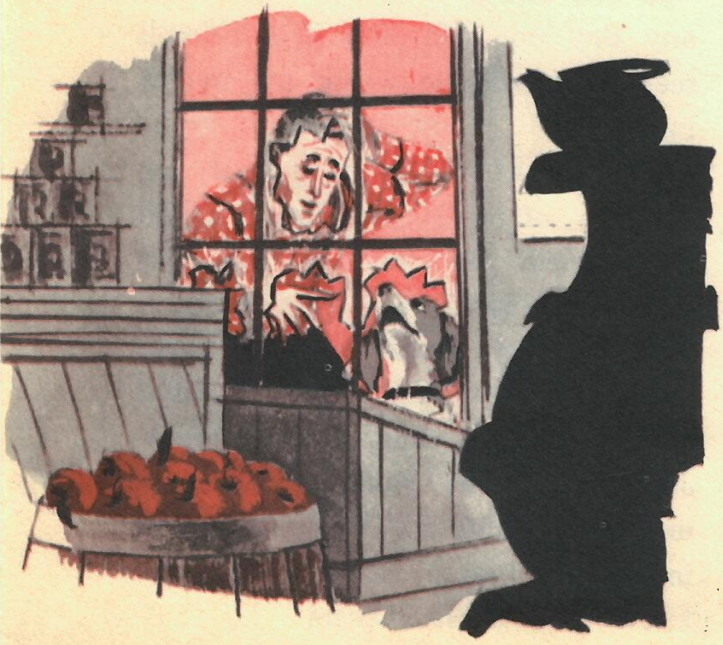
The next day Jed got a big package of wrist watches. When he opened the package, he was excited. They were the kind of watches that shine in the dark. With one of them a man could always tell the time, day or night. Jed was sure he could make money on those watches. He put a sign in the window to let everyone know that he had them.

To Jed's surprise, the first one who came to see the watches was Sam. Sam came into the store with his head pushed forward and his nose stuck out. He went over to the watches and began to sniff. He lifted his nose and howled, "Ow-ooo-oo-o! Ow-ooo-oo-o!" It was a howl of joy that Jed had never heard before. Jed could tell that Sam was enjoying a real good sniff.

"I wonder why he likes to sniff those watches," thought Jed.

Sam sniffed the watches all day, as if he couldn't sniff them enough. Jed watched him and wondered.

The next morning, when Jed and Sam came to open the store, they found a broken window. And the watches were gone! Sam ran to the place where the watches had been. When he found that they were gone, he let out a deep growl.



He began to sniff and growl around the store.

"Find them," said Jed. "Go on, Sam! Find them!"

Sam sniffed around and around the store. He sniffed his way out the door. He sniffed down the street. Jed followed him. People saw Jed and Sam and wondered what had happened. Soon there was a crowd following Sam, and Jed explained to the people what Sam was doing.

Sam ran this way and that and sniffed along as he ran. Every now and then he stopped and growled a deep growl. Then he ran ahead. Soon he was running fast right out of town. He turned into the first field he came to and ran around with his nose to the ground. All at once he lifted his nose high in the air and howled with joy. "Ow-ooo-oo-o!" said Sam. There in a hole at the foot of a tree was the box of watches.

"Good boy, Sam!" said Jed.

"What a sniffing hound that is!" people said.

So Sam was a hero. He had found the stolen watches. But he didn't seem interested in finding out who had stolen them. He just wanted to sniff them.

Jed put the watches back in the store where they belonged. Sam sat next to them and sniffed them all day.

Now everybody knew about the watches, and everybody wanted one. Very soon they were all sold. Sam was upset when the box of watches was empty. He walked around and growled. He wouldn't even lie in the hole he had sniffed. "But, Sam," Jed tried to explain, "that's what I got them for. I got them to sell so I could make money."

Sam was very unhappy. The watches were all gone. But that was not going to stop him from sniffing them. He ran after the men who had bought them and sniffed the watches. After a few days of this, the men who had bought the watches were angry.

"We'll bring those watches back, Jed, if Sam doesn't stop following us and sniffing them," they said.

Everyone had thought Sam was a hero the day he found the watches. But a few days later everyone thought he was just a bother.

"Sam, you just can't do that," Jed scolded him. "The men bought those watches. And they don't want you running and sniffing after them."

Sara Flint brought back the watch her husband had bought. "Jed, you'll just have to give me Jim's money back," she said. "He doesn't want that silly old hound coming after him and sniffing all the time. I told you that dog would come to no good!"

Jed gave Sara Flint the money for the watch. He wondered how many other people would return the watches and want their money back.

"See what you've done, Sam," Jed scolded sadly.

But Sam paid no attention to Jed. He sniffed the watch Sara had brought back, lifted his nose, and howled with joy. When Jed saw that, he gave the watch to Sam. Sam carried it around in his mouth. He laid it in the hole and lay down beside it. And he sniffed it all day. He even sniffed it all night. Sam was so happy with his watch that he didn't bother the men who wore the others.

Atomic-Age Hound

Sheriff Bird came in a few days later. "Some sniffing hound you have there, Jed," he said with a big grin. "Spends all his time sniffing a watch. He's nothing but a watch-sniffing hound." The sheriff roared with laughter. So did a lot of other people.

Jed wasn't too proud of Sam any more. But Sam was his dog. Sam was his good friend. And it isn't fun to have people laugh at a friend.

A few weeks later two strange men came to town. They came to Jed's general store for groceries. Jed asked them who they were and what they were doing in Parkersville.

"We're government men out here looking for uranium," said one of the men. "The government needs a lot of it. Anyone who can help us find it will be well paid."

Jed spread the word around. The next day, when the government men were ready to go into the hills around Parkersville to look for uranium, they found a large crowd of men at Jed's store. They were waiting to go with the government men and help them in their search.

Jed decided to go along. So he locked the door to the store and got into a car. Sam jumped in beside him and went, too.

Soon they came to a place that was full of rocks. The government men thought there might be uranium here. The cars stopped, and all the men got out. One of the government men told the Parkersville men about the kind of rock that was most likely to have uranium.

Now not one of the Parkersville men knew anything about uranium. They had just come along to see what was going on. But they walked around the place where they had stopped. They looked for the kind of rock they had been told about. Maybe they could make some money by finding it.

Sam went with Jed. In a few minutes Sam stopped and began to sniff at a rock.

"Stop that, Sam!" said Jed. He was a bit ashamed to have Sam sniffing rocks.

But Sam kept sniffing. All at once he lifted his nose high in the air and began to howl with joy, "Ow-ooo-oo-o! Ow-ooo-oo-o!" The Parkersville men laughed. That silly hound was sniffing at rocks! First it was watches, and now it was rocks.

But the government men didn't laugh. They rushed over to Sam.

"That's it," said one of them. "That's the kind of rock we're looking for."

The other man held a box next to the rock, and the box began ticking wildly.

"That ticking says there's a lot of uranium here!" the government man shouted. "This dog has found the kind of rock we want."

All the men stared at Sam. Just then he lifted his head and sniffed loudly. Then he ran over to another spot on the rocky hillside and howled again. Everybody rushed over to him.

Again the government man held the box next to where Sam was sniffing. The box almost went crazy with ticking.

"That dog made a real find this time!" the man cried.

"Listen to him howl!" said the other government man. "He seems to know he's found uranium."

"He's only howled like that over one other thing," said Jed. He told the government men about the watches.

"Did those watches shine in the dark?" asked one of the men.

"Yes," said Jed.

"Do you know what you have in that hound?" asked one of the government men. "Why, he is a special kind of sniffing hound. He can always smell uranium and other stuff that sends out rays. The stuff that's used to make watches shine in the dark sends out rays, too."

"Why, you have a real atomic-age hound," said the other government man. "With him we can find all the uranium the government needs for atomic power!"

"The government is going to want to use that dog," said the first government man. "We need this special kind of dog."

Jed stuck out his chest with pride. He had a special, sniffing hound that was worth his weight in gold!

"See, Sheriff," said Jed to Sheriff Bird. "I told you he was a real sniffing hound. Now we know what special thing he can sniff. He's a uranium-sniffing hound!"

Sometimes a story is told in the form of a poem. A story in poem form can be realistic or make-believe. If it is a make-believe story, it can be a fantasy, a fairy tale, or a tall tale.

The story you will read in this poem may be called a tall tale. It is a tall tale because the woman who is the main character can outdo anyone at keeping things clean and shiny.

Going Too Far

A woman who lived in Holland, of old,
Polished her brass till it shone like gold.
She washed her pig after all his meals
In spite of his energetic squeals.

She scrubbed her doorstep into the ground,
And the children's faces, pink and round,
She washed so hard that in several cases
She polished their features off their faces—
Which gave them an odd appearance, though
She thought they were really neater so!

Then her passion for cleaning quickly grew,
And she scrubbed and polished the village through,
Until, to the rage of all the people,
She cleaned the weather-vane off the steeple.

As she looked at the sky one summer's night
She thought that the stars shone out less bright;
And she said with a sigh, "If I were there,
I'd rub them up till the world should stare."

That night a storm began to brew,
And a wind from the ocean blew and blew
Till, when she came to her door next day
It whisked her up, and blew her away—
Up and up in the air so high
That she vanished, at last, in the stormy sky.

Since then it's said that each twinkling star
And the big white moon, shine brighter far.
But the neighbors shake their heads in fear
She may rub so hard they will disappear!

Mildred Howells

Now that you have learned that stories are quite different, reading can be more interesting for you. From books, magazines, and newspapers you can choose different kinds of stories to read. Through these stories you can go to many different places and meet interesting people.

At times you may choose to go to real places with real people or characters that are true to life. At times you may want to go to imaginary places with imaginary characters. But always there will be exciting adventures to share with them.

As you read, try to follow the plot in the story. Watch for the theme, if you think the author wants you to get some special idea. Remember, he weaves this idea into his story, and you will have to read carefully to find it.

There are other kinds of stories besides those you have read in this group. You will learn about some of them later. But as you read the stories that follow, see what you like most about them.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which sentence gives the main idea of "The Sniffing Hound"?

a. Even when everyone laughed at Jed's dog, Jed was proud of him.

b. A dog that people thought was no good showed his worth when he found uranium.

c. Sam found the man who had stolen some watches.

d. A strange hound sniffed a hole in front of the general store.

2 Which sentence gives the climax of the story?

a. The men said the government would want to borrow Sam.

b. Sara Flint brought back the watch her husband had bought.

c. Sam began to sniff at a rock and to howl with joy.

3 Which two sentences below explain why "The Sniffing Hound" is a tall tale?

a. The people in Parkersville laughed at Jed's dog.

b. Jed loved Sam even though the dog didn't seem to be worth much.

c. The dog made a great hole in the ground just by sniffing.

d. Sam could find uranium by sniffing rocks.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 What did Sam do that a real dog could not do?

2 Why did everyone laugh at the hound?

3 What is there about this story that makes you laugh?

4 If you had been Jed, would you have been proud of Sam when other people in town laughed at him?

5 Which part of the story shows that Sam was worth his weight in gold?

6 Which part of this story did you like best?

7 Can you think of another tall tale in which animals do great things? Be ready to tell a tall tale if your teacher calls on you.

THINKING BACK

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which story in this unit did you like best? Was it the characters, the plot, or the theme that gave you a special liking for the story?

2 Which make-believe characters did you like?
Write the name of the story in which each of these characters was found.

3 Can you think of two interesting realistic stories and two interesting make-believe stories you have read in other books?
Write the names of the stories and tell whether they are realistic or make-believe.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 What characters in these stories do you think you will remember a long time?
Tell why you think you will remember them.

2 In which of these stories do you think the plot is most important in making the story interesting?

3 Which story in this last group do you think had the most exciting climax?

4 Which story had a theme that you think you will remember?
Do you think a strong theme helps you remember a story?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Consonants

All letters of the alphabet except the vowels are consonants.

1 Find each word below that begins with a consonant.

add	line	easel	young
rice	ink	aunt	desk
shape	honor	artist	bath

Consonants Having More Than One Sound

Some consonants have only one sound. Other consonants have two or more different sounds.

The consonant **c** usually has the sound of **k.**

When **c** comes just before **e, i,** or **y,** it usually has the sound of **s.**

1 What sound does **c** have in each word below?

ceiling comfort celebrate

The letter **g** usually has the sound of **g** as in **go.**

If **g** comes just before **e, i,** or **y,** it often has the sound of **j.**

2 What sound does **g** have in each of these words?

general begun giggle

The consonant **n** usually has the sound of the **n** in **not.**

In words of more than one syllable, **n** at the end of a syllable often has the sound of **ng** when it comes just before **g** or **k.**

3 What sound does **n** have in each of the following words?

lonesome anger uranium

The consonant **s** usually has the sound of the **s** in **see** at the beginning of a word or a syllable.

At the end of a word or syllable, **s** may have the sound of **s** or of **z.**

The consonant **s** usually has the sound of **sh** or **zh** when it comes just before **ure.**

4 What sound does **s** have in each word below?

sound was gas

5 Which word has the **sh** or **zh** sound of **s?**

assure rising season

The consonant **t** usually has the sound of the **t** in **top.**

When **t** comes just before **ure,** it usually has the sound of **ch.**

6 What sound does **t** have in each word below?

ticking art picture

Synonyms

1 Find a synonym for **strange.**

ordinary quaint ugly

2 Find a synonym for **begun.**

started lifted finished

3 Find a synonym for **moment.**

rush least instant

Sound the Words

ad mire a rith me tic build ing
com po si tion ea sel en cour age
ge og ra phy his to ry sci ence

Schools Far and Near

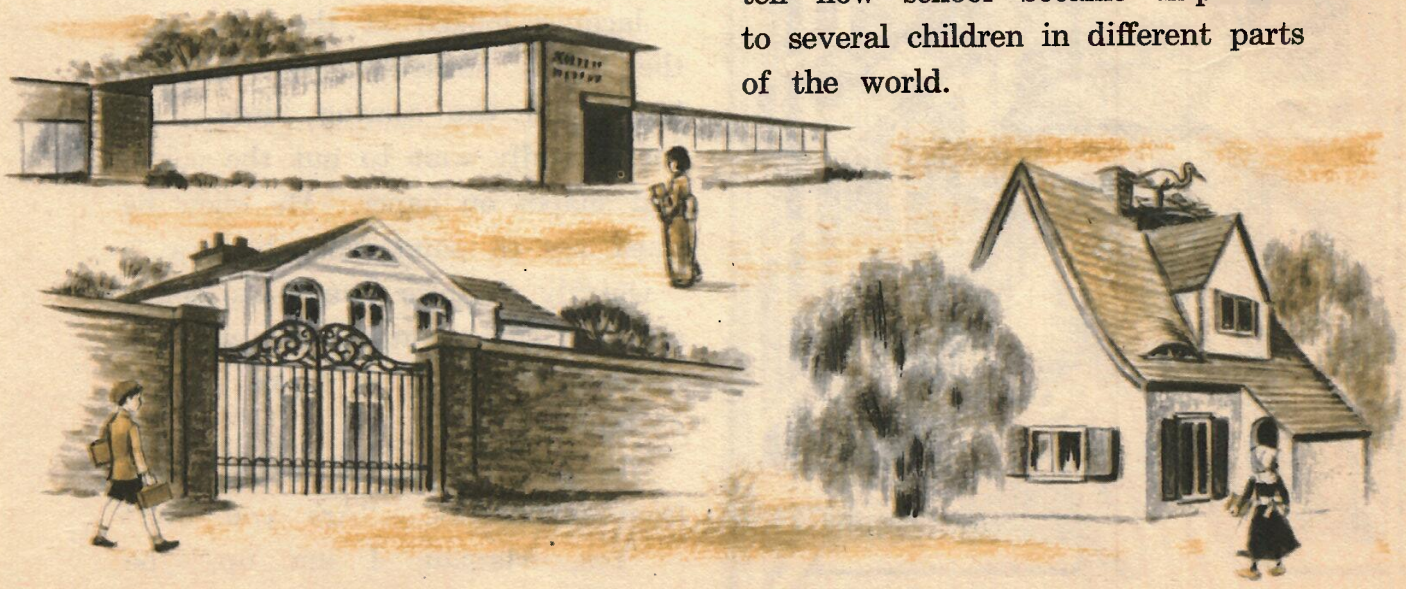
What School Means

Everywhere boys and girls like you go to school. Their schools may be like yours, or they may be very different from yours. But the boys and girls learn many of the same things that you do, such as arithmetic and geography. And all over the world children go to school for much the same reasons.

Your school doesn't mean just a building, a place for you to go to every day. It doesn't mean just your room, your desk, and your blackboard. It means your teacher, your books, and what you can learn from them. It also means being with your friends—the other boys and girls.

Mothers and fathers want their children to go to school. They say, "We want you to learn the things you will need to know when you are men and women." They may say, "School will help you to get a good job when you are older." Or they may say, "School will help you to become wise and happy."

But these reasons may not seem important to you yet. What does school mean to you right now—while you are still children? The stories and poems that follow will tell how school became important to several children in different parts of the world.



If you were to visit Paris, France, you might see a very old school building that wouldn't look like your school here at home. As you walked along the street, you would see few if any windows or doors in the school. But you would see a gate in a high wall. If you wanted to go into the school, you would have to ring the bell beside the gate. Then someone would open the gate, and you would walk into the schoolyard. Then you would see the windows and doors of the rooms, which open off the schoolyard.

Jacques Duval, the boy in this story, went to such an old school in Paris. One day he found out just what school meant to him.

Jacques' Day Off

Jacques Duval jumped out of his bed. He opened the window and pushed out the shutters. A fresh, bright spring morning greeted him. Outside his window Paris sparkled in the sun. Jacques stood there and looked at the sight before him.

"A beautiful day! A beautiful day!" he whispered. "And such a blue sky. A May sky over Paris!"

Jacques looked at the blue sky, the bright housetops, the swaying trees, and the soaring birds. He could hardly wait to put the colors and shapes on paper. He knew he must try to paint what he saw.

Quickly Jacques found his colors and got some water. He wet the brush and swished it across a cake of blue paint.

"Jacques," a woman's voice called from downstairs. "Are you up?"

"Yes, Maman, I am up," he shouted, as he started brushing the

blue paint across the top of the paper.

Jacques went on painting. He was hurrying to put the blue sky of Paris on paper.

Madame Duval called up again, louder this time. "Jacques, wash and dress now. Breakfast is almost ready. Hurry or you will be late for school."

"Yes, Maman," Jacques answered. But to himself he added, "I do not want to go to school. I just want to paint."

Jacques set his painting in a safe place. He carefully washed and dried his brush. Then slowly he walked to the bathroom.

"Why should I go to school?" Jacques asked the boy in the looking glass. "I want to paint—not study." And then he slowly washed and dressed.

When Jacques sat down to breakfast, he didn't begin to eat at once. He looked out the window and said, "Maman, it is such a nice day for painting. May I . . . ?"

"Do not be foolish, Jacques," said Madame Duval. "You know that you must go to school."

"Papa," said Jacques, looking at his father.

"School before fun," Monsieur Duval said. "Eat now."

Soon breakfast was over, and Monsieur Duval left for his office. Jacques went up to his room. He

began to pick up the books and pencils he would need at school. Without thinking, he also picked up his water colors and his art paper. Then he stopped and looked at the bundle.

"I will not need paint at school," he said to himself. "In art class we will draw with pencils."

Jacques started to put the paint and the paper away. Suddenly he stopped. He stood still, thinking. Then he put them back into the bundle.

Jacques did not look at Madame Duval as he said good-by. He felt a bit ashamed, for he was thinking, "If I did not stay for the extra study after school, I would have a whole hour for painting before I came home."

Everything he saw on the way to school made Jacques want to paint a picture of it. A graceful tower rising above the treetops. Quiet side streets that led to the river. The flash of sun on the windows of quaint old houses. And always the sky, the blue sky of May.

Jacques walked along beside the wall around the schoolyard. He stopped near the gate. He saw an artist carrying an easel and a bundle toward the river.

"Lucky man," thought Jacques. "He does not have to go to school. He can paint all day. And that is what an artist should do."

Just then two boys saw Jacques. "Come on into the schoolyard, Jacques," they called. He did not answer. He just stood still outside the gate.

Most of the time this old school seemed friendly. Jacques liked the rooms, where the boys sat two at a desk. He liked his teachers. But today he wanted to stay outside.

Suddenly Jacques turned away from the gate. He found himself running down the street. Then he turned a corner.

Out of breath, he stopped. He had a strange feeling. He seemed hardly to know what he had done.

At first he thought, "Why did I run away?" But then he said to himself, "I will not go to school today! I am free. I can paint."

Jacques did not have to think about where he would go for the day. He knew at once. From all over Paris artists were drawn to the river Seine. That was where he would go. He started toward the river.

Jacques walked quickly until he reached the middle of a very old stone bridge. Then he stopped and looked down at the Seine. Boats chugged up and down the river. There were small boats and large boats, pretty boats and ugly boats. Some carried people. Others carried exciting-looking boxes and engines and farm goods.

Along the banks of the river the boy could see people. Some were fishing, some were just looking at the river, and others were sleeping on the ground. And there were many artists, too, painting the Seine and its quaint bridges. One of the artists was the man Jacques had seen carrying an easel near the school.

Jacques hurried to the end of the bridge and down the stairs to the stone bank. He opened his water-color box. He had no easel, so he sat down and spread a clean piece of white paper in front of him. He would paint the graceful old bridge and the river with its boats. Now his heart was soaring like the birds he had seen in the bright morning sun.

Just as Jacques dipped his brush into the paint, the bells all over the city began to ring. He stopped and listened. Ten o'clock. Jacques thought about the boys at school. Their lessons in geography and in composition were over. Now they were ready to study history.

History! How Jacques liked that! It was like an exciting story. He was going to paint pictures about history someday, but first he had to learn more about it.

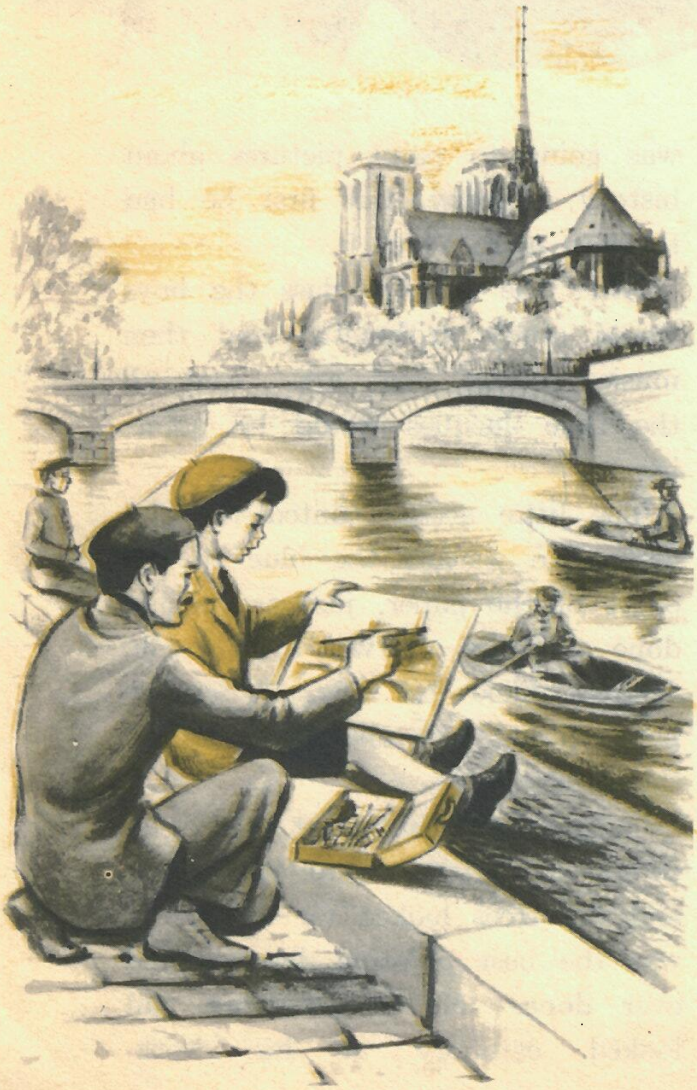
After the history class the boys would study arithmetic, and then music, science, and art. And all the time Jacques would be painting.

The little artist painted the sky first. He washed the blue to the edges of the paper, just as he had done at home. It was a good job. Jacques liked his sky. Then he painted the river and the trees on the other bank.

Jacques' painting went well. Its colors and shapes were just right, and the trees looked far away. It was the best painting Jacques had ever done. He leaned back and looked carefully at his work.

"It is not bad," Jacques said to himself. "Now I shall put in the bridge. It will be hard, but I think I can do it."

For an hour he painted. He shook his head once in a while, and he began to look worried. At last Jacques gave a sigh and put down his brush. His bridge was awkward rather than graceful. At one end it looked too big. It did not arch across the river in a smooth line.



"No school today?" asked a kind voice behind the worried boy.

Jacques turned, and there was the artist he had seen near the school.

"No, Monsieur," Jacques replied.

The man looked at him and smiled.

"Well, yes, Monsieur, there is," Jacques said, looking down at the ground. "But I wanted to paint today."

"Oh?" answered the artist, still smiling. "Well, you got your wish, but you do not look very happy. Is something wrong?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," said the boy with an unhappy look, "I cannot get the bridge right. It is bumpy and awkward and ugly."

The man looked at Jacques' painting. "It is not so bad," he said. "Perhaps I can help."

Then he took Jacques' brush and began to make a few quick strokes. "See," he said, "this line should go here. And this part should be big here at this end of the bridge but smaller toward the other side of the river."

With just a few lines the bridge in the picture looked different. The artist put the brush in Jacques' hand.

"Now you try," he said, and he smiled to encourage the boy.

Jacques worked hard for a few minutes. He tried to make free, smooth strokes like the artist's.

Then he leaned back to admire the painting. His face was bright once more.

"That is much better," he said. "Thank you, Monsieur. I guess I have much to learn about painting bridges."

The artist smiled and said, "The best way is to learn to draw." He added, "I learned how to draw in school."

Jacques looked up at the man, then quickly looked down.

The artist went on, "There are other things to learn, too. There are history and science and music. They can help us to be better people . . . and better artists."

Jacques sat still for a moment. The happy look was gone from his face. He felt angry. He had been enjoying the day at the river, and now this man had begun to talk about school.

The artist saw the boy's angry face. But he smiled at Jacques in a friendly way and said, "Well, I must get back to my own painting while the light is good."

The artist walked back to his easel. Jacques watched him, then turned and stared down at his painting. He could see where he had first tried to paint the bridge.

"I must learn to draw," Jacques said to himself. "Yes, I must learn to draw. And I will learn those other things, too, if they will help me become a great artist. I must go. . . ."

Quickly Jacques picked up his painting, brushes, and water-color box. And he picked up his books. Smiling now, he walked over to the friendly artist.

"I'm going back to school," he said.

The man smiled at him and went on painting. "Good," the man said. "Perhaps I shall see you down here some other day. Some day when there is no school."

"I do hope so, Monsieur," said Jacques, as he hurried away.

All the way back to school, he thought of the trouble he would have there and at home. The teacher would scold, Maman would cry, and Papa would look worried and try to think of something to say. But Jacques wouldn't mind the trouble. He was going back to school to learn the things he needed to know.

Jacques reached the school. He looked at the walls and at the fancy gate leading into the school-yard. He looked up at the high windows sparkling in the sun. Suddenly Jacques knew what he would paint next. He would paint this quaint, friendly old building.

Jacques walked up to the gate and rang the bell beside it. The gate opened—and Jacques walked inside.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Is the sentence true? If so, write *Yes*. If the sentence is not true, write *No*.

a. The beautiful spring morning made Jacques want to paint.

b. The trees in Jacques' painting looked as if they were too near.

c. The bridge in Jacques' painting made a smooth arch across the river.

d. A friendly artist tried to encourage the boy.

e. Jacques decided to go back to school so that he would not get into trouble.

2 Can you find sentences in the story that make you know the following statements are true? For your answers write the sentences you find.

a. Jacques was drawn to the river Seine.

b. Jacques was very happy when he started to paint beside the river.

c. The artist was glad that Jacques decided to go back to school.

3 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "A graceful tower was rising above the treetops" means:

A tower was floating in the air.

A tower was moving up toward the sky.

There was a tall tower behind the trees.

b. "His heart was soaring like the birds" means:

He was trying to fly.

He was very happy.

His heart was flying through the air.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

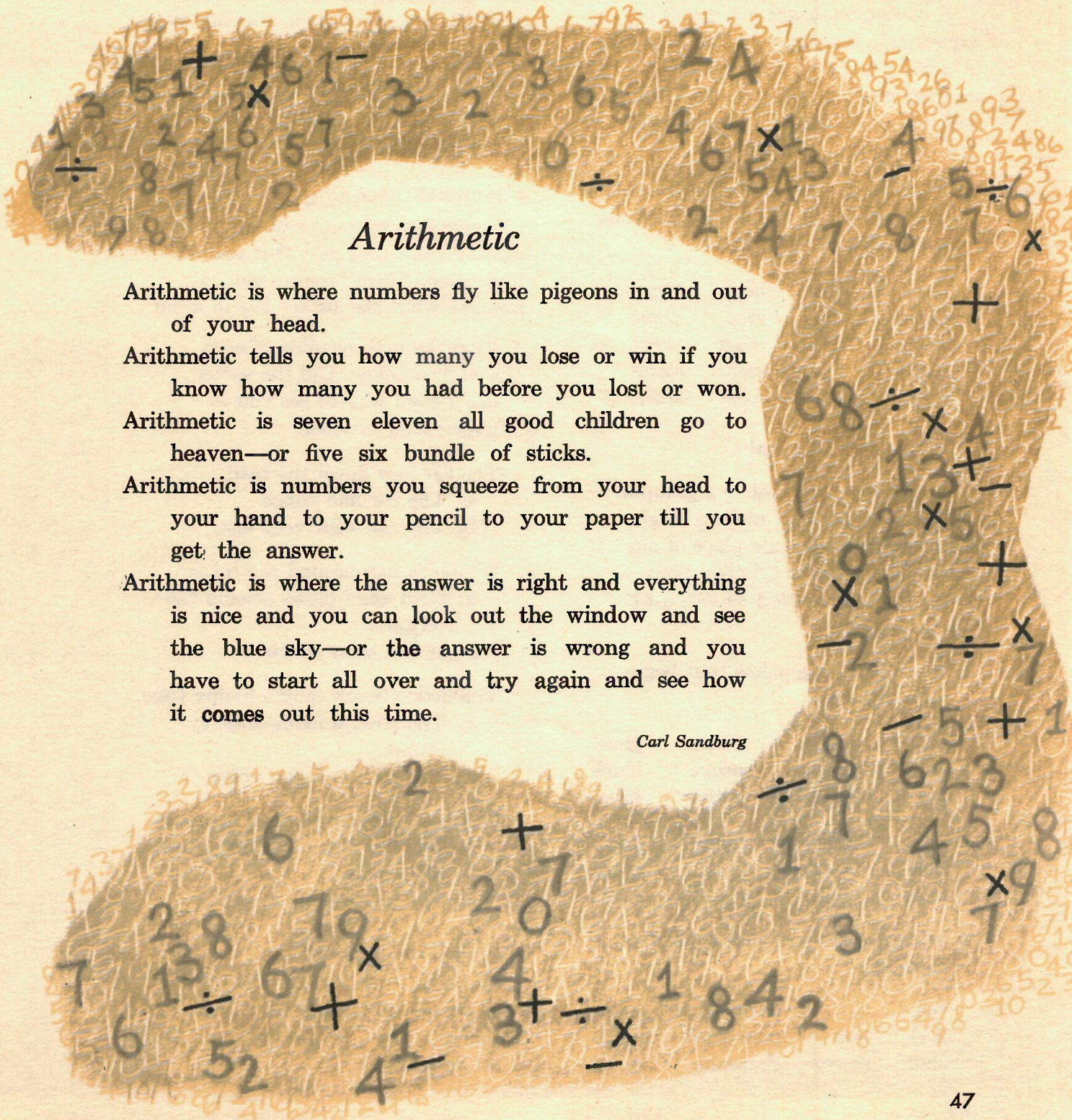
1 Do you think Jacques learned anything on his day off? If so, what?

2 Do you think the artist helped Jacques decide what to do about going back to school? If so, how?

3 What does the author want you to learn from this story?

4 Is this a believable story? Does Jacques seem to be a real boy? Give reasons for your answers.

No matter where children go to school, they all study some kind of arithmetic. Here is a poem that tells how one person feels about arithmetic. Have you ever felt this way?



Arithmetic

Arithmetic is where numbers fly like pigeons in and out of your head.

Arithmetic tells you how many you lose or win if you know how many you had before you lost or won.

Arithmetic is seven eleven all good children go to heaven—or five six bundle of sticks.

Arithmetic is numbers you squeeze from your head to your hand to your pencil to your paper till you get the answer.

Arithmetic is where the answer is right and everything is nice and you can look out the window and see the blue sky—or the answer is wrong and you have to start all over and try again and see how it comes out this time.

Carl Sandburg

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Consonant Blends

A consonant blend is a group of consonants blended together in saying a word. The blend is sounded by moving quickly and smoothly from one consonant sound to another in the group.

1 Find the words below that begin with consonant blends. What is the sound of each blend?

forty	rice	desk	twin
kimono	clap	step	home
sleeve	time	must	artist
swift	flow	scent	scrub
ugly	free	bawl	stare

Consonant Digraphs

A consonant digraph is a group of two consonants that make a single sound or that take the place of one sound in a word or syllable. Since **u** in **qu** has a consonant sound, **qu** is also a digraph.

1 Find the words below that begin with digraphs.

clap	squirt	shape	ghost
chalk	brush	sleeve	black
porch	quaint	bother	forty
thin	witch	range	gun
rush	weather	theme	grain
twin	whip	trouble	guide

2 Which words end with consonant digraphs?

rust	tick	bathroom	gnome
arch	free	paragraph	strike
shot	shove	character	stung

Blends and Digraphs

Consonants or groups of consonants may be found at the beginning, at the end, or within a word.

1 Find the consonant blends and the consonant digraphs in the following words.

bath	finish	string	arithmetic
chest	pride	desk	brushes
bother	school	packed	geography

Sentence Meaning

Sometimes sentences do not mean exactly what they say. But you understand them because you can imagine what the author has in mind.

1 Find the real meaning of each sentence below. Did the writer use a good way to get you to understand his idea?

The car flew down the road.
- **a.** The car had wings.
- **b.** The car went very fast.

Winter is just around the corner.
- **a.** Cold wind blows around the corner.
- **b.** It will soon be winter.

The little stream sang a happy tune.
- **a.** The stream made a merry sound.
- **b.** The stream had a voice.

The boy's fingers were all thumbs.
- **a.** The boy was awkward in using his fingers.
- **b.** The boy had no fingers.

Sound the Words

be lieve cel e brate chalk
es pe cial ly fes ti val ink
hon or a ble ki mo no u ni forms
un de serv ing

From Jacques' old school in a city far away, let us go to a school here in America. This school is much like yours. The teacher and children are like people you know.

Myeko, the girl in this story, went to school in Japan until a short time ago. The new American school seems strange to her. Like Jacques, Myeko feels that school is a place to learn something she wants to know. But in this story she finds out that it can also mean something more.

Myeko's Happy New Year

Nearly every day when Myeko came home from school, Mamma-san would ask, "Myeko, you like your new American school?"

And nearly every day Myeko would answer, "Yes, Mamma-san, I like the school."

But Myeko never told Mamma-san about the hurt that had been deep in her heart since they had left Japan to come to America. How could Mamma-san know how it was to feel so alone?

There were many children in Myeko's school. Were there not forty children, both boys and girls, in Myeko's class alone? Was not Miss Landon, Myeko's teacher, very nice and friendly? And did not Myeko speak American words just as she had learned them from a book in Japan? Why then did the children laugh when she spoke?

There were many children, but there were no friends for Myeko. She was fearful that the others would laugh, so she did not speak unless Miss Landon spoke to her. She worked hard at her desk and said nothing to Carol, the girl who sat in front of her. And she did not look at the red-haired boy who sat at the next desk.

"This is an excellent arithmetic paper, Myeko. It is good enough for an A," said Miss Landon the third day Myeko was at school.

Myeko was so pleased that she turned red. Getting up from her seat, the girl made a small bow to Miss Landon and said, "This undeserving one wishes to thank you, honorable teacher."

Then they all laughed! Was it funny that she should have a good arithmetic paper? Myeko was so hurt that she spoke even less than before.

Everything was so different in America. And how pretty the girls looked in their bright new dresses! Carol had beautiful gay ones. But Mamma-san did not know about this. She dressed Myeko in the plain black uniforms of the school Myeko had gone to in Japan.

Myeko had two school uniforms. Mamma-san washed one each day, but Myeko knew that the other children thought she was wearing the same dress every day.

Now Myeko was standing quietly in the kitchen thinking about all this when Mamma-san spoke to her. "Myeko, soon it is time to celebrate American Christmas. And *then* comes New Year!" Mamma-san looked at Myeko, expecting to see her eyes dance in excitement. But Myeko did not look excited. Her eyes did not dance at all.

"The Americans do not celebrate the New Year as we did in Japan. They do not celebrate so long or so much, Mamma-san," Myeko said sadly. "Here we will have only one day for the festival."

The family had a real American Christmas. Papa-san brought home a small tree, and Myeko put little dolls and pieces of red paper on it. There was one package for Myeko under the tree.

Myeko quickly broke the red strings around her package. She couldn't believe her eyes! It was the most beautiful kimono in the world, just right to wear to a New Year festival! Oh, how long and graceful the butterfly sleeves were! Then her heart stopped singing as she remembered there would be no long New Year festival in America. She felt all alone.

Her eyes filled with tears. But to Mamma-san and Papa-san she said only, "Thank you very much for the beautiful kimono, honorable ones."

On the last day of December Myeko and Mamma-san swept and cleaned every corner of the house. The morning would start the New Year, and the house must start out fresh.

Myeko was sad on New Year's Day. Her family decided to have the festival just that one day. Myeko put on her beautiful new kimono. She thought about her friends in Japan while she ate the special New Year food. She tried to smile so that Mamma-san and Papa-san would think that she was happy. But she missed her friends, and the festival was too short.

Soon it was time to go to school again. "Myeko," said Mamma-san, "would you like to wear your beautiful new kimono to school today and show it to the American children? I will make you sweet rice cakes to take to them."

Myeko wanted to cry. She could not wear the kimono to school. Surely the children would laugh. They did not wear kimonos. But Myeko did not want to say this to Mamma-san!

"I do not think Americans eat rice cakes," she said with respect.

"But all children like sweet rice cakes," said Mamma-san.

So Myeko took the paper bag of sweet rice cakes. Then with her beautiful kimono covered by her old brown coat, she walked slowly to school. She was afraid, and her face burned when she remembered how all the children had laughed. How could she ever face them?

As she walked, Myeko suddenly thought, "I will not take off my coat all day. They will think it strange, but I can't help it."

Myeko put the rice cakes with her lunch in the coatroom. Then she took her seat, still wearing her old brown coat.

"Is it too cold in here for you, Myeko?" the teacher asked.

"No, Miss Landon. I only like to wear my coat, thank you," said Myeko, as she looked down.

It was so warm! How could she stand it? But she must. Then Miss Landon called several children to the blackboard to do arithmetic. Myeko walked carefully so that she could hold the kimono just right. But she dropped her chalk, and when she picked it up, the butterfly sleeves came falling out.

"Why, Myeko, what a lovely dress you're wearing!" said Miss Landon. "Couldn't we all see it?"

Myeko hung her head and did not say a word. Then Miss Landon took Myeko by the hand and kindly led her to the coatroom. In a few minutes they returned.

Now Myeko had taken off her old brown coat. She looked just like a festival doll in her kimono.

"Oh, a real kimono!" cried Carol. The forty children stared in delight at Myeko.

"Myeko wants to tell you boys and girls all about the New Year festival held in Japan," said Miss Landon. "That is why she is wearing her beautiful kimono."

At first Myeko was very much afraid. But no one laughed, and little by little she began to feel sure of herself. She gave a little bow. Then she told about getting ready for the festival. She explained that long grass and pine branches were hung before the houses.

She said that the festival lasted for several days. She spoke of the special sweets that everyone ate. Myeko told about the games the children played and how, when you made a mistake, you got a dot of ink on your face. If you made many mistakes, your face looked very funny.

The children all laughed when she said this, but it was a different kind of laughter. Myeko laughed, too. Then they all had the sweet rice cakes, and Miss Landon let

them talk and ask Myeko about Japan.

When school was out that day, Carol came up to Myeko and said, "I live on your street. Could I walk home with you?" So Myeko happily asked Carol to come home and meet Mamma-san and see the treasures Myeko had brought from Japan.

"Can you come over to my house tomorrow afternoon?" asked Carol, when she was ready to go home. "I want to show you the new game I got for Christmas."

Myeko looked up at Mamma-san. Mamma-san nodded to her. And oh, there was such a gladness in Myeko's heart!

When Carol had gone, Mamma-san said, "Myeko, this morning I found two holes in your uniforms. They are wearing out. We must go to town and buy bright cloth for some new *American* dresses!"

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What word will complete each sentence and make a true statement about the story?

a. Myeko had felt alone since she had left ____ to come to America.

b. Myeko spoke American words just as she had learned them from a ____.

c. Myeko got a beautiful ____ for Christmas.

d. The ____ sleeves were long and graceful.

e. Mamma-san made some sweet ____ cakes for Myeko to take to the boys and girls at school.

f. Myeko told the boys and girls about the New Year ____ in Japan.

g. Myeko asked ____ to see the treasures she had brought to this country.

h. Mamma-san said they would buy bright cloth for some new ____ dresses.

2 Which sentence gives the climax of the story?

a. Myeko kept her old brown coat on in school.

b. The forty children stared in delight at Myeko in her kimono.

c. Mamma-san found two holes in Myeko's uniforms.

3 Can you find sentences in the story that make you know the following statements are true? For your answers, write the sentences you find.

a. Myeko was sad when she thanked Mamma-san and Papa-san for the kimono.

b. Myeko felt foolish when Miss Landon asked to see the lovely dress.

c. Myeko was happy when Mamma-san said she could go to Carol's house.

4 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "Her eyes dance in excitement" means:

Her eyes keep time to the music.

Her eyes move around in circles.

Her eyes look merry and bright.

b. "Her heart stopped singing" means:

She was no longer happy.

Her heart stopped beating.

She stopped singing.

c. "Her face burned" means:

Something hot touched her face.

Her face turned red because she felt foolish.

Her face hurt because it had been burned.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Why did Myeko call herself "this undeserving one"?

2 Were there parts of the story that made you feel sorry for Myeko? Find one such part and be ready to read it aloud.

3 Which persons in the story wanted to help Myeko? Be ready to tell what each person did to show this.

4 What could the other children have done to make Myeko feel less lonely?

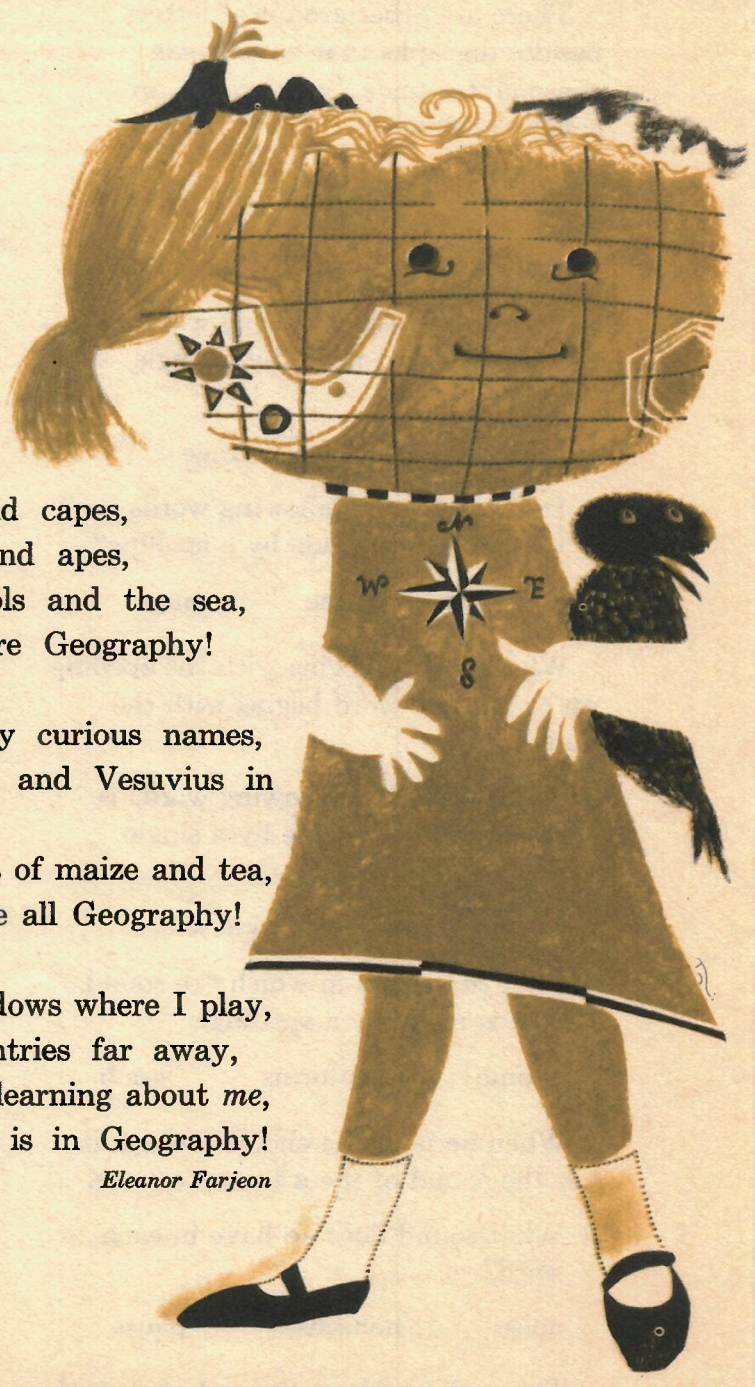
5 Have you ever felt lonely and left out as Myeko did? Tell what happened to make you feel that way.

6 Do you think it is important to dress and act as other people do? Give reasons for your answer.

7 What did school mean to Myeko?

8 Why is "Myeko's Happy New Year" a good name for this story?

Myeko not only became a part of the group but also helped the other children learn something about the world they live in. School helps us learn about our world, especially when we study geography.



Geography

Islands and peninsulas, continents and capes,
Dromedaries, cassowaries, elephants and apes,
Rivers, lakes and waterfalls, whirlpools and the sea,
Valley-beds and mountain-tops—all are Geography!

The capitals of Europe with so many curious names,
The North Pole and the South Pole and Vesuvius in flames,
Rice-fields, ice-fields, cotton-fields, fields of maize and tea,
The Equator and the Hemispheres—are all Geography!

The very streets I live in, and the meadows where I play,
Are just as much Geography as countries far away,
Where yellow girls and coffee boys are learning about *me*,
The little white-skinned stranger who is in Geography!

Eleanor Farjeon

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Spellings Having Consonant Sounds

There are other groups of letters besides digraphs that have single consonant sounds. Such groups are called "spellings."

The spellings **dge** and **ge** have the sound of **j** when they are at the end of a word.

1 In which of the following words is the sound of **j** made by a single letter?

jungle gem rage

2 In which of the following words is the sound of **j** made by a spelling?

dodge engine range

When a word begins with the spelling **gn** or **kn,** the word begins with the sound of **n.**

3 In which of the following words is the sound of **n** made by a single letter?

aunt nice know

4 Find the words in which the sound of **n** is made by a spelling.

gnome uniforms knob

When **se** is at the end of a word, it has the sound of the **s** in **see** or of **z.**

5 What sound does **se** have in each word?

noise nonsense pause

The spelling **nk** at the end of a word has the sound of the **nk** in **bank.**

6 In which word do you hear the sound of **nk?**

ink knoll bang

If a word begins with the spelling **wr,** the first sound in the word is the sound of **r.**

7 Find the words in which the sound of **r** is made by a single letter.

porch roof wring

8 Find the word in which the sound of **r** is made by a spelling.

arch stork wrote

Word Meanings

Some phrases have special meanings.

1 Choose the group of words that most nearly explains the meaning of the following phrases.

Sharp roofs
- **a.** Housetops shaped like knives
- **b.** Tall roofs with steep slants

A quick mind
- **a.** A mind that thinks fast
- **b.** A careless mind

A nice, everyday boy
- **a.** An ordinary boy
- **b.** A boy who is always nice

A happy noise
- **a.** A pleasant sound
- **b.** A sound that no one hears

Wondering why
- **a.** Walking back and forth
- **b.** Trying to reason something out

Sound the Words

clap	ditch	step	fin ish
twin	porch	roof	pro tect
stork	salt		

Myeko found that school was a place to make friends, to become part of a group. Lina, the girl in this story, knew everyone in her little school, which was in Holland long ago. Sometimes she got left out of the things the others did, but that didn't trouble her much.

One day Lina had an idea. In this story you will find out about that idea and how it changed the meaning of school for some children.

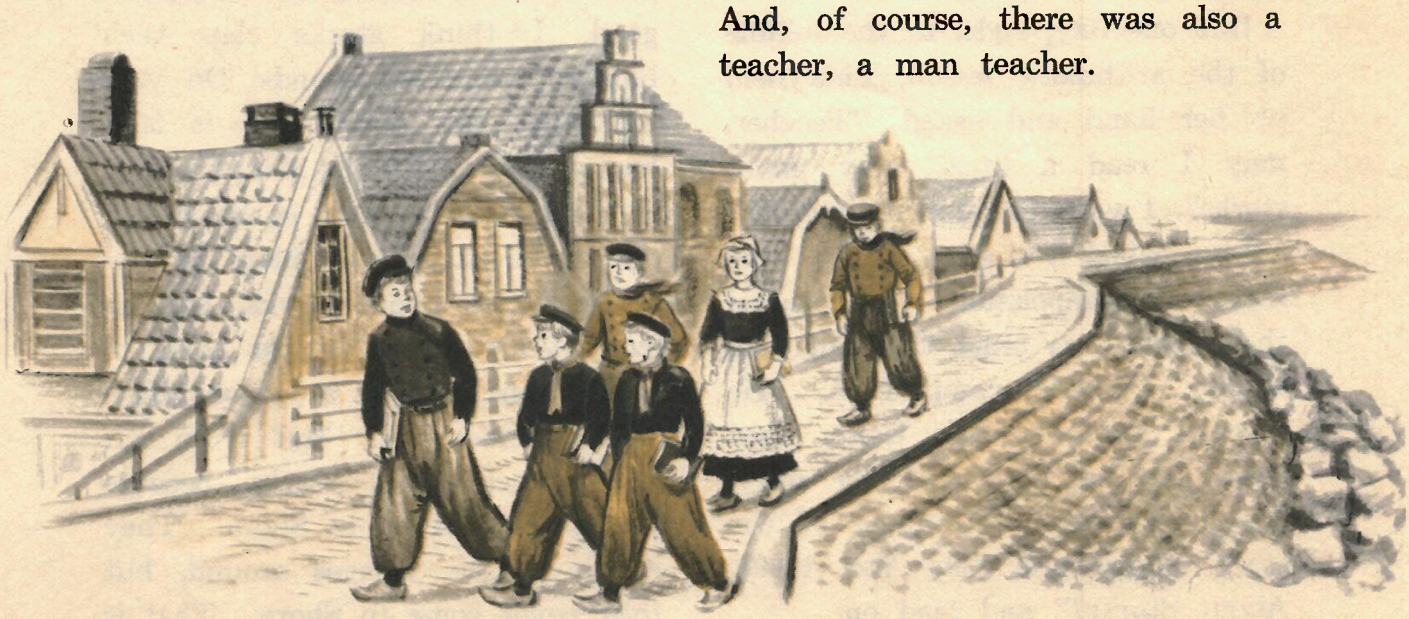
The Wheel on the School

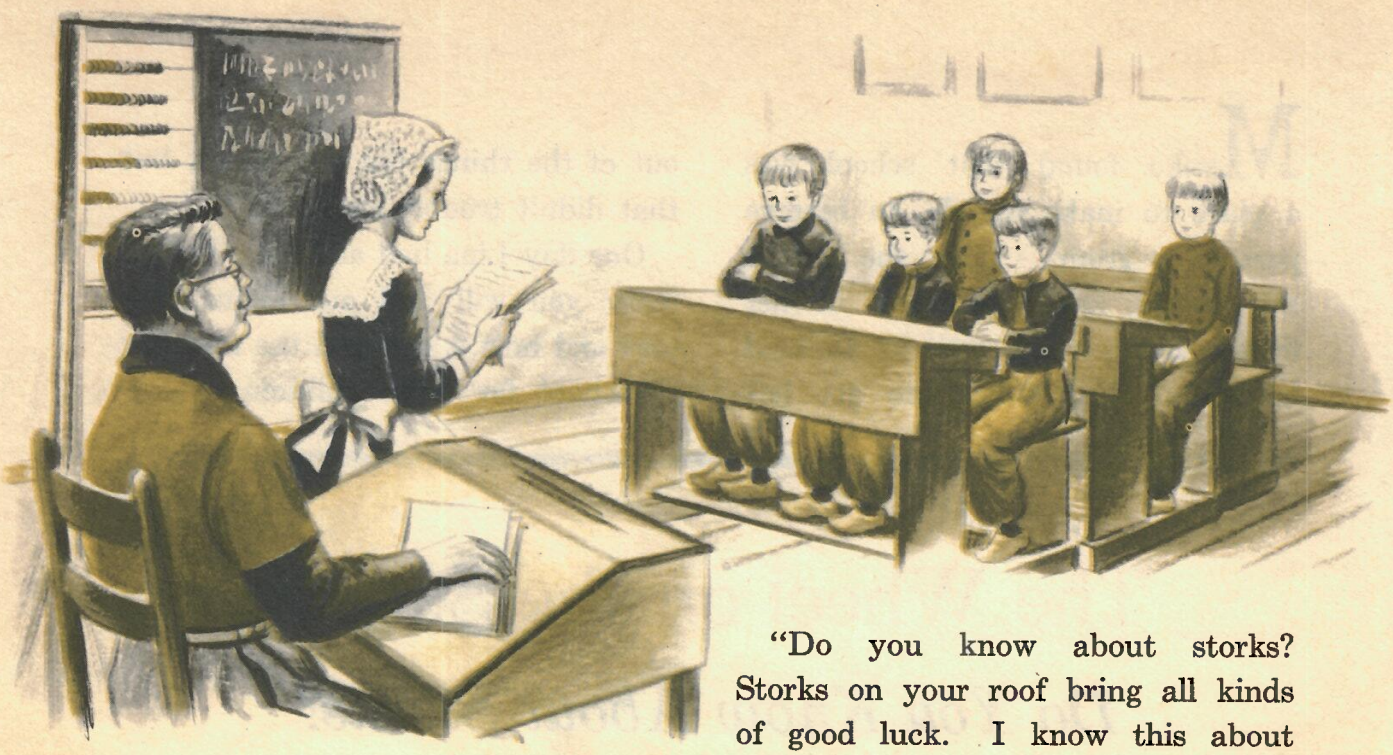
Do You Know About Storks?

Shora was a fishing village in Holland. The little village lay on the shore of the North Sea, right against the dike. It had houses with sharp roofs. It had a school with a sharp roof. And it had six children, who lived in five of the houses and who went to the school.

There was Jella. He was the biggest of the six. There was Eelka. He was slow and awkward, but his mind was quick. There was Auka. He was just a nice, everyday boy. There were Pier and Dirk. They were twins.

Then there was Lina. She was the only girl in the little school. And, of course, there was also a teacher, a man teacher.





Maybe we really should have started the story with Lina. Not because she was the only schoolgirl in Shora but because she wrote a story about storks. There were no storks in Shora. And until Lina read her story to the five boys and the teacher, no one in school had even thought about storks.

But one day, right in the middle of the arithmetic lesson, Lina held up her hand and asked, "Teacher, may I read a little story about storks? I wrote the story all myself."

Lina called it a story, but it was really a composition. It pleased the teacher very much that Lina had written a little composition. He stopped the arithmetic lesson right there and let Lina read her story. She began with the name of the story, which was "Do You Know About Storks?" and read on:

"Do you know about storks? Storks on your roof bring all kinds of good luck. I know this about storks. They are big and white and have long yellow legs. They build great big nests, sometimes right on your roof. But when they build a nest on the roof of a house, they bring good luck to that house and to the whole village.

"Storks do not sing. They make a noise like you do when you clap your hands when you feel happy and good. I think storks clap their bills to make the sounds. On your roof they are noisy. But it is a happy noise and I like happy noises.

"This is all I know about storks, but my aunt in the village of Nes knows a lot about storks, because every year two big storks come to build their nest on a wagon wheel right on her roof. But I do not know much about storks, because storks never come to Shora. They go to all the villages around, but they never come to Shora. That is

the most I know about storks. But if they came to Shora, I would know more about storks."

After Lina had finished reading her story, the room was quiet. The teacher said, "That was a fine composition, Lina." His eyes were pleased and bright. He turned to big Jella. "Jella," he said, "what do you know about storks?"

"About storks, Teacher?" Jella replied slowly. "About storks . . . nothing. But if they bring good luck, I wish they would come to Shora."

"Pier," the teacher said then, "Dirk, what do you twins know about storks?"

"About storks?" Pier asked him. "Nothing."

"Dirk," the teacher said.

"Just the same as Pier," Dirk said. "Nothing."

"Pier," the teacher said, "if I had asked Dirk first, what would have been your answer?"

"Just the same as Dirk's," Pier answered quickly. "Teacher, that's the trouble with being twins—if you don't know something, you don't know it twice."

The teacher and the room liked that. It made everyone laugh. "Well, Auka," the teacher said, "how about you?"

"All I know is that if storks make happy noises when they clap their bills, like Lina said in her story, then I would like storks, too," answered Auka.

The teacher looked around and said, "Eelka, that leaves only you."

Eelka thought for a while. "I'm like Lina, Teacher. I know little about storks, but I would like to have them in Shora."

Then the teacher said, "What do you think would happen if we all began to think a lot about storks? If you thought and thought about storks from now until tomorrow morning, do you think things would begin to happen?"

They all sat still and thought that over. Eelka held up his hand. "But I'm afraid I can't think much about storks when I don't know much about storks. I'd be through in a minute."

Everyone laughed, but then the teacher said, "True, true. That's right, Eelka. We can't think much when we don't know much. But we can wonder! From now until tomorrow morning when you come to school again, will you wonder why? Will you wonder why storks don't come to Shora to build their nests on the roofs? For sometimes when we wonder, we can make things begin to happen.

"If you'll do that, then school is out right now!"

There they were, outside in the schoolyard, free. Big Jella couldn't believe it.

"Why," he said, "the teacher let us out almost a whole hour early, just because of storks!" Jella thought he was going to like storks. "What'll we do?" he asked the other boys.

But Lina spoke up. Since she had started it with her story about storks, she felt she should. "Let's all sit on the dike and wonder why, just like the teacher said."

It just didn't seem right to Jella to sit down when you were free. Suddenly he said to Lina, "The teacher didn't say we had to sit in a row on the dike to wonder, did he?"

"Well, no," replied Lina, "but I thought. . . . "

"Well, then," Jella said to the boys, "let's all get our poles and go ditch jumping!"

All the boys started to run home.

"But we were going to wonder why storks don't come," Lina called.

"We'll wonder while we jump ditches," Jella called back.

Lina walked slowly toward the dike. That was the trouble with being the only girl. You got left out of things. Well, she'd show them. She'd sit right on the dike and think and wonder really hard. Then tomorrow morning when the teacher asked, up would go her hand, but there the others would sit with nothing to say.

Things Begin to Happen

Lina took off one of her wooden shoes and sat staring into it. "Wonder why? Wonder why?" she said quite hard into the shoe. The words came back to her from the hard wooden shell. She whispered it into the shoe. The words came whispering back.

Still thinking and dreaming about storks, she got up and wandered away from the dike, one shoe in her hand. She went slowly down the street, staring hard at the sharp roofs of all the houses as if she had never seen them before.

"The school has the sharpest roof of all," Lina said to herself.

All at once Lina knew why the storks didn't come to build their nests at Shora. The roofs were all too sharp! But not only did she know the reason why, she also knew just what to do about it! Tomorrow morning she would tell the boys in the schoolroom. They'd be surprised!

Lina started to hurry back to the school to tell someone. But she remembered that there wasn't anyone there. All the boys were playing in the fields. The teacher had gone. So Lina slowed herself by staring at the sharp roof of a house. It was the house where Grandmother Sibble lived. Lina was still staring when the little old lady came out.

Grandmother Sibble said, "I've been watching you wandering from the dike and back again like a little lost sheep."

Lina laughed and said, "Oh, I'm not really wandering. I'm wondering."

"Oh," said the little old lady, but not really understanding. "Well, I guess wondering is always better than wandering." She laughed a nice little old lady's laugh. "Is that why you have your shoe in your hand?" she asked kindly.

In surprise Lina looked down at her hand holding the wooden shoe. Quickly she put it back on her foot. What must Grandmother Sibble think! Of course, she was not really Lina's grandmother. She was just the grandmother of the whole village, the oldest old lady. Lina didn't know her very well at all.

"I . . . ," Lina said, trying to explain.

Grandmother Sibble didn't look as if she were just standing there laughing at Lina. She just looked—well, interested. So Lina decided to tell her.

"I guess it does look silly, but it somehow helps me think better to look into my shoe," she said.

"Why, yes," the old lady said. "Isn't it funny how silly little things like that help?"

Grandmother Sibble carefully sat down on the top step of her little porch. "Now, of course, I've just got to know what it was you were thinking about so hard. Why don't you sit down with me and tell me about it?"

Lina sat down near the little old lady. "I was thinking about storks, Grandmother Sibble, why storks don't build their nests in Shora."

Grandmother Sibble was looking very thoughtful. "Well, that is a thing to think about, all right. No wonder you had your shoe off."

"But I think I know why," Lina told the old lady proudly. "Our roofs are too sharp!"

"Well, yes . . . yes, I guess so," the old lady said carefully.

"I have an aunt in Nes," said Lina. "And storks nest on her roof every year."

"Ah, yes," the old lady said. "But your aunt's house has trees around it, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it has," Lina said. "I guess I never thought about trees. There are no trees in Shora. So I didn't think about trees." Lina stopped.

"Would a stork think about trees?" the old lady wanted to know. "It seems to me that, to

reason out what a stork would want, we should try to think the way a stork would think."

Lina sat up straight. What a wonderful thing to say!

"You see, if I were a stork, I think I would like to hide myself in a tree now and then," said the old lady, "not be on a roof for everyone to see me all the time."

Then Grandmother Sibble explained, "You see, many years ago there were willow trees in Shora and there were storks! But a storm came. The wind and water from the sea roared up the dike for longer than a week. For a whole week the salt spray flew. When it was all done, there were no willow

trees left. And there were no more storks."

Lina sat staring straight ahead, dreaming about the things the old lady had said.

"So you see you mustn't think that our sharp roofs are the whole story, must you, Lina?" Grandmother Sibble said softly. "We must think about other things too. And to think right, we must try to think the way a stork would!"

Grandmother Sibble had said "we"!

"My teacher says," Lina spoke slowly, "that maybe, if we wonder and wonder, then things will begin to happen."

"Is that what he said? Ah, but that is so right," the old lady said. "Now I'll sit on my steps and you sit on yours, and we'll think about storks. We'll think better, each on her own steps, because thinking often gets lost in talking. And it may be that your teacher is right. Maybe if we begin to think and wonder, someone will begin to make things happen."

On her own porch Lina looked back for the first time. There sat Grandmother Sibble, rocking herself a little and thinking. Just as the teacher had said, things *had* started to happen.

Then Lina took one shoe off and looked into it. Why, storks did bring good luck! The storks had made a friend for her. Now when the boys left her out of their games, she could go to Grandmother Sibble, and they would sit and talk. Lina looked up happily. Why, yes!

Wagon Wheel

The next morning was Saturday morning. There they all were in the schoolroom again, the five boys and Lina. They sat quietly as the teacher stood looking at each of them in turn.

Then he said, "Who wondered why? And where did it take you?"

Lina's hand went up. "Storks did once upon a time come to Shora!" she said proudly, knowing something the rest didn't know.

Everyone turned to her. Then Lina was excitedly telling the room what Grandmother Sibble had told her. All the boys had big, excited eyes.

Eelka held up his hand, and now he was saying in his slow way, "What Lina said about trees—you know, Teacher, that is just what I thought when I wondered why. Storks don't come to Shora because we have no trees!"

Eelka's desk was next to Lina's. She turned in her seat, staring at him. How did he dare? He'd wondered why! He'd gone jumping ditches!

It was as if Eelka knew what she was thinking, for he said to the teacher, "I don't suppose I would have thought of trees. It was really when I jumped right into the middle of a ditch and went under that I thought of it. I really got wet, and I wished there were a tree to hang my clothes on. But there aren't any trees, so I had to go home wet. And was my mother angry!"

The teacher laughed as long and hard as the class. Even Lina had to laugh.

"Well, Eelka," the teacher said, "even though you had to do your thinking under water, it was still good thinking."

He turned to the blackboard and wrote with chalk in big white letters: THE REASONS WHY STORKS DO NOT COME TO SHORA.

Then he turned back to the class. "Well, do we agree then that the first reason for no storks in Shora is no trees?" He turned to the board as if to write it down.

Lina held up her hand and shook it wildly to stop him. "Not trees—roofs!" she almost shouted. "Even though Grandmother Sibble and everyone thinks it is trees, it has to be roofs. Because storks don't build nests just in trees. They build their nests on roofs, too. But our roofs in Shora are too sharp! Oh, it just *has* to be roofs," she said. "Because we can put wagon wheels on the roofs for storks to build their nests on, but we can't do anything soon about trees."

The teacher looked at Lina. "Aha," he said proudly. "Little Lina." And then he picked up the chalk and wrote Lina's reason in big white letters: NO WHEELS ON OUR SHARP ROOFS.

He turned back to the class. "Could it be?" he asked. "If we put wheels on our sharp roofs, could there be storks on every roof in Shora?"

"Aw," Jella said, "all that is a dream."

"Ah, yes, that's all it is," the teacher said. "But there's where things have to start—with a dream. Of course, if you just go on dreaming, then it stays a dream. But first to dream and then to do—isn't that the way to make a dream come true? Now picture our Shora with storks and trees."

"Trees won't grow in Shora," Jella insisted. "It's the salt spray and the wind and the storms."

"Well," the teacher said, "to grow trees in Shora we must perhaps protect them. If trees once grew here, couldn't we make them do it again?"

"Oh, but that would take too long," Dirk said. "That would take years."

"Making dreams come true often takes long," the teacher said. "I don't mean that it should be done at once. First we must make just two storks come to nest in Shora. That is what we are trying to do right now by first thinking out the reasons the storks don't nest in Shora. But after thinking. . . ."

"Find a wheel to put on a roof!" Lina cried.

"Aha," the teacher said. "Now we are getting to something that we can do. We wondered why and reasoned it out. Now we must do. Now we must find a wagon wheel, and then we must put it up on a roof. But behind doing that lies the long dream of storks on every roof in Shora. Maybe even trees in Shora. Can you picture our Shora like that?

"Maybe, just maybe. It's still a dream," he added. "We haven't even a wheel now. We don't even know what roof we'll put it on."

"Oh, yes, we do! Yes, we do!" the class shouted. "It's got to go right on the roof of our school!"

"Why, yes," the teacher said. "Why, yes, class! Then who is going to look for a wagon wheel? Look for a wagon wheel where one is and where one isn't, where one could be and where one couldn't possibly be?"

Jella spoke out for all of them. "Why, we all are. From the minute school is out until we find one."

The teacher smiled, and his eyes were bright. "That's how we'll begin to make a dream come true. We'll begin today. It's Saturday, and we have our free afternoon ahead of us. We'll have a whole afternoon to try to find a wagon wheel. We'll really work at it, because that is how to start to make a dream come true."

So it all started with Lina and her composition. It led to a wheel on the school and two storks and a nest. But that is not where it stopped. That is just how the long dream—storks on every roof in Shora—began to come true.

To Lina and the other people of Shora, storks meant happiness. Because of the little school, storks—and happiness—came to Shora.

School can mean learning something you want to know or finding new friends or making a dream come true. It can also mean other things. What does school mean to you?

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which five sentences are about events that were important in making storks come to Shora?
Write these sentences in the order in which the events took place in the story.

a. The teacher told everyone to wonder why storks didn't come to Shora.

b. Lina and the boys decided to look for a wagon wheel to put on the roof of the school.

c. Grandmother Sibble said Lina wandered about like a little lost sheep.

d. Pier said if twins don't know something, they don't know it twice.

e. Lina read her story to the class.

f. Lina told the boys and the teacher the roofs in Shora were too sharp.

g. Eelka said you can't think much about storks if you don't know much about storks.

h. Lina talked with Grandmother Sibble.

2 What were these people doing while they thought of a reason why storks did not come to Shora?

a. Lina was

staring into her shoe.
staring at the roof tops.
jumping ditches.

b. Grandmother Sibble was

trying to think the way a stork would think.
thinking about the village of Nes.
sitting on the dike.

c. Eelka was

jumping ditches.

trying to find a place to dry
his wet clothes.
sitting on the steps with
Grandmother Sibble.

3 Where did the children want to put the wagon wheel?

a. On Grandmother Sibble's house

b. In the tallest tree

c. On the roof of the school

d. Up and down all the streets of Shora

4 Where did the teacher say to look for a wagon wheel?

a. In the schoolyard and the barn

b. Where one could be and where one couldn't possibly be

c. Along the dike and across the ditches

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas.

1 Why was the teacher pleased that Lina wrote "Do You Know About Storks?"

2 Do you think this teacher was a good teacher? Give reasons for your answer.

3 What did the teacher mean when he said, "First to dream, then to do"? Do you agree with his idea?

4 Do you, like Lina, have any special ways to help you think? Be ready to tell about them.

5 Which part of the story did you enjoy most? Find that part and be ready to read it aloud.

THINKING BACK

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What did school mean to the main characters in "Jacques' Day Off," "Myeko's Happy New Year," and "The Wheel on the School"?

2 Which story did you like best? Explain why you liked it.

3 What does school mean to you?

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 In what ways were the schools that Jacques, Myeko, and Lina went to like your school?

2 In what ways were their schools different from your school?

3 Which things that you learn in school seem most important to you?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Syllables

A syllable is a group of letters said together as part of a word or a whole word. Many words have only one syllable, while others are made up of two or more syllables.

1 How many syllables do you hear in each word?

heat animal basket story
umbrella den color melt
dinner uranium plum real

Dividing Words

Words of more than one syllable may be divided in four ways.

Words may be divided between double consonants.

They may be divided between consonants that are not alike unless the consonants form a digraph.

They may be divided between a vowel and a consonant.

They may be divided between two vowels unless the vowels form either a diphthong or one speech sound.

1 Where is each word divided?

admire beyond kitten motel
being problem narrow science

2 Which words have digraphs or diphthongs? Where are the words divided?

royal thicket between power

Vowel Sounds

Meaning must be used to determine sounds of **oo** or **ea** in words.

The vowels **oo** usually have the sound of **o͞o** as in **pool** or of **o͝o** as in **book,** but they may have the sound of **ō** as in **door** or of **ŭ** as in **blood.**

The vowels **ea** usually have the sound of **ē** as in **bean,** but they may have the sound of **ā** as in **great** or of **ĕ** as in **bread.**

1 What sound of **oo** do you hear in the underlined words?

The flood made the river wide.

That little tree has a big root.

There was a crook in the path.

2 What sound of **ea** do you hear in the underlined words?

Hold your hand steady.

Heat came from the stove.

Was a tomahawk a good weapon?

Word Meaning

Words do different kinds of things in sentences. Some words name people, places, or things. Others tell what people or things do. Still other words describe.

Describing words tell how something looks, feels, sounds, smells, or tastes.

1 What does the describing word in each phrase tell you?

green hat rough bark loud noise
sweet candy musty odor
cool breeze

Sound the Words

breeze cliff crust den fir
flesh fox hunting jaws
known melt plum scent
slip slope snail swoop

In the Animal World

How Wild Animals Live

Can you imagine what it would be like to live in a world that is wild and free? How would you get food to keep you alive? What kind of home would you have? How would you protect yourself from your enemies?

This is the kind of world that the wild animals live in—a world filled with excitement and danger.

Getting food is a very important problem to animals. Most of the time when we see them moving about, they are looking for food to eat. Some of the animals are trying to find plants. They are the plant eaters. Others are looking for an animal to eat. They are the flesh eaters, and they are usually enemies of the plant eaters and of each other.

All wild animals have enemies of one kind or another. To stay alive they must learn how to protect themselves.

Animals have bodies that help them to stay alive in their world of danger. They have covering of some kind that protects them from heat and cold. They have tools to work with and weapons to help them fight their enemies.

Most of the time these wild, free animals live in a world of their own. They do not often harm us unless we get in their way or hurt them. Sometimes they may even help us without knowing that they are being helpful. In this way the wild animals are our friends. And sometimes they need our help, and we can be friends to them.

Because their lives are filled with excitement and danger, stories of wild animals are wonderful stories of adventure.

Croppy is a snowshoe rabbit. He is called a "snowshoe" rabbit because he has big, furry hind feet that help him to move easily and quickly on top of the snow.

Like all wild animals, he has to spend much of his time getting food. And he must always be on guard against his enemies. How do you suppose he protects himself?

Croppy's life is filled with danger. But he also has time for fun. He is a gay little rabbit, and most of the time he is happy in his world.

Croppy, the Snowshoe Rabbit

In Spite of Danger

Croppy was a lively but careful rabbit. For three years now he had been able to escape the animals that were flesh eaters. This was a long time for a snowshoe rabbit to live in the Five Rivers country, for there rabbits were the food for many other animals.

Croppy's right ear wasn't much of an ear. He had lost more than half of it one day when a fox tried to catch him. This cropped ear gave him a saucy look. It also gave him his name.

"Red Fox almost caught me, but I got away," Croppy always told the other rabbits when they asked about his ear.

Now Croppy knew that foxes lay in wait for him and that bobcats prowled through the forest. He also knew that there were great white owls in the trees ready to swoop down on him. But in spite of danger he and his friends went right on looking for food and playing together.

Not even danger could keep Croppy from wanting to play. There were a lot of things that

he liked to do. But most of all Croppy liked to dance. So every night in the middle of winter he went to the open space in the forest which was the rabbits' dancing ground. After a fall of new snow his tracks were sure to be the first on the trail.

One morning, while Croppy was sleeping in a nest he had made for himself under a tree, a storm came. Light, fluffy snow covered the ground. After the long storm was over, Croppy woke up and pushed the snow away. Then he wrinkled his nose and sniffed the air for signs of danger.

"No danger," Croppy said to himself at last. Then he hopped out of his nest, spreading his big furry feet to keep from sinking into the snow.

He felt very good after almost a week of quiet. So he did a few dance steps and kicked his hind feet at the full moon. Then he hopped wildly across an open space, playing that he was being chased.

"I wish a fox or a bobcat would try to catch me," he thought to himself. "This snow will hold me up, but it's much too soft to hold up the flesh eaters. I could get away from them easily."

But no fox or bobcat was there to chase him, so Croppy went to the plum thicket and began making a trail through it. He jumped back

and forth on the snow to pack it down. In this way he made the trail very hard. Each time he came to the edge of the thicket, he stopped and looked around to make sure that everything was just as it had been when he looked the last time.

After Croppy had made a hard trail through the thicket, he began making side trails. He made them all around the place. It looked as if a hundred rabbits lived in the bushes.

The snowshoe knew that all those trails would puzzle the foxes and bobcats and make it hard for them to find him. So he worked very fast.

At last Croppy had finished his trailmaking. Then he started off to the rabbits' dancing ground, which was about a hundred yards down the stream.

All of a sudden he stopped and lay very still in the snow. He had not seen the big white owl as it floated over the plum bushes, and he did not see it now as it sat on a branch of a nearby tree. But something told him that danger was near.

Croppy moved his eyes very slowly. He looked over every part of the open ground before him. He saw nothing. He sniffed. He smelled nothing. He turned his good ear from front to back. He heard nothing.

"I guess I was wrong," thought Croppy, "but I must move fast." And he ran for the shelter of a fir tree. But just as he started to hop, the bird saw him and swooped down toward him.

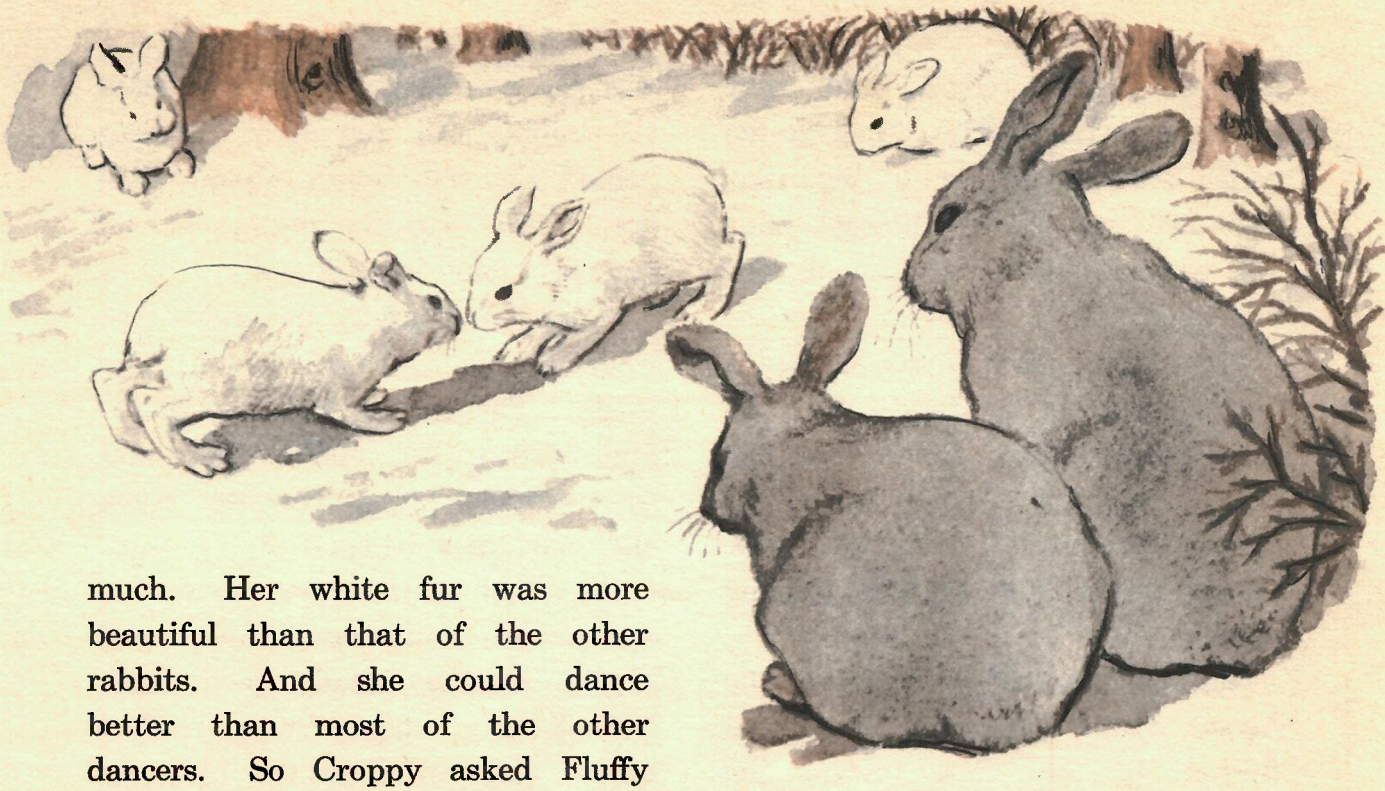
The wings of the owl were spread wide enough to cover a dodge to the right or a dodge to the left. Although he was hopping as fast as he could, Croppy saw that he could never reach the fir tree in time to save himself. It looked like a sure kill for the owl.

But wise little Croppy wasn't going to be caught that easily. He suddenly sat back in the snow, using his huge furry feet to stop himself. The owl shot over his head into the soft snow. The big bird had missed.

Croppy quickly dodged past the top of a bush. And before the owl could swoop again, Croppy was off to the forest beyond.

He reached the dancing ground a little late for the first dance. He was out of breath, so he sat down to rest for a while. He watched the crowd of dancers. But very soon he forgot his narrow escape and started to dance. He bowed, side-stepped, and did fancy high kicks with a saucy air. He was the best dancer in the Five Rivers country.

There was one young rabbit in the group that Croppy liked very



much. Her white fur was more beautiful than that of the other rabbits. And she could dance better than most of the other dancers. So Croppy asked Fluffy to dance with him.

The two rabbits danced around in a wide circle, one going to the right and one to the left. When they met, they stopped short and touched noses. And then away they went around the circle again. It was all great fun, and the dance did not break up until morning.

Just as the sun was turning the sky pink above the treetops, Croppy went back to the plum thicket. He was tired and hungry, so he ate the sweet bark off some bushes. Then he lay down to rest.

"Dancing again tonight!" was his last thought as he closed his eyes. And he slept all day.

Tricked by a Bobcat

While Croppy slept, the sun was shining, but by night there was a light crust over the snow. The crust was not thick enough to hold up any of the large flesh eaters. But the furry feet of the snowshoe rabbits would let them play on top of the snow no matter how many foxes or bobcats sat in the shadows and watched.

When Croppy woke up, he saw the crust, and he kicked with joy. Then he hopped off to the dancing ground.

"Tonight might be even more exciting than last night," Croppy thought, as he hopped along the trail through the plum thicket.

By the time the moon came up, the dancing ground was crowded.

Croppy found Fluffy, and they danced a while. Then they rested under the shelter of a big tree. The tree was at the bottom of a hill that gently sloped up to the foot of a cliff.

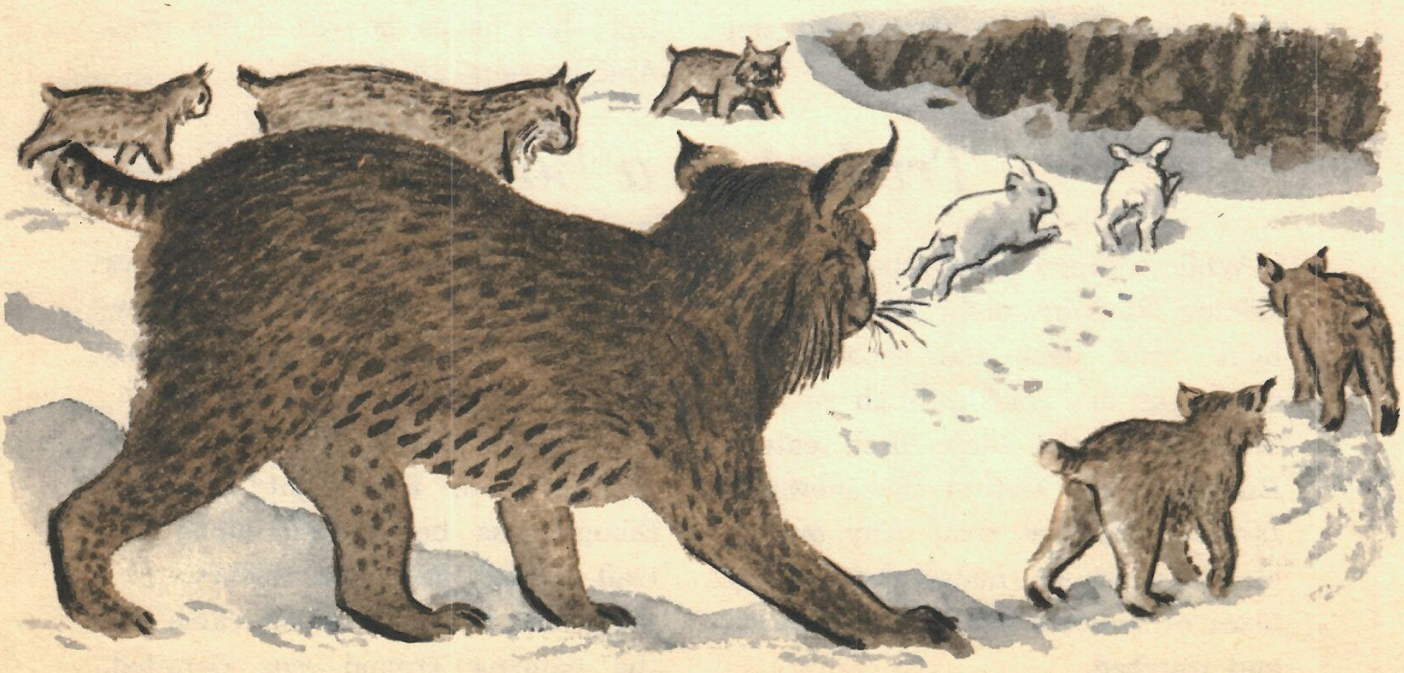
From where Croppy sat, he had a better chance to see danger than the other rabbits had. So he was the first to see the blazing eyes of a bobcat that crept through the forest on the other side of the dancing ground.

Quickly the rabbit thumped the danger signal. Then he turned and started up the slope toward the cliff as fast as he could. Fluffy followed close behind him.

Croppy was almost halfway to the cliff before he saw his mistake. The bobcat he had seen on the other side of the dancing ground was the old tom, who had wanted the rabbits to see him. Hiding behind the spot where Croppy had been sitting was the mother bobcat and her four large kittens.

Croppy and Fluffy had done just what the big cats had wanted them to do. The rabbits had run up the hill toward the cliff. And now the bobcats were between them and the trees below.

The crust on the snow was strong enough to hold up Croppy and Fluffy, so they made good time. But all of a sudden Croppy looked back. He saw that the old tom was now with the other bobcats. They were starting to make a wide half circle behind him and Fluffy, and there was only the cliff ahead. It looked worse than bad! Croppy could see no way to escape.



The bobcats broke through the snow at every step. This gave the rabbits a little time to rest, but they had to do something quickly to get away from the big cats. Croppy looked at the wall of rock above him. He looked back at the cruel circle that was about to close in on him and Fluffy. Then he did something that a snowshoe does only when there is nothing else that he can do. He stopped where he was and began digging.

What a surprise he got! Just below the crust the snow was so soft that he could dig right through it.

"Come on, Fluffy!" he called, and together they rolled down through a bank of soft snow into a cave.

The air was warm inside the cave, and it smelled of bear. This made Croppy even more afraid. He could hear the big paws of the bobcats digging outside. They would soon break through the snow, and there was no way out of the cave.

It was dark in the cave, but the smells and the sounds of heavy breathing told Croppy all he needed to know. He hopped along the rock floor until his nose touched a long, furry body. Moving a hop to the right, he touched the nose of a sleeping bear. Just then the bobcats broke through the snow at the mouth of the cave. This let in enough light for the rabbits to see more clearly. They saw that they were in a den with two huge bears.

For some reason the bobcats did not come into the cave. Croppy did not know why, for he and Fluffy sat there helpless to run any farther. One after another the big cats came to the opening of the cave, looked in, sniffed, and turned away with an angry snarl. The jaws of the cats were so close that Croppy could see their teeth, but they did not come into the den. Croppy had no idea that bobcats were afraid of anything. He just couldn't think why they had left.

After a while he felt safe enough to hop around the sleeping bears and look over the cave behind them. It was warm and roomy, and there were leaves and dry grass on the floor.

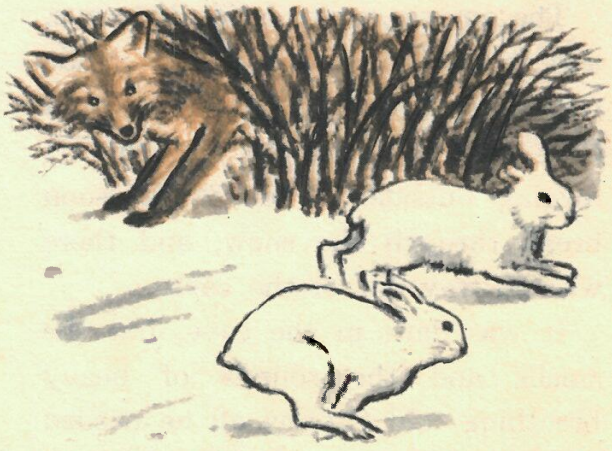
"Bears or no bears, we won't go out into the open where the bobcats are," Croppy told Fluffy. So they stayed in the cave all that night and the next day.

By then Croppy was used to the sleeping bears. He knew there was nothing to be afraid of as long as the bears stayed asleep. So when evening came again, he dared to slip by them and out onto the slope above the dancing ground. But Fluffy was afraid and stayed in the cave.

Croppy looked things over very carefully. It was a beautiful night—still and not too cold. The dancing ground would be crowded. Croppy wanted to go there. He wanted to go so much that he went back to the cave and talked Fluffy into passing the bears and going with him. Away they hopped along the trail through the forest. Soon all danger was forgotten in the joy of the dance.

Spring Comes to Five Rivers

When spring came, the rabbits' dancing ground was more crowded than ever before. The snow was packed hard in the open spaces, and the flesh eaters hid in the shadows. Each night they would catch some of the snowshoes as the rabbits were on their way to or from the dances. But Croppy and Fluffy were still safe in the bears' cave.



One evening, as they were hopping over the snow in front of the den, a red fox saw them and hid behind a bush. He was going to try to catch the rabbits as they came by. Then a gentle breeze blew their scent to him. He was very puzzled. Never before had he seen an animal that looked like a rabbit but smelled like a bear. This seemed so strange that the fox passed up an easy kill and went to another hunting ground.

When the snow began to melt and the first brown spots showed on the hillside, all the larger flesh eaters went on to other hunting grounds.

They wanted to save some food in the forest for the next winter. This gave the rabbits a short rest from danger.

Fluffy stayed in the cave all of the time now, and Croppy went out hunting for the food she liked best. The ice was almost gone in the rivers and streams. Only a few patches of it were left.

One bright, sunny morning Croppy crossed one of these patches to reach a place where he had seen a rosebush the year before. The rabbit hopped across the ice bridge and stopped where the sun had melted the snow from the ground.

"It's warm again, and most of the flesh eaters will be gone for months," Croppy said to himself. Then, with a joyous kick high in the air, he hopped to the place where he had seen the roses.

When he found the rosebush, he ate his fill of seeds. Then he filled the sides of his jaws with seeds for Fluffy. The warm sun felt good, so he hopped home slowly.

Croppy was shedding the long white hair that had protected him in winter. Now his new brown spots of hair made him hard to see when he stopped to rest on patches of ground that showed through the melted snow.

At last Croppy reached the cave. Just as he hopped inside, he had a feeling that something was wrong. He no longer felt safe. He blinked a little, trying to see after coming in from the bright sunlight.

And then Croppy saw what was wrong. The two bears were awake. One of them was sitting up, and the other had just rolled over. The bears yawned and showed mouths big enough to eat Croppy at one bite.

The little snowshoe dared not move. Beyond the bears Fluffy sat in her nest, too scared to pass them. Croppy couldn't see one thing he could do. He sat still, waiting.

At last one of the bears got up. He stretched, yawned again, and came toward Croppy. The rabbit hopped as close as he could to the side of the den and waited. The bear passed him and stood in the mouth of the cave, looking down the sunny slope.

The other bear turned and stared at Croppy in surprise. She blinked her eyes and looked again at the rabbit. Then she waddled outside. The two bears stood for a long time and looked all around. Then slowly they made their way down the side of the mountain.

Croppy could hardly believe what he saw. He did not know that the bears wanted only berries and roots to eat after their long winter's sleep. If he had known this, he wouldn't have been so frightened.

From the mouth of the cave Croppy watched the bears until they went into the forest. He looked around, above, and below. Not an enemy was in sight. So back into the cave he went to give Fluffy the rose seeds he had brought for her.

As Croppy came near Fluffy, the dry grass in the nest moved. He hopped closer. He gently pushed the grass away and looked at the four brown babies in the nest. They were a joyous sight.

Croppy went out to the top of the slope again. A tiny bird sat on a rock nearby and sang a gay song. Even the blue of the sky seemed softer. Croppy was so happy that he cocked his good ear to one side, leaped high, and kicked his feet at the sky. Then away he hopped into the forest.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What word or words will complete each sentence and make a true statement about the story?

a. For three years Croppy had been able to escape the ____.

b. In spite of ____ Croppy and his friends looked for food and played together.

c. Most of all Croppy liked to ____.

d. Croppy made many ____ through the thicket to puzzle foxes and bobcats.

e. On his way to the dancing ground, Croppy had a narrow ____.

f. Croppy was the best ____ in the Five Rivers country.

g. Croppy asked ____ to dance with him.

2 In what order did these things happen in "Tricked by a Bobcat"?

a. Croppy and Fluffy rested under a big tree.

b. Croppy began to dig into the snow.

c. Croppy and Fluffy stayed in the bears' den all that night and the next day.

d. Croppy and Fluffy started up the slope toward the cliff.

e. Croppy and Fluffy rolled into a cave.

f. The rabbit thumped the danger signal.

g. Each bobcat came to the opening of the cave, sniffed, and turned away.

h. Bobcats began to close in around Croppy and Fluffy.

i. Croppy saw the blazing eyes of a bobcat.

3 What does each of the following phrases make you think of—the way something looks, tastes, smells, sounds, or feels?
Write the word that shows what each phrase makes you think of. For example, if the phrase makes you think of the way something tastes, write the word *tastes*.

a. Sniffed the air

b. Thumped the danger signal

c. Angry snarl

d. Sweet bark

e. White fur

f. Soft snow

4 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "The owl shot over his head" means:

The owl pointed a gun just above his head.

The owl flew swiftly over his head.

The owl threw a heavy ball over his head.

b. "The bobcat's eyes were blazing" means:

The bobcat's eyes were on fire.

The bobcat's eyes were shining in the darkness.

The bobcat's eyes were hot.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and be ready to give your answers.

1 Is dancing important to snowshoe rabbits? What parts of the story make you think as you do? Describe the dance that Croppy and Fluffy did together.

2 What did you think was the most exciting part of the story? Find that part and be ready to read it aloud.

3 What are some of the ways snowshoe rabbits protect themselves from flesh eaters?

4 Was Croppy a believable character? Did he do the things a snowshoe rabbit would really do?

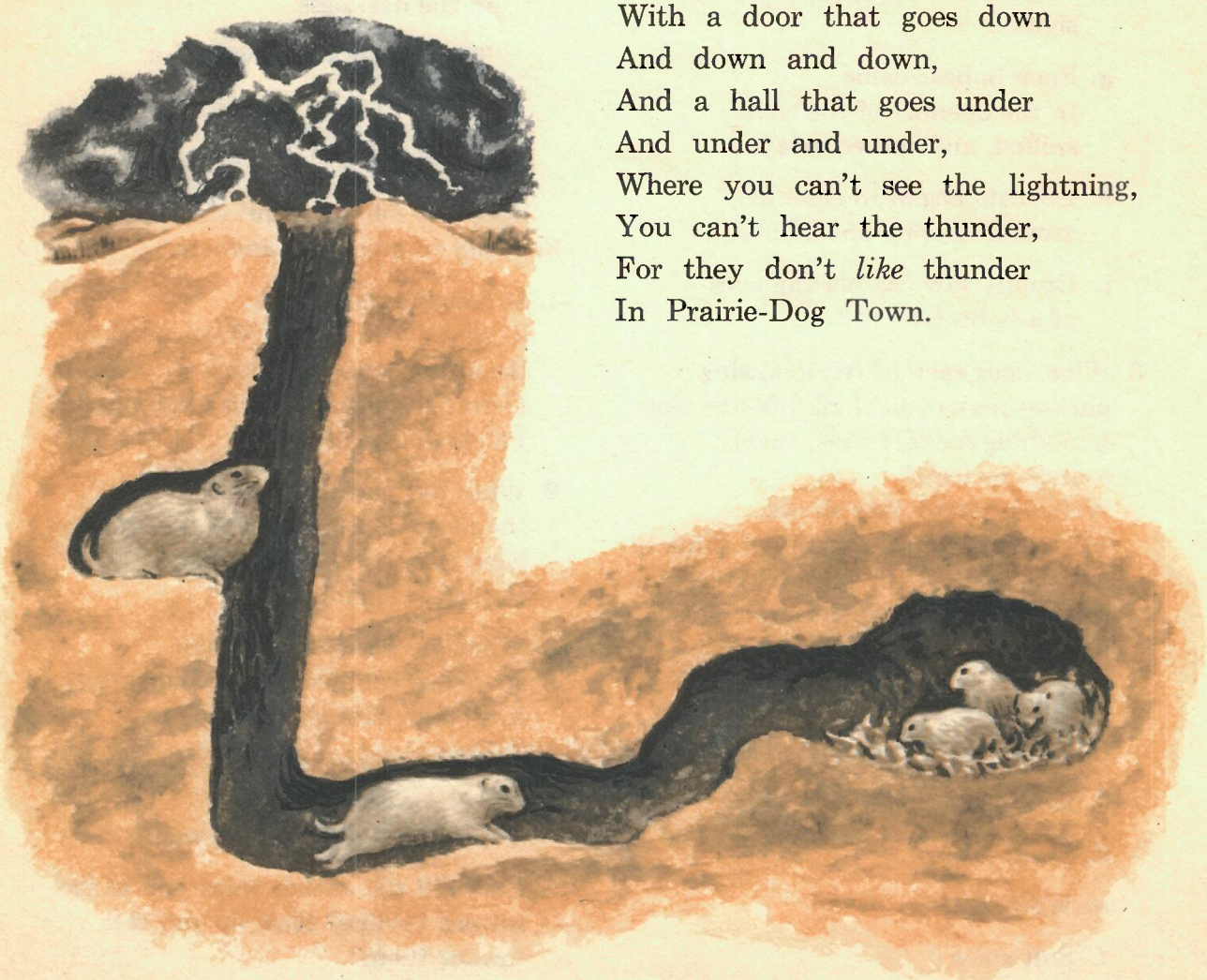
5 How did the author want you to feel toward rabbits? How do you feel toward them?

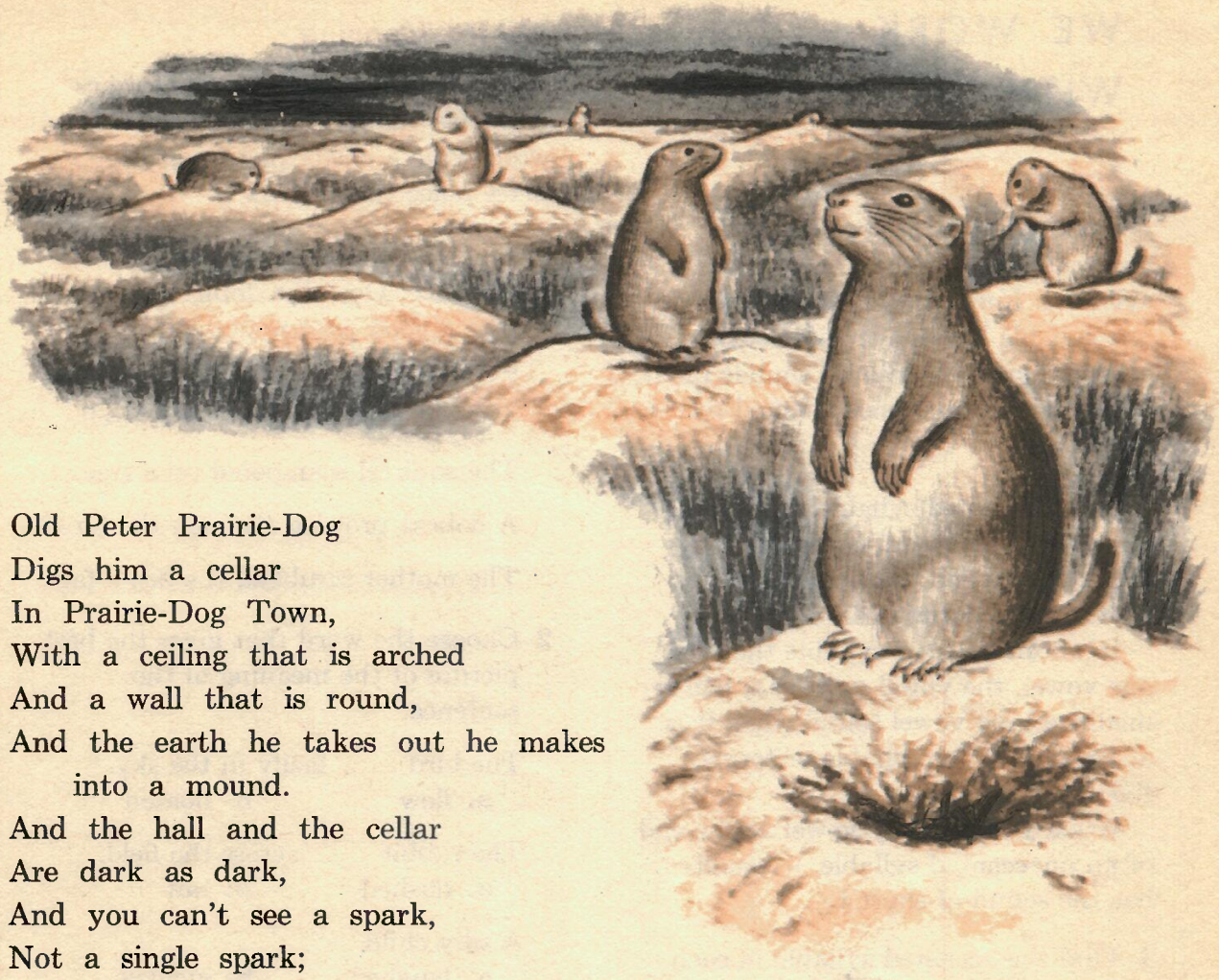
Croppy's fur helped him to hide from his enemies. His color was so much like the color of the things around him that he was hard to see. His "snowshoes" helped him to run quickly to safety.

Another small animal, the prairie dog, lives where there are few hiding places. So he must find other ways to keep away from his enemies. He digs a large, deep burrow, or hole, in the ground. Here he is safe from many of his enemies. But he has another way of hiding, a clever trick that he plays when he is not in his burrow.

Prairie-Dog Town

Old Peter Prairie-Dog
Builds him a house
In Prairie-Dog Town,
With a door that goes down
And down and down,
And a hall that goes under
And under and under,
Where you can't see the lightning,
You can't hear the thunder,
For they don't *like* thunder
In Prairie-Dog Town.





Old Peter Prairie-Dog
Digs him a cellar
In Prairie-Dog Town,
With a ceiling that is arched
And a wall that is round,
And the earth he takes out he makes
into a mound.
And the hall and the cellar
Are dark as dark,
And you can't see a spark,
Not a single spark;
And the way to them cannot be found.

Old Peter Prairie-Dog
Knows a very clever trick
Of behaving like a stick
When he hears a sudden sound,
Like an old dead stick;
And when you turn your head
He'll jump quick, quick,
And be another stick
When you look around.
It *is* a clever trick,
And it keeps him safe and sound
In the cellar and the halls
That are under the mound
In Prairie-Dog Town. —*Mary Austin*

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Accent

Some syllables are spoken with greater force, or stress, than other syllables. Each word of more than one syllable has one or more such accented syllables. Vowel sounds in syllables are sometimes affected by the accent.

In an accented syllable that has one vowel, the vowel is usually long if it is at the end of the syllable or forms the entire syllable.

In an unaccented syllable that has one vowel, the vowel **e, o,** or **u** has a modified long vowel sound when it is at the end of the syllable or forms the entire syllable.

When **y** is the only vowel at the end of an unaccented syllable, it usually has the sound of short **i.**

1 Find the accented syllable in each word below. Which words have a long vowel sound at the end of an accented syllable?

climax	decide	unit
poem	violets	crazy
describe	impolite	uranium

2 Find the accented syllable in each word. Which words have a modified long vowel sound?

uniform	innocent	usual
protect	violets	stolen
disobey	nobody	uranium

3 Find the accented syllable in each word. Which words have **y** like short **i?**

body	supply	enemy

Word Meaning

Words that tell what action takes place are "doing" words. Some doing words give a better picture of what takes place than others.

1 Find the doing word in each sentence. Does the doing word give a good picture of what is happening?

The old man muttered to himself.

The squirrel scampered up a tree.

A bobcat prowled through the forest.

The mother scrubbed the boy's face.

2 Choose the word that gives the best picture of the meaning of the sentence.

The bird ____ lazily in the sky.
a. flew **b.** floated

The rabbit ____ across the field.
a. dashed **b.** ran

A silly child ____.
a. laughed **b.** giggled

She ____ at the strange sight.
a. looked **b.** stared

3 Which of the following words are doing words? Think of a sentence in which each doing word makes a good thought picture.

chuckling	mice	cute	clamped
plum	swam	innocent	odd
grabbed	crust	swooped	insect

Sound the Words

anger	burrow	cute	differ
fits	hates	insects	knelt
liquid	mice	odd	whimper
shoot	slunk	squeaking	stripes
stinker	parentheses		

Peter Prairie-Dog's color is not the only thing that protects him from his enemies. When he is not safe in his burrow, he is always watchful.

Some animals have fur that does not help them to hide and may even make them easy to see. Skunks are animals of this kind. Those white stripes on a skunk's black fur quickly tell who is near. But the skunk does not have to hide from his enemies. He has a weapon to use in protecting himself. Almost all animals are afraid of the skunk's weapon. If you have ever smelled a skunk, you know what his weapon is.

Skunks are best known for their smell. But unless a skunk is made angry or is frightened, he doesn't use his weapon.

Most of the time skunks are our friends. They help us in several ways. But sometimes skunks get into trouble with farmers. When Mrs. Skunk and her kittens came to the Moore farm, they had some exciting adventures. And they also found some friends.

The Innocent Stinkers

Four Little Skunks

One late spring evening Jane Moore and her twin brother, Jim, saw a mother skunk with four little skunks. The animals were walking along the stream on the farm. The twins ran to the house to tell their mother and father about the skunks.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Moore. "My hens aren't safe with skunks around."

"Skunks don't often eat chickens," Mr. Moore told her.

"I don't like them anyway. I think we should get rid of them, Harry," Mrs. Moore said.

"I don't like or dislike them," Mr. Moore explained. "But I know that they do good. They eat mice, cutworms, and insects. This helps the farmer. So why kill them?"

"And they eat chickens and eggs, too," said Mrs. Moore.

"Not often," Mr. Moore said. "Not if they have other kinds of food. Besides, they can't get hens that are in a good hen house."

"Well . . . ," said Mrs. Moore. But she wasn't too sure that her hens were safe.

"You don't like them, Martha," Mr. Moore said. "But I think we should let them alone. Skunks really do a lot of good."

"All right," Mrs. Moore answered. "But if they get a hen. . . ." She shook her head, and the look on her face told what would happen to the skunks.

"The little ones are so cute!" said Jane. "They're like kittens."

"They are kittens," Mr. Moore told her.

"They are?" Jane and Jim asked together.

"Yes, the baby skunks are called kittens. They must be almost two months old if their mother is taking them out to hunt for food."

"They didn't run away when they saw us," Jim said. "I wonder why. Most wild animals run when people come near."

"Skunks don't have to run," Mr. Moore said with a chuckle. "They have one of the best weapons of all the animals. The liquid they shoot out is terrible."

"I've smelled skunk smell," Jane said. "I certainly wouldn't get close enough to get shot by one of them."

"Skunks will let people come close when the people are careful not to frighten them," Mr. Moore said to Jane. "And the kittens often make good pets. They are very playful."

Jim and Jane wanted to try to make friends with the skunks. They knew that their dog, Jupiter, would frighten the kittens. So they shut him in the house. They took food scraps down to the stream and threw them on the ground near the skunks. Mrs. Skunk stood still and watched. Jim and Jane didn't move. The smell of the food pleased Mrs. Skunk, so she led her children to it. She carefully sniffed the food, and soon she and her kittens were happily eating the scraps.

The next evening, and the next, and the next, Jim and Jane did the same thing. Each time they went to feed the skunks, the twins talked to them while they ate. They gave names to the kittens. They named them Stinky, Stripe, Snowtail, and Sam. For many weeks the children worked hard to make friends with the skunks. But Jupiter had to be kept away so he wouldn't frighten them.

Danger for the Skunks

Summer came with its full heat. Though Jim helped, Mr. Moore couldn't get all the work done on the farm. So he was happy when a man came to the door one day and asked for work.

The man said his name was Jake Turner. Mr. Moore didn't know him, but help was hard to get. So Mr. Moore put Jake to work and told him that he could stay in a small house on the farm.

At first Jane and Jim didn't think about Jake very much. He ate with them, but he talked very little. But he did listen when the children talked about the skunks. And he smiled to himself when Mrs. Moore said she didn't like them because they might catch her chickens.

One evening Jake came down to the stream and saw the twins with the skunks. By this time the kittens were friendly. Mrs. Skunk would let the children play with her kittens but stayed close by. She stood and watched, and the twins were careful not to make her angry.

Jake walked over to the twins, and the kittens scampered away.

"H'm," Jake said, as he eyed the skunks. "A person could get a few dollars for their fur."

"You can't kill our skunks!" Jim and Jane said angrily. Jake just gave the twins an odd look and walked away.

By this time Mrs. Skunk had led Stinky, Stripe, Snowtail, and Sam off down the stream. So Jim and Jane went back to the house.

When they got there, they found their mother and father outside. They were standing on the steps talking to Jake. He turned and walked toward the barn when he saw the twins coming.

"Was he talking about killing the skunks?" Jim asked his father.

"Yes, Jim, he was. But I told him he couldn't."

"I don't like him," Jane said.

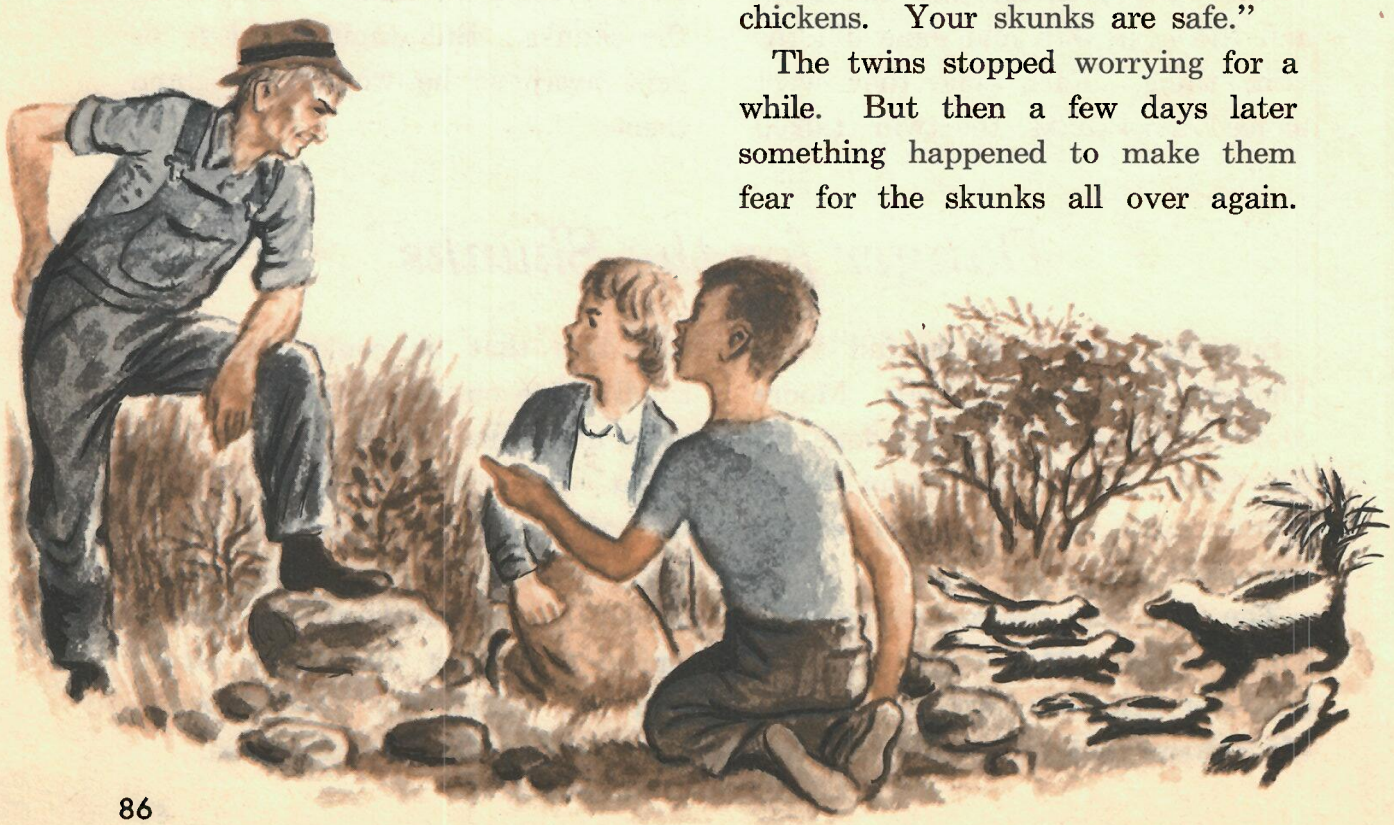
"Well," said Mr. Moore, "he won't hurt your pets, and I need him on the farm."

"He just better stay away from those skunks!" Jim said fiercely.

"*Jake* may not hurt them," Mrs. Moore said, "but *I* will if they take a chicken."

"Don't worry," Mr. Moore said to the twins. "They won't take the chickens. Your skunks are safe."

The twins stopped worrying for a while. But then a few days later something happened to make them fear for the skunks all over again.



Early one morning Mrs. Moore said to the twins, "Something was after my hens last night. I heard them squawking. And I'm sure it was that big skunk."

"Oh, Mother, I know it wasn't the skunk!" Jim cried.

"Well, we'll wait until your father comes in for breakfast. We can ask him to find out what frightened the chickens. But if those skunks are making trouble, they have to go."

When Mr. Moore came in from the barn, Mrs. Moore told him that she thought she had heard a skunk in the hen house the night before.

The twins sat down at the table. They listened, eating little and saying nothing. But their eyes told their father how they felt.

Mr. Moore thought for a minute before he answered. Then he said, "I'll look around the hen house for skunk tracks."

Jim and Jane tried to eat their breakfast. But they couldn't. They looked at their mother and father, and they looked at Jake. Jake went right on eating as if nothing had happened.

"I wonder if he knows what was after the hens," Jim thought to himself.

After breakfast Mr. Moore got up from the table and started out to the hen house. The twins followed. As soon as they got there, Mr. Moore looked all around. The twins looked, too, but none of them found any skunk tracks.

"I'm not sure, but I think your pets are safe," Mr. Moore told the twins at last. "I don't find their tracks anywhere."

The twins started back to the house to tell their mother that it was not the skunks that had made the chickens squawk. They left so quickly that they didn't see the puzzled look on their father's face. All they could think about was that their skunks were safe.

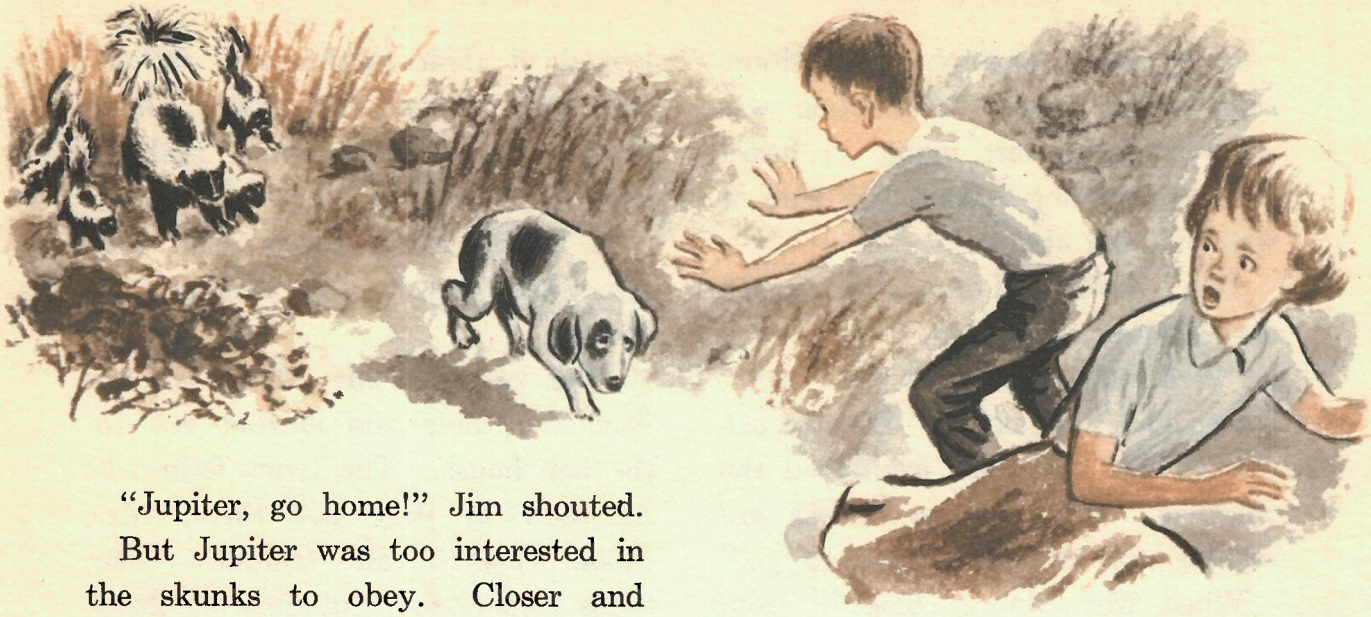
Trouble for Jupiter

That evening after dinner the twins rushed out of the house. They could hardly wait to see Stinky, Stripe, Snowtail, Sam, and Mrs. Skunk. They wanted to see if they were all right.

When Jim and Jane found the skunks, Jim said, "You be sure to stay away from the hens, or we won't be able to save you!"

Just then Jupiter came running up. He ran right toward Mrs. Skunk and her kittens.

"Jupiter is loose!" Jane exclaimed. "How did that dog get out of the house?"



"Jupiter, go home!" Jim shouted.

But Jupiter was too interested in the skunks to obey. Closer and closer he came, barking as loudly as he could.

This frightened Mrs. Skunk. She stamped her front feet and gave a little growl. The hair on her tail rose. And—

"Jupiter! Get back!" the twins shouted together.

But it was too late. The air was filled with skunk odor. Jupiter began to whimper. He hung his head and dropped his tail between his legs. He slunk toward Jim and Jane.

But they shouted to him, "Go away, Jupiter! Go away!"

When Jupiter came close to them, the twins turned and ran to the house. The dog followed, but they ran inside and shut the door.

"Oh, that smell!" their mother exclaimed, as they came in.

"Did the skunk shoot at you?" Mr. Moore asked.

"She shot Jupiter," Jim told him.

"He got too close to her kittens, and she shot him," Jane explained.

"Well, don't let him into the house," Mrs. Moore said.

"I'm sure Jupiter hates it, too," said Mr. Moore. "Let's put on some old clothes and take him down to the stream. We can wash off some of the odor," he said to the twins.

So the three of them took Jupiter to the stream and scrubbed him with soap. They washed off most of the smell, but not all of it.

"He'll have to stay outside a few nights," Mr. Moore said. "It'll take a while for him to get rid of that odor."

Poor Jupiter! He looked so sad. He was wet all over, and he hated the skunk odor on his fur. The twins didn't want to leave him outside, but they knew that they couldn't bring him into the house.

Jupiter Catches a "Skunk"

Toward morning the family woke up with a start. They heard loud barking and squawking at the hen house. All of them rushed outside.

"What's the matter?" asked the twins.

"It's Jupiter," their father replied. "He's found something in the hen house. I'll see what it is." And he started down the path toward the hen house. The twins and Mrs. Moore followed. When they reached the corner of the hen house, they saw Jupiter barking at the closed door. Something was inside!

The twins looked at each other. Could it be the skunks after all?

All of a sudden Mr. Moore called, "All right, come on out of there!"

"O.K., O.K.," a voice said from the hen house, as the door opened a crack. "But first call off the dog!"

"Here, boy!" Mr. Moore called to Jupiter.

When Jupiter moved away, the door to the chicken house opened wider, and there was Jake.

"Jake!" Jim shouted.

"Jake!" Jane shouted.

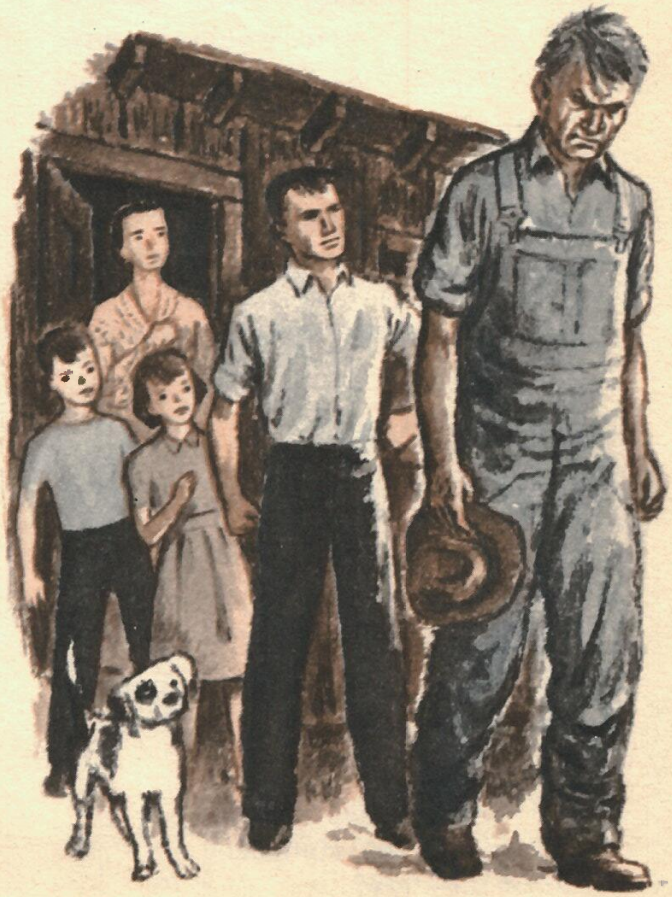
Mrs. Moore looked puzzled.

Jake didn't say anything but just hung his head.

"What were you doing in there, Jake?" Mr. Moore asked.

"Oh, I didn't mean any harm, Mr. Moore," he muttered. "I just wanted to kill the skunks and sell their fur. If I could make Mrs. Moore think they were after her hens, I thought you would let me kill them."

"Well—! I thought that I saw a man's tracks around the hen house. But I wanted to be sure before I did anything about it," said Mr. Moore. "I think your work here is over. So pack your things and leave."



"Oh, Jupiter!" Jane cried. "If you hadn't been shot by Mrs. Skunk, you wouldn't have had to stay outside. You wouldn't have caught Jake." And she knelt down and hugged him, smell and all.

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't the skunks," Mrs. Moore said softly, "since you like them so much. And your father has explained how much good they do. But—I still don't like skunks."

Mr. Moore, Jim, and Jane laughed, and Mrs. Moore joined in. She never would really like skunks, but she wouldn't ever want them killed. So the little stinkers were safe.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What word or words will complete each sentence and make a true statement about the story?

a. Some animals have ____ that does not help them hide.

b. The skunk does not have to hide from his ____.

c. Skunks are best known for their ____.

d. Unless a skunk is frightened or angry, he does not use his ____.

e. Skunks do good by eating ____, ____, and ____.

f. Baby skunks are called ____.

2 Why do you think the people in the story did the following things? Write a sentence to answer each question.

a. Why were Jim and Jane careful not to anger or frighten the skunks?

b. Why did Jake smile to himself when he heard Mrs. Moore say that the skunks might catch her chickens?

c. Why did Mr. Moore have a puzzled look on his face when he looked for skunk tracks around the hen house?

3 Which word in parentheses best fits the meaning of the sentence and helps you hear or see what happened in the story?

a. When Jake came near, the skunk kittens (scampered, ran, slunk) away from the twins.

b. Mrs. Moore said she heard the hens (pecking, scratching, squawking).

c. When Jupiter got shot, he began to (howl, bark, whimper).

d. Jupiter hung his head and (ran, slunk, crawled) toward Jim and Jane.

4 Which three sentences tell about events that were most important in saving the innocent stinkers?

a. Mr. Moore put Jake to work on the farm.

b. The mother skunk shot Jupiter, and he had to stay outside the house.

c. Mr. Moore and the children scrubbed the dog with soap.

d. Jupiter found Jake in the hen house.

e. Mr. Moore told Jake to pack his things and leave.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 How did the characters differ from one another in their feelings toward the skunks? How did you feel toward the skunks?

2 What kind of man was Jake? Do you think he would be likely to keep a job for a long time? Give reasons for your answers.

3 If you had been in Mr. Moore's place, what would you have done when you found Jake in the hen house?

4 Who do you think was the hero of the story? Why do you think so?

5 What was the climax of the story? Find the climax and be ready to read it aloud if your teacher calls on you.

6 What part of the story did you think was most interesting? Find that part and be ready to read it aloud.

When we think of skunks, most of us think of their weapon, the bad-smelling liquid that protects them from their enemies. But the author of this poem felt that the skunk has a kind of beauty, too. See if the poem gives you a different idea about this animal.

The Skunk

When the sun has slipped away
And the dew is on the day,
Then the creature comes to call
Men malign the most of all.

The little skunk is very neat,
With his sensitive, plush feet
And a dainty, slim head set
With diamonds on bands of jet.

He walks upon his evening's duty
Of declaring how that beauty
With her patterns is not done
At the setting of the sun.

He undulates across the lawn,
He asks nobody to fawn
On his graces. All that he
Asks is that men let him be.

He knows that he is very fine
In every clean and rippling line,
He is a conscious black and white
Little symphony of night.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Accent

The vowels in many unaccented syllables are often pronounced almost like short **u.**

The vowel **a** usually has a sound almost like short **u** when it is a single vowel at the end of an unaccented syllable or is used alone as an unaccented syllable.

1 In each word find the vowel that has a sound almost like short **u.**

distance	enemy	pilot
weapon	difficult	attack

2 What sound does **a** have in each word?

crazy geography aspen

In an unaccented syllable the vowel **i** has the sound of short **i** or a sound almost like short **u** when it is the only vowel at the end of the syllable.

The vowel **i** often has the sound of short **i** in unaccented syllables having endings such as **ine, ice,** and **ite.**

In accented syllables with endings such as **ine** and **ice** the vowel **i** may have the sound of long **e.**

3 Find the accented syllable in each word. What sound does **i** have in each word?

holiday	science	festival
climax	kimono	uniform

4 Find the accented syllable in each word. What sound does **i** have in the last syllable?

imagine	magazine	practice
active	opposite	valise

Word Meaning

Some words in sentences help you understand who or what is being told about. They tell the names of persons, places, and things. Such words are naming words.

1 Find the naming words in these sentences. Does the word name a person, a place, or a thing?

Do crawfish swim backward?

Texas is very big.

Mother is baking today.

2 Think of a naming word to use in each blank below.

The ____ is a beautiful animal.

Have you ever been to ____?

Could we visit ____ on our next holiday?

____ is the fastest runner I know.

I like to play ____.

The ball hit ____.

3 Is the underlined word a describing word, a doing word, or a naming word?

The beast ran toward the forest.

He had a sore on his toe.

His sore toe hurt.

A boat sank in the pond.

The gentle cat purred.

The otter swam like lighting.

Sound the Words

attack beast crawfish defend
doughnut hollow inches swam
knothole mate otter squeaking
pain sank sore streak

When Jupiter chased Stinky, Stripe, Snowtail, and Sam, Mrs. Skunk protected them. When danger is near, many animals think first of their young. Often animals will die fighting for their cubs.

Beauty is a mother otter with four small, helpless cubs to protect. What kind of danger might come to her and her cubs? If danger comes, what do you suppose will happen?

A Brave Otter Family

Four Furry Babies

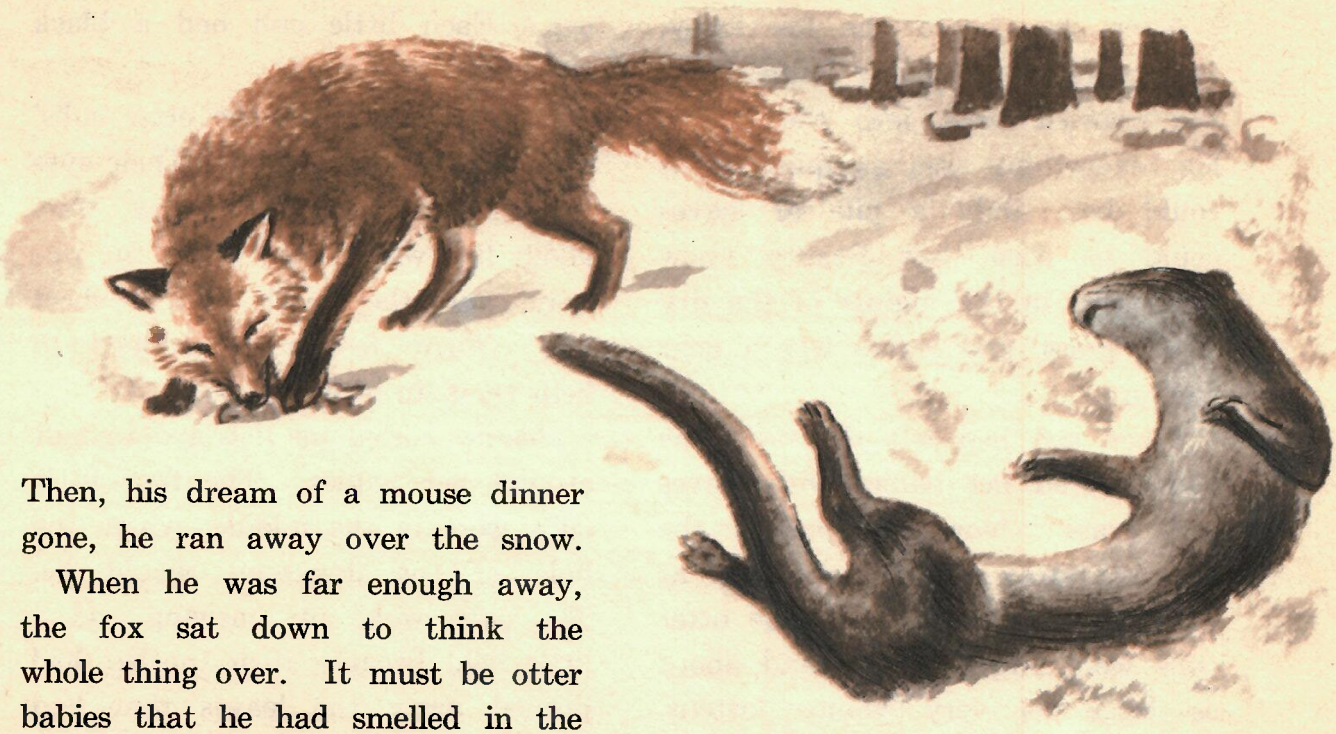
One cold, still day in late winter a red fox was running on top of a fallen log in a rocky pine woods. Suddenly he heard a squeaking and mewing. He stopped and listened, wondering what it could be. The sound seemed to be coming from a knothole in the hollow log he was standing on.

The fox smelled at the knothole, hoping for a good dinner of mice. But it wasn't the smell of mice that came to the fox. The squeaking seemed louder now. Mr. Fox sniffed harder and scratched at the knothole with his paw.

Suddenly the squeaking stopped. Then out of the far end of the log an otter poked her head. Her name was Beauty, and in her eye was an angry look. Without a sound she started for the fox.

Mr. Fox was so interested in the smells and sounds that came from the log that he didn't see her. Then he heard the crust of snow break. He looked up just in time to see a black streak dashing toward him.

Beauty was just six inches from his feet. She bared her teeth and screamed at him. Mr. Fox jumped back quickly from her fierce teeth.



Then, his dream of a mouse dinner gone, he ran away over the snow.

When he was far enough away, the fox sat down to think the whole thing over. It must be otter babies that he had smelled in the hollow log. Well, well. He knew that he would not have liked the taste of otter. And anyway, he had just learned that it would not be easy to take them away from their mother.

Mr. Fox decided that he would just as soon be friends with his otter neighbors. He had often seen otters along the streams, and they always seemed like jolly animals. Sometimes he wished he could play with them.

Once Mr. Fox had come so close to some otters that one of them almost ran into him. But the otter had not tried to bite him. He just snorted in alarm, and all the otters splashed into the pool. Soon they poked their heads out, first one and then another. Then they began to play again.

Now that he came to think of it, Mr. Fox was sure that only the day before he had seen Beauty's mate, Ottiga. About three miles from the log where Beauty and her babies lived, Ottiga had been fishing for crawfish. The fox sat and watched. He wished Ottiga would catch a big fish and leave part of it for him.

Ottiga knew what the fox wanted. So, when the otter caught a fine blue crawfish, he walked to the shore where Mr. Fox was sitting. Dropping the crawfish, he began to roll in the snow. The fox ate the crawfish. After he had finished, he saw that the otter hadn't even stopped rolling. When the fox remembered all of this, he was sure he could not ask for nicer neighbors than Ottiga and Beauty.

After she chased the fox away, Beauty returned to her babies. As she crawled back into the hollow log, everything was as quiet as it could be. Only a pile of leaves could be seen, but Beauty knew that right in the middle of the dry wood, grass, and leaves was a dear treasure.

When she had left the nest, she had covered her babies with leaves and grass. Now she pushed the covering away and looked down at the four bundles of fur. The otter cubs were four days old and about as large as very young kittens. There were three brothers and a sister. They were very cute.

The cubs had wide little heads and faces and big wide mouths. Beauty could not see their mouths unless she turned them on their backs, for their mouths seemed to open under their heads. Whiskers grew on each side of their chins, and there were whiskers over each eye. Each little cub had a black nose and tiny ears.

Like baby kittens, the otter cubs' eyes were closed at first. Their eyes would not open until they were about five weeks old. Their fur was gray, and they each had a short tail. Their feet were webbed to help them in swimming.

Beauty curled up like a doughnut around her babies. The four little cubs were in the middle, where the hole of the doughnut would be. The cubs woke up, mewing and a little cold because their mother had pushed away the leaves that had covered them. But Beauty put her head over them so that no more cold air could reach them. The cubs ate hungrily. When they had all the milk they could hold, Beauty gave them a bath with her tongue. Then they went back to sleep.

Beauty and the Beast

Beauty watched over her cubs. Day by day they grew. Even before their eyes were open, they were very playful. After Beauty fed and washed them with her tongue, the cubs lay on their backs and played. They tried to bite one another. But they were too young to have teeth, and the bites didn't hurt at all.

After the cubs had eaten and played for a while, they would drop off to sleep. Then Beauty would slide out of the nest. After she had put some leaves and grass over her babies, she would lie near the door of their home to get some fresh air. And on clear days she would lie on top of the log in the sun.

As soon as it grew dark, Beauty would slip out to the stream. She would dive and swim in the water and eat her fill.

Sometimes Beauty would see her mate, Ottiga. They would chuckle softly to each other. But soon she would hurry home. Ottiga did not come too close. He knew that the cubs needed all of Beauty's care right now. So he stood guard over his family from a distance.

Early one morning, as Beauty was coming back from a feeding trip, she was frightened by the barking of an old hound. The

hound was on her trail. Beauty's heart almost stopped beating when she thought how close the hound was behind her. Then she ran for home. She ran as fast as she could through the snow, thinking only of her babies.

Beauty reached the log just a little ahead of the dog. She popped into the opening and ran to the babies' nest. Everything was all right. The cubs were still sleeping under the leaves.

Beauty did not stop to push the leaves away. She ran back to the opening at the end of the log. Just as she reached it, the hound pushed his big head into the hole.

In a flash, Beauty clamped her teeth on his nose and held on for dear life. The dog howled in pain. He pulled and pulled as hard as he could. Now he was really angry. He leaped back and forth in front of the opening, barking louder than ever.

The hound jumped to the top of the log and ran along it. He was looking for another opening large enough for him to get through. He scratched and bit at the knothole.

Beauty lay just inside the opening of the log. But when the cubs woke up and began to whimper, she couldn't stand it any longer. She flew out of the log to drive the hound away for good. The dog saw her coming and jumped away. But he did not run as the fox had. He turned to attack Beauty.

On his first leap the hound missed Beauty. He tried again to bite her, but she sank her teeth into one of his long ears. He shook his head in pain and anger and soon got away. But then the hound made another leap at Beauty and grabbed her back. She twisted around and clamped her teeth on his nose again. The hound tore his nose away from her teeth and got ready to leap once more.

Beauty was very tired now. It seemed as if she could not live through another attack. But she would not give up. She stood still in the snow, ready to fight for her cubs.

She was waiting for one last attack when she saw a black streak rushing toward the hound. It was Ottiga, coming to defend his family.

From far down the stream he had heard the hound barking. Afraid that his family was in danger, he hurried to them. He swam like lightning through the water and raced along the banks of the stream.

Ottiga did not take time to call to Beauty as he flew over the ground to defend her. He shot toward the dog and clamped his teeth on the dog's mouth. The hound howled in pain.

With new life Beauty jumped on the hound's back. She bit him again and again. The three of them rolled over and over in the snow.

Beauty and Ottiga hurt the hound badly with their strong jaws and teeth. The dog didn't understand where the big otter had come from, and by this time the dog had forgotten to bite. All he wanted now was to get away. He stopped howling and waited for a chance to run.

At last Beauty, too tired to hold on, let go of the hound's ear. He was then able to throw off Ottiga. The dog leaped to his feet and ran away as fast as he could.

As soon as the hound left, Beauty returned to her babies. She was sore and tired. When she crawled into the log, all the cubs stood up on their tiny legs and made a fierce "tissing" noise. They had heard sounds of fighting and had smelled the hound. They were ready to defend themselves, too.

Beauty quieted the cubs with a soft chuckle and curled about them again. As soon as they were asleep, the mother otter went outside to roll in the snow. Her body stung from the bites of the hound. The cold snow made her feel better.

Ottiga had been waiting for Beauty. Now he scampered to her, chuckling his love. He knew that Beauty had been busy taking care of the cubs, but it had been a long, lonely six weeks since they had played together. He asked Beauty to take a little holiday. So the two otters swam in the stream. Then they rolled and played for half an hour, as gay as otter cubs.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Can you find sentences in the story that make you know the following statements are true? For your answers, write the sentences you find.

a. Beauty heard the fox on the log.

b. Beauty was angry when the fox scratched on the log.

c. Mr. Fox did not want to work very hard for his food.

d. Ottiga was friendly to the fox.

e. Beauty's cubs could not yet see.

2 In what order did these things happen in "A Brave Otter Family"?

a. Beauty and Ottiga rolled and played, as gay as otter cubs.

b. Beauty drove the fox away.

c. Ottiga came to defend his family.

d. The old hound followed Beauty's trail to the log.

e. A fox sniffed at a knothole in a hollow log.

f. Once when Beauty was away from the log, she heard a hound barking.

g. The hound ran away, for the otters hurt him badly with their strong jaws and teeth.

h. The old hound attacked the mother otter.

3 Which three words best describe Beauty?

a. lazy	**d.** sad	**g.** tame
b. angry	**e.** foolish	**h.** fierce
c. careless	**f.** brave	

4 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "In the leaves was a dear treasure" means:

Gold and silver were hidden in the leaves.

In the leaves was something Beauty loved very much.

Something in the leaves was worth a lot of money.

b. "He swam like lightning" means:

He swam very fast.

He made a stream of light in the water.

He splashed around in the water.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 What does this story tell you about the family life of otters?

2 Are otters fun-loving and playful? Find parts of the story that make you think as you do.

3 What did the otter cubs look like? Find the part of the story that describes the cubs. Be ready to read that part aloud.

4 How did the author want you to feel toward otters? How do you feel toward them?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Sounds of Some Syllables

Certain syllables have sounds that must be remembered in order to say words correctly.

The spelling **tion** usually has the sound of **shŭn.**

The syllable **tion** usually has the sound of **chŭn** when it comes just after the sound of **s** in a word.

1 What sound does **tion** have in each word?

composition action suggestion
explanation election addition

The spelling **sion** usually has the sound of **zhŭn** or **shŭn.**

The letters **ti** and **ci** have the sound of **sh** in such spellings as **tial, tious, cious,** and **cial.**

2 Which sound of **sion** does each word have?

commission explosion decision

3 In which words does **ti** or **ci** have the sound of **sh?**

melting especially patient

The vowels **ai** in the spelling **tain** have the sound of **ā** if the syllable is accented.

When **tain** is an unaccented syllable, the vowels **ai** usually have the sound of **ĭ,** a sound almost like short **u,** or are silent.

4 What sound does **ai** have in each word?

curtain contain mountain

When **ex** is an accented syllable, it usually has the sound of **ĕks.**

When **ex** is an unaccented syllable before a consonant, it usually has the sound of **ĕks** or **ĭks.**

When **ex** is an unaccented syllable before a vowel sound, it usually has the sound of **ĕgz** or **ĭgz.**

5 What sound does **ex** have in each word?

exit explore exert

In final syllables such as **ble, cle,** and **tle,** the **e** is silent and the sound of **l** is the last sound in the word. Sometimes **l** is the only sound heard in these syllables.

6 What sound or sounds do you hear in the last syllables of these words?

gentle puzzle stumble

Word Meaning

1 Is a naming word, a doing word, or a describing word needed to fill each blank?

Sue has ____ hair.

Jack ____ all the way to school.

____ played ball with me today.

A ____ dog scared the cat.

The little ____ swam swiftly.

The dog ____ at the stranger.

We climbed the ____ tree.

The ____ floated high in the air.

Sound the Words

aspen beaver clothing
commission flood freezing
gurgling lodges moist silence
steep stiff tender

Bizee, the beaver, has the same problems that Croppy, Mrs. Skunk, and Beauty have. He must get food, and he must protect himself and his family.

Like skunks, beavers are often helpful to farmers. They help by building dams and making ponds. But sometimes beavers get into trouble with their building. Bizee did. Luckily for him, there was someone who knew just what to do. And Bizee had a young friend who helped him.

Mike's Beaver Friends

Beaver Trouble

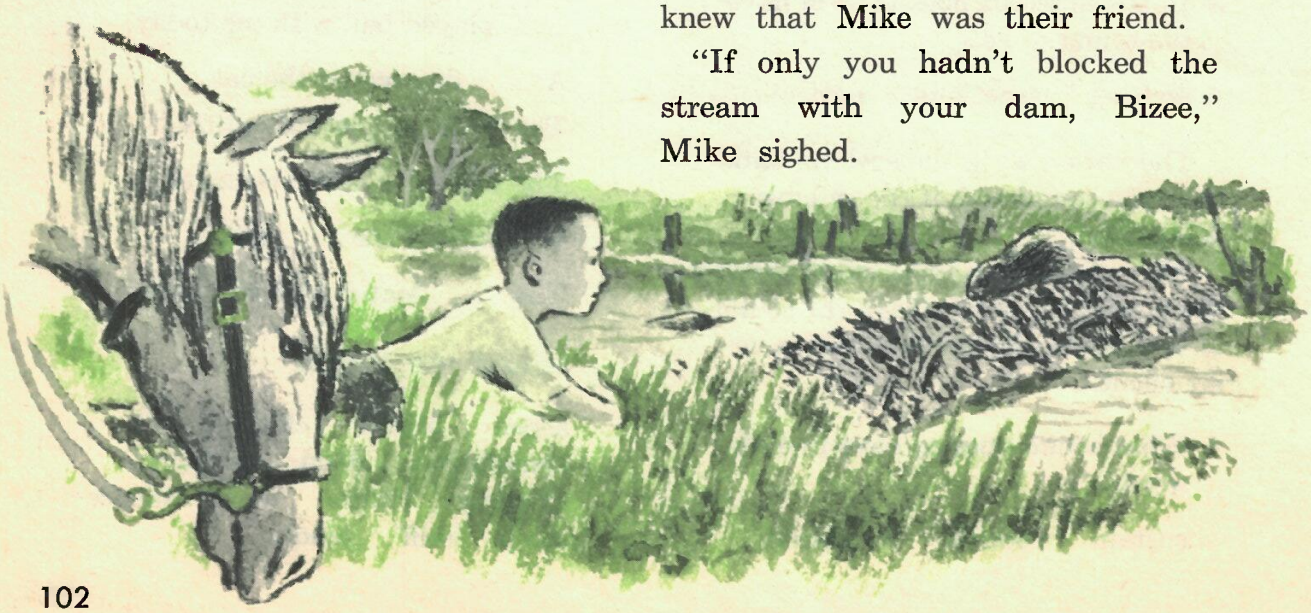
Mike Gray lay on the bank of the stream on his father's farm. The hot sun warmed him. But Mike was not enjoying the warm feeling, for he was unhappy.

"You've got to go," he said sadly, as he watched a family of beavers building a dam in the stream.

Mike was talking to the beavers. They heard him, but they didn't swim away.

Mike didn't frighten the beaver family. He had been there many times before to watch them work. For several weeks now he had been riding his pony, Dan, to this spot. Bizee Beaver and his family knew that Mike was their friend.

"If only you hadn't blocked the stream with your dam, Bizee," Mike sighed.



His father needed this stream to water his land. Mike knew this, but he hadn't said a word to anyone when he had first seen the beavers. He didn't want them killed.

But Mr. Gray found out about the beavers soon enough. The stream of water had slowed down because of the dam they were building. So one day he rode out to see what was the matter. He found the beavers and saw Mike watching them.

"Why didn't you tell me there were beavers here?" he asked Mike.

Mike answered, "I didn't want them killed."

Surprised, his father said, "I wouldn't kill the beavers, Mike. What made you think I would?"

"Well, Mr. Thompson did when he found beavers on his farm," Mike explained.

"But *I* won't," his father told him. "In the first place, we aren't supposed to kill beavers now. And besides, they do a lot of good."

Then Mr. Gray added, "Beaver dams keep soil from washing off the farms. The dams also slow up the water and cut down on flood damage. They help to store water in ponds for later use. The ponds make good fishing places. These things are helpful to us. Of course, beavers do some harm, but the good they do is far greater than the harm."

"I guess Mr. Thompson didn't know about the good that beavers do," said Mike. "But what are you going to do with these beavers?"

"I'm going to call Mr. Adams, of the State Game and Fish Commission. He'll trap them alive and take them up to a mountain stream where their work is needed. Maybe he can come to get them tomorrow."

Mike felt better when he heard this. But still, his beaver friends might be gone after today. This could be the last time he would see them.

After saying good-by to the beavers, Mike got on Dan and rode slowly home. His father told him that Mr. Adams would be there the next day. As soon as it was dark, Mike went to bed. He wanted to be up early when Mr. Adams left with the beavers.

The next morning, when his mother called him to breakfast, Mike rushed down the stairs. Mr. Adams was there. He had already trapped the beavers. When they sat down to breakfast, Mike asked Mr. Adams about the beavers.

"Oh, they're fine," said Mr. Adams. "They weren't hurt a bit. We put them in sacks and tied them on the pack horse. They'll be happy in the mountains. They won't bother anyone there, and no one will bother them."

After breakfast Mr. Adams and Mr. Gray went out to look at the sacks of beavers. They wanted everything to be just right for the trip. Mike went along to watch Mr. Adams leave.

"Well, I guess that's everything," Mr. Adams said.

"Yes, I guess it is," Mr. Gray answered. But he had a smile on his face. The smile was one that Mike had seen often. It meant Mr. Gray knew something that he wasn't telling.

When Mr. Gray and Mr. Adams saw the puzzled look on Mike's face, they laughed. Then Mr. Gray said, "Just a minute, Mike." And he turned and walked to the barn.

Mike stood there and waited. Soon he saw his father coming out of the barn. He was leading Dan, and Dan was saddled. Mike was more puzzled than ever until he saw the bedroll and saddlebags on the horse. Then he understood.

"Oh, Dad!" he cried. "Am I really going with Mr. Adams?"

"Yes, if you want to," his father replied.

"If I *want* to!" Mike shouted in joy.

"All right," said Mr. Gray. "Run to the house and get the things your mother packed for you. But hurry! Mr. Adams wants to get started."

"Oh, Mother!" Mike cried, as he ran into the house. "I'm going with Mr. Adams!"

"I know," said Mrs. Gray. "Mr. Adams wanted someone along for company." She added, "Now be careful, and be sure to do what Mr. Adams tells you to do."

"Oh, I will, Mother," Mike called, and he rushed outside.

"Thanks, Dad. Thanks for letting me go," Mike said. And he and his father put the things Mrs. Gray had packed for him into his saddlebags.

Quickly Mike and Mr. Adams got on their horses. And Mike waved good-by and rode out of the yard beside Mr. Adams. The beavers bounced along in the sacks on the pack horse. They were off to the mountains.

A New Life for the Beavers

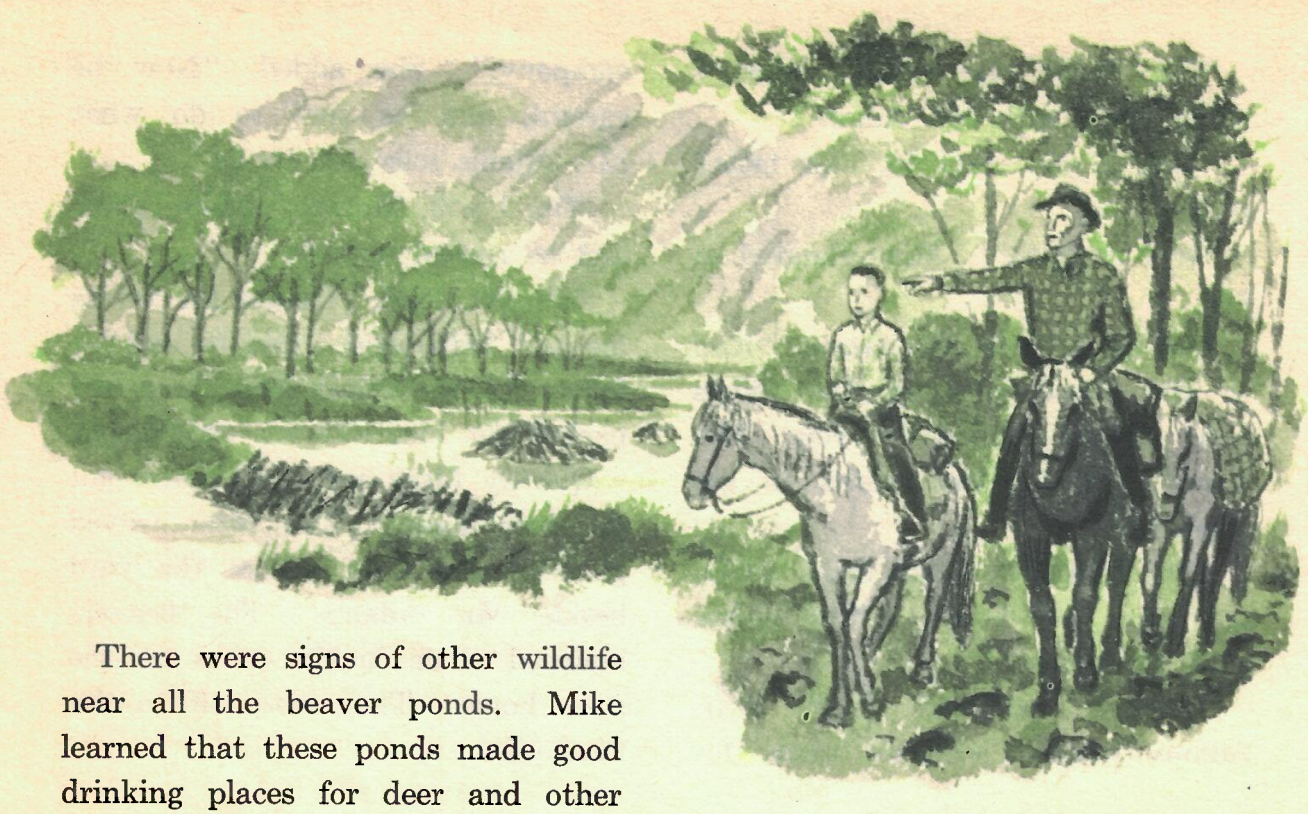
Mike and Mr. Adams rode toward the mountains, carrying the beaver family to their new home. When they came to the foot of the mountains, Mike rode behind Mr. Adams up the steep path. Mr. Adams had told Mike that it wasn't far, but they had to go very slowly.

They stopped for lunch by a stream. Then they rode on up the path. That afternoon they passed some beaver dams. Mike was surprised to see how large some of the beaver dams and lodges were.

"Well," Mr. Adams told him, "the beavers just keep on building. When the family grows larger in number, they add more room. After the first two years of their lives, the young beavers leave and build their own lodges. But the old ones stay on as long as there is food."

Around many of the ponds Mike saw that the grass was very green. Mr. Adams explained to him that beaver dams held the water back to make the ponds and that the water kept the soil around the ponds moist. He also pointed out the aspen and other water-loving trees along the edges of the ponds.

"The bark of these trees is very tender. It is the food the beavers like best of all," Mr. Adams told Mike.



There were signs of other wildlife near all the beaver ponds. Mike learned that these ponds made good drinking places for deer and other animals. The plant life around the ponds was food for the animals and cover for birds and small game. There were also fish in these ponds.

"When the beavers make their homes, do other animals always come there?" Mike asked Mr. Adams.

"Yes, and that is how the beaver helps us save our wildlife," said Mr. Adams.

Soon the sun began to set, and Mr. Adams said that they had better make camp for the night. So they laid out their sleeping bags under a tree with great spreading branches. While Mike fed the horses, Mr. Adams carefully made a fire and cooked their supper.

Mike and Mr. Adams did not talk very much while they ate. Instead, they listened to the sounds in the mountains. They could hear the animals, the wind in the trees, and the gurgling of a mountain stream.

After supper they washed the dishes and got ready for bed. Mr. Adams carefully put out the fire. Then both of them crawled into their sleeping bags.

"Hear that stream gurgling?" Mr. Adams asked Mike.

"Yes," answered Mike, "it sounds like music."

"It does now, but in the spring it roars because of the melting snow and spring rains. Then it runs fast and takes good soil with it."

"It does?" Mike asked sleepily.

"Yes, streams do a lot of damage," Mr. Adams added. "This

one takes water from land farther up the mountain. The land there is dry. When the stream floods in the spring, it damages land all the way down the mountain. We are going to put the beavers farther up on this stream. The dams the beavers build will help hold back the floods."

The day had started early and had been exciting. Mike was so tired that he fell asleep while Mr. Adams was talking about the stream.

The next morning, Mike got up as soon as the sun began to shine through the trees. Mr. Adams was already up and had a fire going. After a warm breakfast they saddled the horses and again started out on the trail.

Mike was a little stiff from the long ride of the day before, so he was quiet. For a while they rode on in silence.

Then Mr. Adams stopped his horse and said, "Well, we're here, Mike." Mike looked all around to see where "here" was. They were by the stream they had been following for a long time. There were many trees, and there was a pile of branches at the edge of the stream.

Mike and Mr. Adams got off their horses. Mr. Adams carried the sacks of beavers to the stream. He opened the mouths of the sacks, and the beavers crawled out. They looked around. Then they started toward the branches to hide.

"That pile of branches will make them feel at home," Mr. Adams told Mike. "Soon they will start building a dam, and there will be a pond here. The land around it will then become full of food for other animals."

"Who put those branches by the stream?" Mike asked. "Are there beavers here already?"

"No, I put the branches there," said Mr. Adams. "For a long time I've been planning to get some

beavers and place them here. When your father called, I thought this would be a good chance to get them. I cut the branches so they would have food right away and some sticks to use when they started working on their dam."

It seemed strange to Mike that people should start a dam for beavers, but he didn't say anything. He just started looking for his beaver family. They were busy eating aspen and staying well out of reach of Mr. Adams.

"Come on, Mike, we'd better start back," Mr. Adams said, and he turned and walked to his horse. "The sooner we leave these beavers, the sooner they will look the place over and start to build."

After Mike got on Dan, he said good-by to the beavers. He really hated to leave them. He knew he would never again have a beaver family all his own to watch. He took a last, long look at the place that was to be the beavers' new home. Then he turned the horse and followed Mr. Adams.

Suddenly Mike thought about something. "Mr. Adams, what do beavers eat in winter?" he asked. "Will they have enough food?"

"Sure they will. The beavers store branches in the mud at the bottom of the pond. They put these deep in the water to keep them from freezing. And they put rocks on the branches to hold them down," explained Mr. Adams.

"How do they get the food?" asked Mike.

"They swim down to their fresh-food locker every day and take what they need," Mr. Adams said with a smile.

With this, Mike decided that the beavers could take care of themselves. He stopped worrying about them. But as he rode down the trail, he made himself a promise. He would come up here the very next summer to see how they were getting along in their new home.

From these stories we can see that getting food and protecting themselves are the most important problems wild animals have. We can also see how animals help one another and how they sometimes help us.

Mrs. Skunk and Bizee are only two wild animals that help people. Can you think of any others? Can you think of other ways that animals help one another? Can you tell other stories about how people have helped wild animals?

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following question.

1 Which three sentences tell how beavers help farmers?

a. They help keep soil from washing away from the farms.

b. They help cut down on flood damage.

c. They eat the bark of water-loving trees.

d. They help save other wildlife.

e. They store branches in the mud of the ponds.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Why didn't Mike tell his father that the beavers were building a dam?
Do you think he should have told?
What would you have done if you had been in Mike's place?

2 Why do you think Mike's mother and father wanted him to go with Mr. Adams to take the beavers to the mountains?

3 What did Mike learn on the trip with Mr. Adams?

4 What did you learn from this story about the way beavers live?

THINKING BACK

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which of the following sentences tell ways in which snowshoe rabbits, skunks, otters, and beavers are alike?

a. They must find food.

b. They have a strong odor to protect themselves.

c. They have white fur in winter and brown fur in summer.

d. They spend much time in water.

e. They must protect themselves and their families.

f. They have fur to protect their bodies.

2 In the stories you have read in this part of your book, which animals had the following?

a. The best clothing for protecting themselves

b. The best tools to work with

c. The best weapons to fight with

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and be ready to answer them.

1 Which character in the animal stories did you like best? Why did you like that character?

2 Do you know about other animals that help us? Explain how they help.

3 How can people help wild animals?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Suffixes and Root Words

Sometimes a letter or a group of letters is placed at the end of a word to form another word with a different meaning. This letter or group of letters is a suffix.

A suffix usually forms a syllable and may be sounded as a syllable.

The word to which the suffix is added is the root word.

1 Name the word you would form by adding one of these suffixes to the following root words.

ing **ed** **s** **ly** **teen**

pound	barrel	final	travel
eager	pioneer	hoof	four

2 Name the root word in each of the following words, and tell what suffix was added.

crops	buffaloes	failed
powerful	eastern	frontier

3 What suffix do you see in each word?

creaked thrown yelling

Many root words are changed before a suffix is added. The silent **e** at the end of a root word may be dropped, the final consonant may be doubled, the final **y** may be changed to **i**, and the final **f** or **fe** may be changed to **v**.

4 Tell which change has been made in each root word below.

dragging	slipped	supplies
waving	calves	trembling
rubbed	wolves	steadily

Prefixes and Root Words

Sometimes a vowel or a syllable is placed before a root word to form another word with a different meaning. This vowel or syllable is a prefix.

A prefix usually forms a syllable in a word and may be sounded as a syllable.

1 Tell what word you would have if you placed one of the prefixes before each of the root words below.

a **de** **dis** **en** **re** **un**

loud	joy	pay
load	believe	frost

2 Find the root words below and tell what prefix has been added.

uneasy	aloud	dislike
remind	disobey	impolite

Sound the Words

wilderness twinkle bellow
respect relief refer

Days of the Pioneers

Moving West

When we speak of pioneers, we usually think of the people who settled our country. The first white men who came to live in the eastern part of America were pioneers. The people who later moved west across the country were pioneers, too. So, no matter where you live in the United States, you live in a place that was settled by pioneers.

When the first pioneers came to America, all the country was a wilderness. They settled in the eastern part of the country, built towns, and made roads. They lived on the first American frontier, at the edge of the wilderness. Later pioneers moved the frontier west until at last they had settled all the land.

Why do you think the pioneers wanted to move to wild, new country? Many of them were looking for good farm land. Others wanted ranches on which they could raise large herds of cattle. Above all, they wanted a chance to be free and to make better lives for themselves.

The pioneers were brave, daring people. They were not afraid to live where no white men had lived before.

The frontier was very dangerous for the pioneers. Enemy Indians attacked them. Winter storms cut them off from the outside world. Crops failed, and they were hungry. But these brave people learned how to live on the frontier, and in time they made their dreams come true.

As we read about their adventures, we learn to admire the pioneers. Out of a huge, wild land they made a great country.

Many of the pioneers who went to the Far West traveled by wagon train. They had to go through Indian country and across plains, deserts, and mountains. They were safer if they traveled together.

The wagon trains had a guide, who went ahead to scout for enemy Indians and to hunt game.

In the early days when a wagon train was crossing the prairies, the guide hunted buffaloes to supply the people with meat.

Some of the scouts were young, but not many of them were as young as Sandy Dowling. He was only a young boy when he helped scout for a wagon train.

Sandy Gets His First Buffalo

Sandy Dowling and his horse, Rambler, were going west by wagon train. Sandy's father and mother had already moved west, and Sandy was on his way to join them.

The days were long, and the wagon train creaked along slowly. Sandy was eager to do something to help on the trip. So the trail captain, the leader of the wagon train, gave Sandy a rifle and let him scout ahead with Strong Bow, the Indian guide.

In the days that followed, Sandy came to like and respect Strong Bow. The Indian's job was to guide the wagons across the prairie. He also went ahead to scout for enemy Indians and to find meat for the people in the train. Strong Bow liked Sandy, too, and gave him an Indian name, Little Chief.

Early one morning, as they were riding ahead of the train, Strong Bow pointed across the prairie. Sandy saw a large buffalo herd. He had never seen buffaloes before, and he was very excited. He wanted to kill one and take it back to the wagon train.

Strong Bow and Sandy rode their horses close to the herd and then jumped off.

Strong Bow said, "Little Chief, I will let you fire the first shot."

Sandy lay stretched out in the tall grass and rested his gun over a rock in front of him. He hardly dared breathe. When he tried to take aim, his hands trembled. The long rifle shook wildly. He looked around and saw Strong Bow behind a big rock nearby. The Indian was smiling to encourage him.

Sandy smiled back, and Strong Bow said, "Shoot quick, Little Chief, before the buffaloes are gone."

Sandy looked over the barrel of his rifle again. The herd of buffaloes had moved on and was just about to disappear over the next hill. He aimed at one of the big animals and pulled the trigger. There was a loud explosion, and the rifle kicked hard against his shoulder.

When the smoke from the gun cleared away, Sandy looked forward eagerly, hoping to see a dead buffalo on its side. There was no dead buffalo in sight, and no living buffalo, either. For the herd had quickly disappeared over the hill. All Sandy saw was a cloud of dust. It was Sandy's first shot at a buffalo, and he had missed. He stood up and held the gun out, looking at it.

With a twinkle in his eyes the Indian guide said, "The gun is no good. It does not shoot straight."

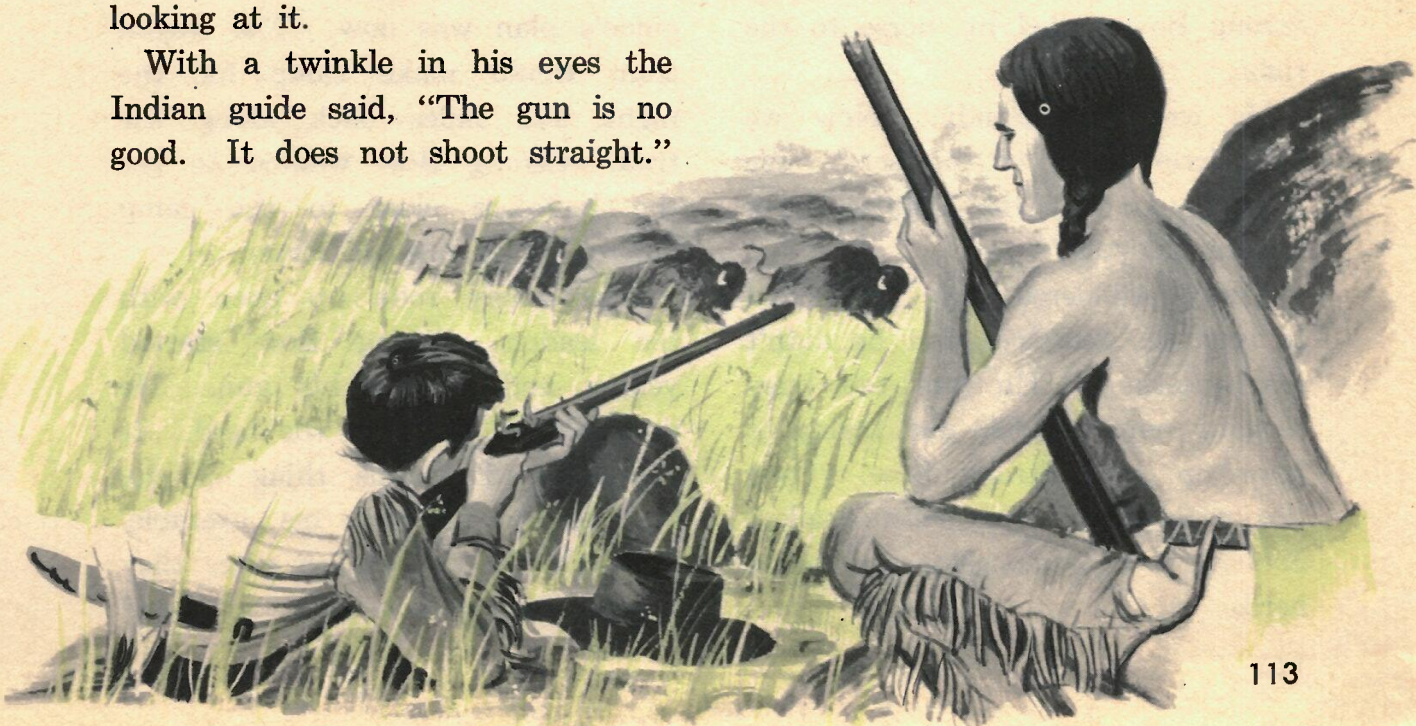
"Aw, shucks," Sandy said. "I guess the gun's all right. It was my fault. My hands were trembling."

Strong Bow nodded and said, "The next time Little Chief will have better luck."

Sandy thought he could do better next time, too. "Thanks, Strong Bow, for giving me the chance to shoot first. I know you could have killed one of them without half-trying."

"I let Little Chief shoot first," Strong Bow said. "You will kill a buffalo—I will not shoot. We need only one. It is not good to waste meat. Come, let us walk back to our horses."

When they got back to their horses, Sandy was glad to hear the Indian guide say, "We will go find the herd. Maybe you will shoot a buffalo this time."



Sandy suddenly remembered that he hadn't reloaded his gun since he had shot at the buffalo. Strong Bow stood by and watched Sandy load his gun. Then he said, "Little Chief knows how to load a gun. He is very careful."

When they were in their saddles, Strong Bow took the lead, riding fast on his horse, Calico. Sandy followed on Rambler. When the two riders got to the top of the hill, they could see a cloud of dust far to the west. Instead of riding straight toward the dust cloud, Strong Bow pulled his horse to the right.

He called to Sandy, "Now we will circle ahead of the herd. We must try to turn the buffaloes back toward the east."

Sandy wondered why they had to turn the buffaloes, but he didn't ask questions. He was too busy hanging onto his rifle and trying to keep up with Strong Bow. Over the prairies the two riders sailed. Soon they were alongside the racing herd.

Sandy got his first close look at a buffalo stampede. The buffaloes were running close together. The cows and smaller animals were in front. Behind them charged the bulls with their great heads down and their tails sticking straight out.

Sandy thought of trying a shot at one of the buffaloes. He lifted his gun to his shoulder and started to pull the trigger. But Strong Bow called out, "Do not shoot now, Little Chief. We must turn the buffaloes first."

Sandy called back excitedly, "Aw, shucks! I'll bet I could kill one this time. Let me try, Strong Bow, please!"

Strong Bow shook his head and said again, "Do not shoot now. The buffaloes are a long way from the camp. It is too far to carry the meat."

Sandy knew what the Indian guide's plan was now. The wagon train would make camp for the night five miles back along the trail. Strong Bow wanted to get the buffaloes close to the camp before killing one of them.

When they rode up even with the leaders, Strong Bow started yelling and waving his gun. He drew Calico closer to the herd. It seemed a dangerous thing to do, but Sandy followed his example. Through the tall prairie grass they raced. Strong Bow held one hand

to his mouth and called out a war cry. And Sandy yelled, "Yu-pee! Yu-pee!" at the top of his voice.

Finally the buffaloes slowed and began to turn. In a few minutes they had circled out over the prairie and headed east. The two riders were hot on their heels. The dust rose in a great cloud. All Sandy could see was his own horse and the dark shapes of a few buffaloes just ahead of him.

He held onto the gun and let his horse race on. Above the terrible rumble of pounding hoofs he could sometimes hear shouts from Strong Bow. The guide was trying to tell him something, but Sandy couldn't make out what he was shouting. Rambler raced on, faster and faster.

The horse soon caught up with the buffaloes, but, instead of slowing down, he charged into the herd as fast as his flying hoofs could drive him. The horse seemed to think he was running a race with the buffaloes and was trying to beat them.

When Sandy finally slowed him down, there were buffalo bulls on both sides as well as in front and back of him. Some of the big, charging animals were so close that Sandy could have reached out and touched them with the end of his rifle. The excitement and danger of it were almost enough to make

Sandy's heart pop out of his mouth. But he made himself stay calm.

When he got his horse out of the stampede, he gave a big sigh of relief. Strong Bow was riding along behind the herd. He said to Sandy, "It is no use to crowd the buffaloes now. They are going in the right direction." He pointed to some trees near the creek and went on, "The train is making camp a mile below the trees, where the trail crosses the creek. We will kill a buffalo when we get them close to the trees."

The two riders kept their horses down to a trot and followed the herd. The buffaloes soon slowed down, too, but kept moving toward the east and the green line of trees.

Sandy said to the Indian, "This is just like driving cattle."

"No, buffaloes are not like cattle," Strong Bow called back. "When we get close, they will stampede again. The big bulls are plenty mad."

"Aw, shucks!" Sandy exclaimed. "I could have killed one of those big fellows as easy as falling off a log."

"Do not shoot a big one," Strong Bow said. "It will be too tough. A young one will be good enough for meat."

Sandy felt a little unhappy. He had missed his first shot. Now he wanted to make up for it by killing the biggest bull in the herd.

"What if one of them charges at my horse?" he asked.

"You shoot quick then." Strong Bow grinned. "A horse is worth more than a buffalo."

Sandy knew the Indian guide was right, about killing a small one. The meat of the old bulls would be tough and would taste strong. Sandy wouldn't shoot one of them unless it attacked him. He and Strong Bow were not out to have fun. They were to get fresh meat for camp—the best they could find, but never more than the camp needed.

It seemed to Sandy that they had been trailing the herd for a long time. At last they rode to the top of a hill. The buffaloes had started to run faster after going over the hill and were a half mile ahead of them now. They were raising a great cloud of dust again as they went pounding down the long hill toward the trees.

"They seem to know where we want them to go," Sandy called out, as he and Strong Bow started to ride faster.

"The buffaloes want water," Strong Bow called back. "There is water in the creek." He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when he called again. "The camp is under the trees, Little Chief! We must turn the herd!"

Sandy could see some of the wagons now, and he put Rambler into a dead run to keep up with Strong Bow and Calico. The two scouts had expected the wagon train to camp at the trail crossing. But for some reason the trail captain had moved on to make camp under the trees.

The lead buffaloes were not far from the trees when Sandy and Strong Bow caught up with the herd. The riders started waving their rifles and yelling again. Sandy threw a quick look toward the wagon train. The camp was in an uproar. Horses were running loose on the prairie, where they had been turned out to eat grass. Men were running in all directions. Some of

them had ropes in their hands and were trying to catch the horses. Others were climbing wagon wheels. Unless the buffaloes were turned, they would run right through the camp. Perhaps they would kill some of the people.

Sandy and Strong Bow were even with the leaders now. They pulled their horses in closer as they raced on, yelling and waving at the herd.

"We've got to turn them! We've got to turn them!" Sandy kept thinking as he yelled.

But the herd did not turn. Sandy and Strong Bow raced their horses back and forth in front of the mad, charging animals. They were very close to the camp when suddenly the leaders of the herd turned to the right.

Sandy gave a sigh of relief. He and Strong Bow had turned the stampede in time to save the camp!

Sandy stopped his horse and was just about to give an extra-loud "Yu-pee!" when he saw something that looked as big as a covered wagon racing toward him. The great bull was only a few feet away. He had his head down. With a loud bellow he came pounding out of the dust cloud straight for Rambler. Sandy knew he wouldn't have time to get his rifle around to shoot. He held his breath, waiting for the blow that he was sure would kill his horse and maybe himself. But Rambler was quick to see the danger coming. He made a wild leap just in time to escape the charging bull.

Sandy was almost thrown, but somehow he managed to hang onto the saddle. And when he looked around, he saw with relief that the mad bull was racing on to join the herd again. Other buffaloes whizzed by, big ones and little ones, all of them turning to follow the leaders. He saw a young one on the outside of the herd that looked to be about a year old. "Just big enough for meat," Sandy told himself. His hands were not trembling now. He aimed his rifle and pulled the trigger.

He didn't mind the loud explosion or the hard kick of the gun against his shoulder. He forgot all about his narrow escape. Sandy Dowling had killed his first buffalo.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which sentence gives the main idea of the story?

a. A boy got caught in a buffalo stampede.

b. A young scout had an exciting time while he was going west.

c. A young pioneer killed his first buffalo.

2 To whom or to what do the underlined words refer?

From the words in parentheses choose the ones that the underlined words stand for. Write those words for your answers.

a. When the smoke from the gun cleared away, Sandy looked forward, hoping to see a dead buffalo on its side. (the smoke's, the gun's, the buffalo's)

b. All Sandy could see was his own horse and the dark shape of a buffalo just ahead of him. (Sandy, the horse, the buffalo)

c. The people in the train are making a camp a mile below the trees, and we will kill one of the buffaloes when we get them close to the trees. (the people, the buffaloes, the trees)

3 Which word in parentheses best fits the meaning of the sentence and helps you hear or see what happened in the story?

a. The wagon train (moved, creaked, traveled) along slowly.

b. Sandy could hear the (rumble, sound, noise) of pounding hoofs.

c. With a loud (cry, roar, bellow) the mad bull charged toward Rambler.

d. Buffaloes (ran, raced, whizzed) by, big ones and little ones.

4 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "The riders sailed over the prairie" means:

They rode on a ship.

They used sails to make themselves go fast.

They rode very fast.

b. "The riders were hot on their heels" means:

The riders were dragging their feet.

The riders were very close behind the buffaloes.

The day was too hot for riding.

c. "The danger was enough to make Sandy's heart pop out of his mouth" means:

The danger frightened Sandy very much.

It made Sandy's heart come out of his body.

It badly hurt Sandy.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 If you had been in Sandy's place, how do you think you would have felt when you missed your first shot? After missing, do you think you would have wanted to kill the biggest buffalo in the herd? Why?

2 Do you think it would have been all right for Sandy to kill a big buffalo to show that he was a good buffalo hunter? Why?

3 What was Strong Bow's plan after the buffaloes began to stampede? Do you think it was a good plan? Give reasons for your answers.

4 What was a buffalo stampede like? Tell how the buffaloes looked and acted. Tell where the cows, calves, and bulls were in the herd.

5 How did Sandy feel when his horse carried him into the middle of the stampede?

6 Which part of the story did you like best? Find that part and be ready to read it aloud.

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Suffixes, Prefixes, and Root Words

Some words may be formed by adding more than one suffix to a root word, by adding both a prefix and a suffix to a root word, or by adding a prefix and more than one suffix.

1 Name the words in this group that have more than one suffix.

magical	slippery	goddess
blackened	powerful	pottery

2 Tell which words in this group have both a prefix and a suffix.

paddled	reminded	suffering
disobeyed	unlock	unknown

3 Which word in this group has a prefix and more than one suffix?

titles belongings staring

Compound Words

Words are often formed by putting two or more words together. The words formed are compound words.

1 Tell which two words you see in the compound words below.

loophole	shagbark	limestone
flowerpot	drawbridge	baseball
sunset	sailboat	lifeguard

2 Explain the meaning of each of the following compound words. The two words used to form the compound will help you to decide its meaning.

storehouse	cornfield	firelight
flatboat	daylight	campfire

Some compound words have hyphens in them. This is often true in compounds used to describe something.

3 Tell which two words were used in the compound word in each of these phrases. Then explain the meaning of the phrases.

snow-covered mountains
red-hot coals
white-tailed deer

Contractions

Contractions are formed by putting two or more words together, leaving out a letter or a group of letters.

An apostrophe is used in each contraction to show that a letter or a group of letters has been left out.

The meaning of a contraction is the same as the meaning of the words for which it stands.

1 Name the words from which the following contractions were formed.

they'll	we'd	there's
haven't	I'd	mustn't

2 Tell what you think the contraction would be for each of the following groups of words.

need not	should not
we have	of the clock

Word Meaning

1 Find the describing word in each phrase below.

blue eyes wild yell dark shape
heavy shutters loud explosion

Sound the Words

paddled	pilot	rudder
glanced	cousin	shooting

Wagon trains were not the only ways of traveling to new country. Sometimes the pioneers went by wagon to a river. Then they built flatboats to carry themselves and their supplies to their new homes.

In the early days the Ohio River went through Indian country. The Indians were angry because the white men were coming to live on land that the Indians felt was their own. They often attacked the flatboats floating down the river. It was a dangerous trip. Only brave pioneers like the Martins dared to make it.

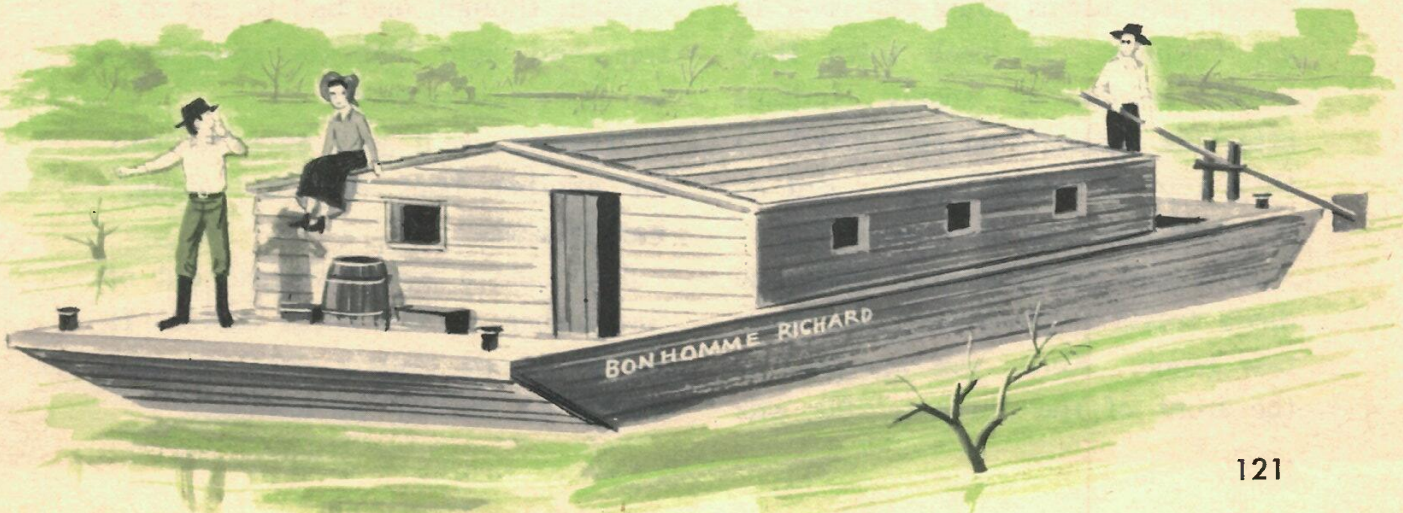
Flatboats and Indians

George Martin and his family were floating down the Ohio River on their flatboat, the *Bonhomme Richard*. They had left their farm in Pennsylvania to start a new life near Losantiville, Ohio. A cousin, Lance Martin, had joined them.

It had taken the Martins more than three weeks to travel by wagon across the mountains. When they reached the Ohio River, George Martin traded the wagon and horses for a flatboat.

It had been hard for Mrs. Martin and the children, Abner and Polly, to leave Pennsylvania and travel to a dangerous new land. But after the long wagon trip and many days on the river, all the Martins were full of excitement and were eager to get to their new home.

Abner did not miss Pennsylvania now. He shared his father's dream of a new start. He liked the adventure of traveling and was enjoying the trip on the flatboat.



The boat was long and wide, with a large cabin on the deck. The cabin was strong and well built. It had windows with heavy shutters. In the thick walls there were small loopholes for gun barrels. Wild Indians still lived in this country. If they should attack the flatboat, the Martins could fire on them from inside the cabin.

The boat had no sails, but the river was high, and the boat floated easily. All they had to do was steer it by using the rudder at the back of the boat. They also watched the river for branches of trees growing from the bottom of the river. Unless someone saw them in time, the branches would catch the boat and stop it. Then the Martins would have to pull it loose.

Abner learned how to use the rudder and helped steer the boat. He also took turns with Father and his cousin, Lance, standing at the front of the boat to watch for tree branches.

Several times the Martins had pulled into towns along the river to get supplies. At each town they heard stories of enemy Indians attacking flatboats on the river. So they kept a careful watch. But so far they had seen no Indians.

Now the Martins were only one day's travel from Losantiville, their new home. Abner was standing at the front of the flatboat. He was watching the water as closely as he could. Was that a branch under the water just ahead? Before Abner could make up his mind, the *Bonhomme Richard* was stuck fast.

Cousin Lance, who had been at the rudder, came forward to see what was wrong. Mother and Father came out of the cabin. Polly came down from the cabin roof.

"I'm sorry, Father," Abner said miserably. "It was my fault."

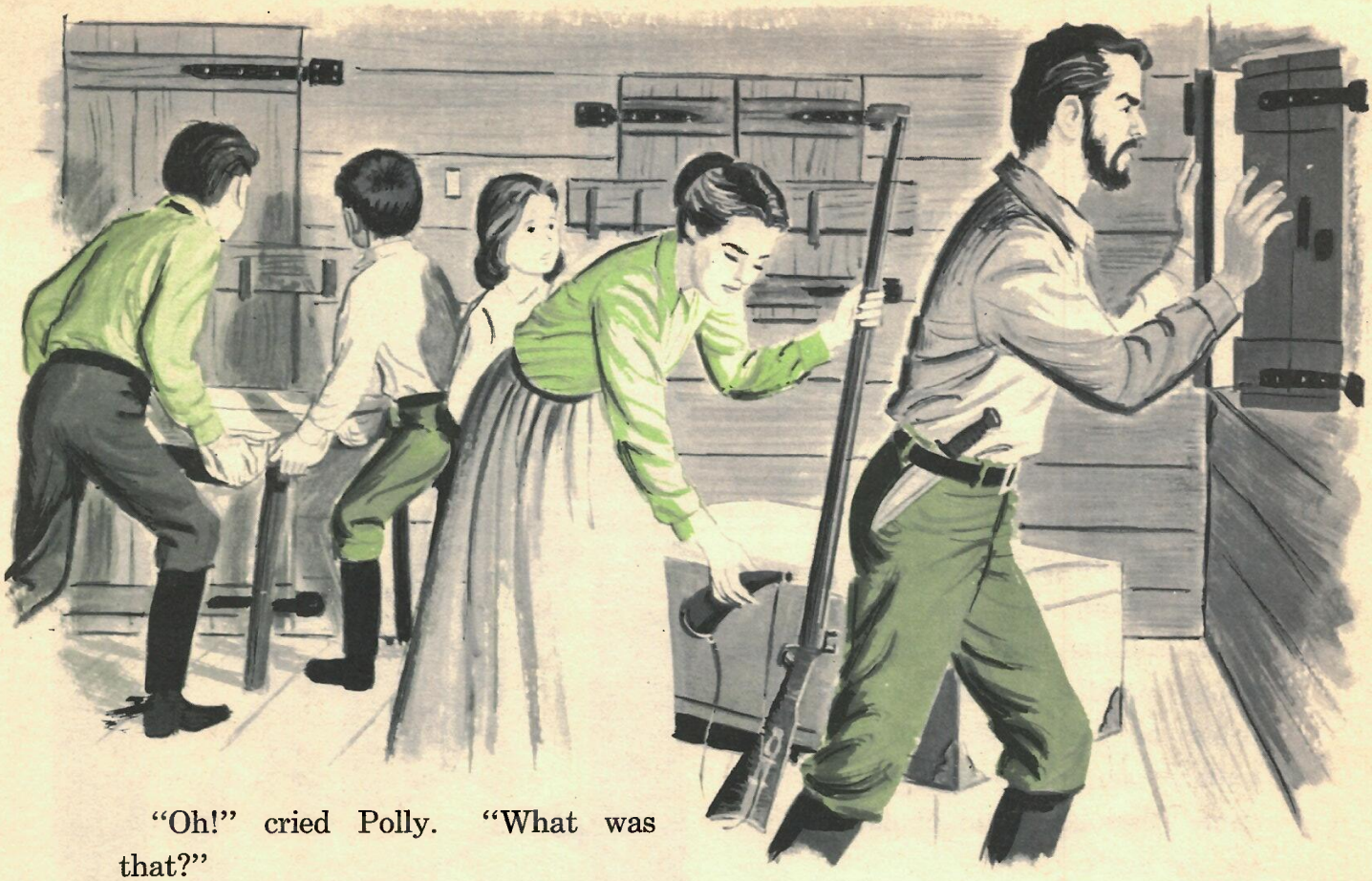
"No, it wasn't your fault," answered Father. "I might not have seen that branch myself. These things happen. The question is, what to do?" Father's blue eyes looked worried as he glanced across at the Ohio shore.

The river was wide here—too wide for the Martins to use the rope they had brought along. One end of the rope was supposed to be tied to a tree. The other end would then be tied to a reel on the boat. By winding the rope up on the reel, they could pull the boat loose.

First, though, one had to get to a tree, and right here the trees were too far away to reach.

"I guess we'll just have to wait for another boat to come along," Father said.

Just then a bullet whizzed out of the bushes on the north shore. It barely missed Polly's right ear and struck the wall of the flatboat.



"Oh!" cried Polly. "What was that?"

Father did not stop to tell her what it was. "Quick, everybody!" he shouted. "Into the cabin!"

"Indians!" cried Lance.

Inside the cabin Father quickly closed the wooden shutters over the windows. Lance began to pile furniture in front of the door.

"Bring the table, Abner," Lance said. "Get the rest of the things from around the walls. The more the better."

"I don't see anything yet," Father said. He stood at one of the loopholes. "Now, we have four rifles. I could fire two if I had someone to load them."

"I can load," Mother said. Her voice was quiet. "I can shoot, too, if I have to."

"All right," Father said. "You reload for me as soon as I fire the first shot. Abner and Lance, take these two loopholes. Polly, go over to the other side of the cabin and watch the south shore. Everybody hold fire until I tell you to shoot."

Mother stood at one of the loopholes. Abner glanced at her. The cabin was almost dark with the windows covered, but Abner could see that she looked very calm.

Abner did not feel very calm himself. His heart was beating fast. All the Indian stories he had ever heard went through his mind. Suddenly he saw a row of Indian feathers above the bushes. There they were!

"Don't fire yet," Father reminded them.

The Indians ran down to the edge of the water and were beginning to climb into their canoes.

"Now!" said Father. There was a loud explosion as the guns spoke together.

A wild yell rang out from shore. One of the Indians had fallen, and another had been hit. Now the others were in the canoes and were coming toward the flatboat. Some paddled, while others kept firing at the boat. Most of the bullets went into the walls. One came through a loophole and hit the far wall.

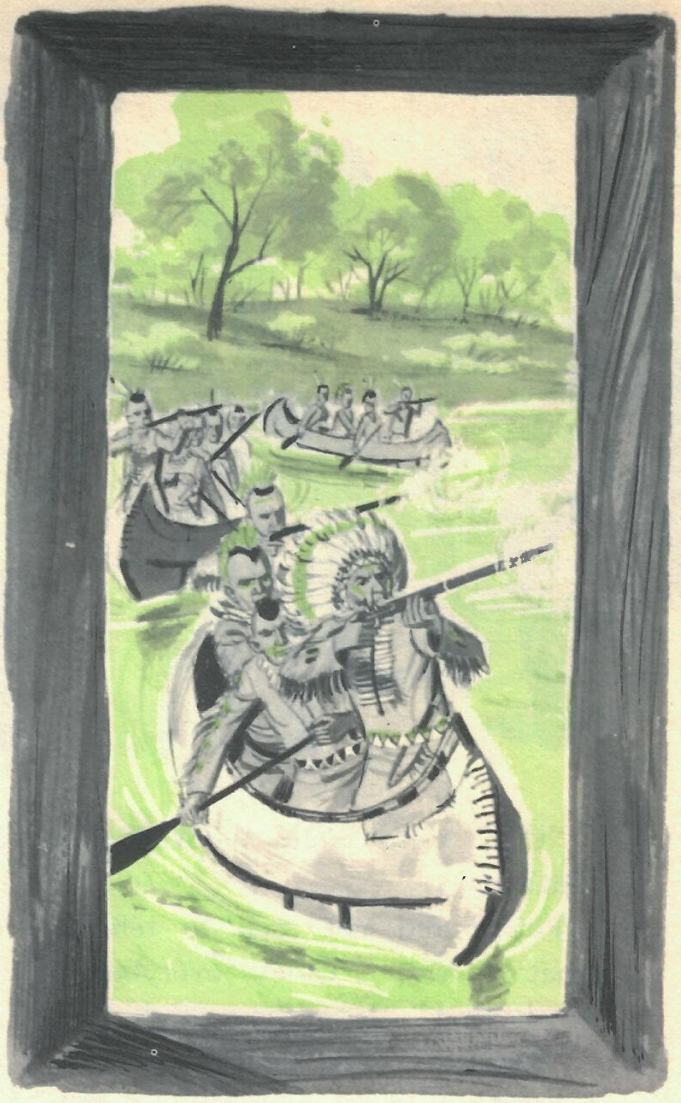
"Stand back from the loopholes," Father said. He and Lance and Abner were firing as fast as they and Mother could reload.

Some of the Indians had been hit. But the canoes were coming closer. There must have been about twenty Indians in them.

The Indians had almost reached the flatboat by this time. In a few minutes they would be climbing aboard. Then they would try to break into the cabin.

"Hold your fire!" Father said. "Let them have it as they come over the edge." He said to Mother, "Take the other rifle! Make them think there are more of us!"

With a terrible yell a brave in the first canoe caught hold of the edge



of the flatboat and began to climb aboard. The other Indians followed.

And then something surprising happened. Before the Martins could fire, the Indians dropped back. They jumped into their canoes and paddled as fast as they could toward the shore. As they went, bullets splashed in the water around them.

Father pulled the window open. "Look!" he called.

Behind the *Richard* another flatboat was floating down the river. Twelve men, all with rifles at their shoulders, stood along the narrow

deck. They kept shooting until the Indians reached the shore and disappeared into the bushes.

The boat came alongside the *Bonhomme Richard.*

"In trouble?" called the pilot.

The Martins ran out onto the deck. They did not know what to say to the men in the other boat. There weren't enough words to thank them.

With the reel and the help of the men in the other boat, the Martins' flatboat was soon pulled loose from the tree branch. "We'd better stay together," the pilot said. "Then the Indians won't be likely to attack us again. There will be a full moon tonight, too. So we shouldn't have any more trouble."

That night no one went to bed at all. Mother and Polly sat on the roof of the cabin. When Abner was not steering the boat, he joined them. All three watched the water and the dark shore. Ahead of the *Richard* the other flatboat floated along quietly. It made Abner feel safer to see it.

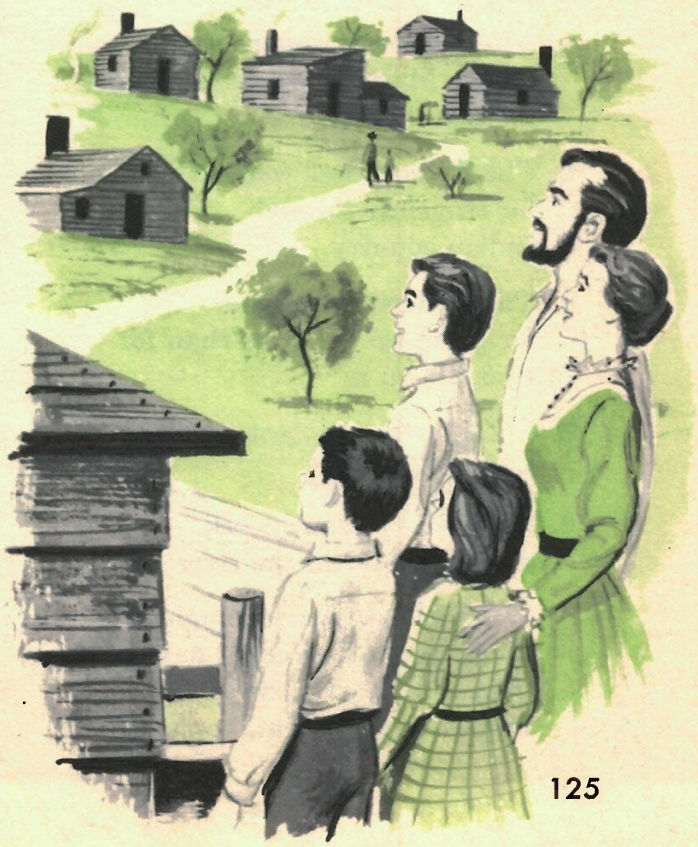
The next afternoon Father called out, "Everybody out on deck! Losantiville ahead!"

Polly and Mother were wearing their best clothes when they came out of the cabin. Abner looked at them and smiled. "Maybe I'd better put on my shoes and a clean shirt," he said.

"Maybe you had," his mother answered. "And wash your face and brush your hair. You, too, George and Lance. We want our new neighbors to think well of us."

When they were all cleaned up, the family stood on deck. Father steered the *Bonhomme Richard* to shore. They had reached the end of their journey at last.

The Martins looked up the river bank at the little village and saw smoke coming from the chimneys of the cabins. As they looked, they could not know that there would be three wars and much suffering before this new land would be safe to live in. What they did know, as they looked at their new home, was that this land was worth fighting for.



HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Why do you think the people in the story did the following things?

Write a sentence for each answer.

a. Why did Lance pile furniture in front of the door?

b. When the Indians came near the flatboat, why did Father tell the others to hold their fire?

c. Why would the full moon help keep the Martins safe that night on the river?

2 Do you think the sentence is true? If so, write *Yes*. If you think the sentence is not true, write *No*.

a. After the long wagon trip all the Martins were eager to get to Losantiville.

b. The flatboat was well built for traveling through Indian country.

c. The flatboat was better for going up the river than for going down it.

d. The Martins' biggest problem was getting food.

e. Abner did a man's work on the trip down the river.

f. If the Martins had brought a longer rope, they could have pulled the boat loose before the Indians had time to attack.

3 Which sentence gives the climax of the story?

a. The Indians began to climb aboard the flatboat and then suddenly began to leave.

b. The flatboat stuck fast on a branch.

c. The Martins' boat touched the shore at Losantiville.

4 Which four sentences describe the flatboat in this story?

a. It was long and narrow.

b. Its cabin had thick, strong walls.

c. It had a powerful engine.

d. Its cabin windows had heavy shutters.

e. There were small loopholes in the cabin walls.

f. It was long and wide.

g. It had one big sail.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and be ready to answer them.

1 What were the two chief dangers on the trip down the river?

2 How do you suppose the Martins' boat was finally pulled loose from the tree branch?

3 What would happen before the new land was finally safe to live in?

4 What important pioneer qualities did the Martins show in this story?

5 Do you think the title was a good one for this story? Why?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Suffixes

When you write words that contain suffixes, you need to know when to change a root word before adding the suffix.

If a word ends with silent **e,** the **e** is usually dropped before adding a suffix beginning with a vowel.

1 On a sheet of paper write the words you would have if you added **ing** or **ed** to each of the root words below.

starve chuckle slope

2 Write the words you would have if you added **s, ly,** or **ful** to these root words.

chore love care

If a word of one syllable ends with a single consonant having a single vowel just before it, the final consonant is usually doubled before a suffix beginning with a vowel.

In words of more than one syllable the final consonant is doubled only when the last syllable has an accent.

3 On your paper write the words you would have if you added **s, ing,** or **ed** to each of these root words.

drag slip rub begin
creep skin snarl spit

In words ending with **y** having a consonant just before it, the **y** is usually changed to **i** before adding a suffix. But final **y** is not changed to **i** when the suffix to be added begins with **i.**

4 On your paper write the words you would have if you added **ful** or **ly** to each root word below.

steady happy joy

5 Write the words you would have if you added **ing** or **ish** to each of these root words.

cry try boy

When a word ends with **f** or **fe,** the **f** or **fe** is often changed to **v** before a suffix is added.

6 Write the words you would have if you added **s** or **es** to each of these words.

wolf knife life

Vowel Sounds

The sound of the spelling **ey** has to be determined by its position in a word.

At the end of a word of one syllable or an accented syllable, **ey** usually has the sound of long **a.**

At the end of an unaccented syllable, it has the sound of short **i.**

1 Which sound of **ey** do you hear in each of these words?

they valley obey

Word Meaning

1 Find the naming word in each phrase below.

hollow tree bright star warm fire
hard winter good woodsman

Sound the Words

belongings blossoms cane
moccasins shirt silently
valley sycamore snarling

Indians were not the only enemies the pioneers had to fight. Another enemy was the weather. On the frontier the weather was often different from what the pioneers had known back home. Until they learned to live with it, the weather sometimes made them suffer.

In winter bad storms and deep snows often cut off food supplies. Then the pioneers were in danger of starving. In this story Caje Amis, a "woodsy" who didn't know much about farming, helped a pioneer farmer and his family live through a terrible winter.

The Hard Winter

Caje Amis was spending the winter with his aunt and uncle and his cousins, the Tadlocks. Caje's mother was dead, and Caje had no home of his own. His father was a woodsman and didn't like staying at the Tadlock farm. So he left Caje with the Tadlocks and went back to spend the winter in the woods.

At first Caje thought it would be fine to stay with the Tadlocks in a real cabin on a real farm. He didn't like living in the woods and sleeping in hollow sycamore trees. The Tadlocks were good to him and tried to make him feel at home. But Caje had lived most of his life in the woods, and he didn't know anything about farming. So he wasn't much help to his aunt and uncle. When the hard winter set in, he felt bad about eating their food when he couldn't do anything around the farm to repay them. Caje was a good woodsman, but the winter was so cold that there wasn't even any game to shoot.

And then one day Uncle Adam Tadlock got hurt. There was very little food left to help him get well. Late one night after everyone was asleep, Caje decided to leave the farm. He wouldn't be a bother to the Tadlocks any more. He would spend the rest of the winter in the woods. Without him to feed, the Tadlocks might have enough food to keep Uncle Adam alive till the winter broke.

Caje packed his few belongings and picked up his rifle. He looked around the room once before he opened the door and silently slipped out.

The stars were bright over his head. The cold was terrible. Caje

hurried down the hill. At the foot he turned and looked back. He remembered the day he and his father had come here. He'd had high hopes then of spending a winter under a real roof with a warm fire and enough to eat.

Well, it was what he got for trying to be something that he wasn't. A woodsy was a woodsy. He couldn't be a farm boy. If he had stayed with the Tadlocks, he would always have been taking what he couldn't return.

He set off through the trees across the frozen creek. He hated to leave the Tadlocks, just the same. They were good folks. Maybe someday he'd come to see them and bring them skins and deer meat to pay for his stay with them.

But as the cold sun rose in the sky, he began to think that he'd not live to see it set, much less to last the rest of the winter. He found a slippery elm tree and cut off long strips of the thick bark with his ax. He pulled off the white inner bark and ate it. It helped fill him up for a little while. He put some of the bark inside his shirt.

Halfway through the morning, his feet bothered him so much that he stopped and took off his moccasins. His feet were bright red, but his toes were turning white. He rubbed them gently for some time

before he put his moccasins back on. Then he jumped up and down and stamped his feet to get some feeling back into them, but it did little good.

He'd have to build a fire, he decided. He couldn't get his toes frozen the first day. He looked around for a place where he could make a fire.

Then something caught his eye, something that made him forget his feet for a moment. Halfway up a hillside a little ledge of rock stuck out from the snow. And over it hung a little puff of white smoke. The puff drifted away, and another came to take its place.

His hands trembled as he picked up his rifle. He knew what was up there. Many a time he'd heard his father tell of hunting bears by the white puffs their breath made in the cold air over their dens.

Quietly he made his way up the hillside. He'd have to be careful. Oh, he hoped it was a young bear, still fat. But even if it was an old, tough one, it would keep him from starving.

He knelt and swept the snow away from around the den opening. The smell of bear rose up around him. He could hear the bear's even breathing. Picking up a fallen branch, Caje stuck it into the hole and felt it hit something. There was a growl from the den. Quickly Caje stepped back, dropped the stick, and raised his rifle. He heard a sound. Then the great brown face and little eyes of a bear rose from the hole.

Caje sighted down his rifle barrel at a spot right between the bear's eyes and pulled the trigger. The bear stared at Caje for a minute, and then it fell forward. Caje loaded his rifle. It was hard work, for his fingers were stiff with cold. He poked at the great head with his foot, holding his rifle ready. The bear was dead.

He set to work clearing a space in front of the den. Finally he had made enough room so that he could skin the bear. He was delighted to see that it was a young one, fat and plenty big enough to feed ten Cajes. Big enough to feed a family.

It was big enough to feed the Tadlocks! He stood there staring down at the brown, rough fur. If he could get this bear back to the cabin, it would save the Tadlocks. It would feed them all till winter broke.

He took off his moccasins and rubbed his feet up and down the bear's warm hide, until the feeling came back in his toes. The big body gave off almost as much heat as a fire. Then he knelt and began to skin the bear.

Oh, he'd be glad to go back with the bear meat. Now he could pay

his aunt and uncle back for all he'd eaten during the weeks he'd lived with them. He could leave in the spring. With warm weather he could go off, and they'd not be bothered with him again.

He worked steadily, cutting up the meat. He made a sled of poles and twisted elm bark. He loaded the sled with meat, as much as he could pull. The rest he wrapped in the bear skin. He tied this to a pole placed high off the ground between two elm trees. He and his cousin Sam could come back for it later.

He set out over the snow, pulling the sled. He could hardly wait to get back to the cabin. He dragged the heavy load of meat up a hill and stood looking out over the snow-covered valley. He didn't see anything he knew, but he was sure he was going in the right direction.

Caje was still thinking about repaying the Tadlocks for taking care of him all winter. But as he started down into the valley, Caje suddenly knew the Tadlocks had never expected any return for what they'd given him. They'd taken care of him because they could and because they wanted to. When he went back to the cabin, he'd be going home.

The shadows were growing long. It had taken a good while to skin the bear and put the meat in the tree. He looked around anxiously. He'd never make it back before dark. Well, he'd journey as far as he could.

He tried to hurry, but he was tired and the meat was heavy. He came to a lot of rough drifted snow and had a hard time getting through. The cold blue light of evening settled over the hills, making strange shadows by every bush and tree.

He turned and looked back, watching the light leave the winter sky. What was that running behind him in the shadows, those long gray shapes with shining eyes?

Wolves! Wolves were after him and the fresh meat!

Caje began to pull the sled over the snow as fast as he could, but his legs were giving out. He glanced back at the big wolves. They were coming closer, silently, steadily. In ordinary times wolves weren't too brave. But these wolves were starving. The smell of fresh-killed bear had them half-mad already. They might leap at him and pull him to the snow. He could never kill them all.

Ahead of him he saw a sheltered place near a creek where cane grew close and made a kind of wall. He ran steadily in that direction, pulling the sled with all his might. He would have to make a fire. That was one sure way to keep the wolves away, now that darkness was on him.

He pulled the sled close to the cane and turned to look back at the wolves. Among the trees he could see them, creeping silently closer. With his ax he quickly cut some of the dried cane. Then he got a small fire started. He had an uneasy feeling that the wolves were creeping nearer, but he didn't dare turn away from the fire. He built up the fire carefully. He added the dried cane to it a little at a time, until it caught well. There was a snarl and yelp, and one of the wolves leaped at the load of meat.

Caje jumped up with his ax in his hand and hit the wolf, once, twice. The wolf lay still. The rest of the wolves ran back. Behind him he heard the fire snapping and popping.

Anxiously Caje looked around. He'd have to have wood. Cane burned too fast. There was a shagbark hickory tree about twenty feet away. A fallen sycamore lay beyond the shagbark.

Carefully he made his plans. He drew the sled as close to the fire as he could. He cut a lot of cane and put it on the fire. Then he grabbed the dead wolf and dragged it away from the fallen sycamore. He backed off and was glad to see the snarling, yelping wolves leap all over the body.

"I guess I'll be safe till they eat him," Caje said half-aloud, as he hurried to the shagbark hickory and stripped off great pieces of the bark. He fed part of this to the fire, and then he went toward the fallen tree. He walked, though he wanted to run. But there was nothing that would set a wolf after you like running, his father had always told him. So he tried not to hurry, even when one of the wolves turned away from the snarling, yelping pack around the dead wolf and followed him across the snow.

Caje turned quickly with raised ax. "I'll kill you, too, if you don't keep a careful distance," the boy muttered aloud. The wolf drew

back a step at the sound of the boy's voice. Caje was quick to see that and shouted, "Now git!" The wolf trotted back to the others.

He made several trips to the fallen tree and got a good lot of wood. As he went, he talked, for the wolves fell back when he raised his voice. When at last he had gathered all the wood he wanted and sat down by the fire, he was really warm for the first time that day. After a little while by the fire, his head began to nod.

"I'll go to sleep here, sure," he thought. He moved farther away from the fire. He thought about cutting a piece of the bear meat and cooking it, but he decided against it. "Maybe if I stay hungry, it'll keep me awake," he told himself.

The wolves had finished the dead wolf now, and some of them came to stare across the firelight at him. He stared back, and by and by he knew he was going to sleep. He moved farther from the fire and rubbed snow on his face and hands.

Some of the wolves began creeping closer to him.

"I'll sing," he said aloud. "It'll keep them back, and it'll keep me awake."

He sang one or two songs. He didn't rightly know all the words to them, but he did the best he could.

The wolves moved a little farther back.

"I don't know any more songs, strangers," Caje said to them.

The night wore on. Two or three times Caje dropped off to sleep and woke to find the fire burned down low and the wolves coming nearer. He gathered more wood and more bark from the hickory. Finally he cooked some meat and ate it, for he didn't think he could get much hungrier and still live.

The wolves sat in a half circle watching him. To keep awake he sang his songs through again. He was never going to make it home to save his family. The night would never end. Soon the wolves would get him and the meat, and that would be an end of it.

It seemed years longer he sat there. His fire was going out. What was the matter with it? He got up to go for more wood. It was raining! For a minute he could hardly believe it. It had turned warm enough to rain!

But the fire! The rain would put the fire out, and the wolves would have him then sure enough. He looked around. The wolves were gone. The night was nearly over, and the wolves were gone. The rain was too much for them.

"I can go home now," he told himself aloud. He could follow this creek to the Tadlocks' farm, he was pretty sure. Again he set out over the snow.

The rain wet him to the skin in no time, and he was stiff and half-frozen before he'd gone a hundred feet. But he didn't mind. It was warm enough to rain. The hard winter was going to end after all. Spring was coming. He and the Tadlocks would live to plow the brown fields, to see the blossoms on the trees, to hear the redbird sing.

The sun came up as he reached the foot of the hill. There was the farm. The Tadlocks came running to meet him. This was home, and these were his folks, and never again would he have to sleep in a hollow sycamore.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Can you find sentences in the story that make you know the following statements are true?
For your answers, write the sentences you find.

a. Caje thought he was being kind when he decided to leave the farm.

b. The boy hated to leave the Tadlocks.

c. Caje tried to make himself believe that he didn't belong on a farm.

d. Caje decided to take the meat back to the Tadlocks.

e. When Caje first decided to go back to the Tadlocks, he did not plan to make his home there.

f. Caje knew that the Tadlocks loved him and wanted him to live with them.

2 To whom or to what do the underlined words refer?
From the words in parentheses choose the ones that the underlined words stand for.
Write those words for your answers.

a. His feet were bright red, but his toes were turning white. He rubbed them gently for some time before he put his moccasins back on. (his feet, his toes, his moccasins)

b. Halfway up a hillside a little ledge of rock stuck out from the snow. And over it hung a little puff of white smoke. (the hillside, the ledge, the snow)

c. He would have to make a fire. That was one sure way to keep the wolves away, now that darkness was on him. (Darkness, Way, Fire)

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas.

1 What happenings in the story showed that Caje was a good woodsman?

2 Why do you think Caje changed his mind about living with the Tadlocks?

3 Do you think that the Tadlocks liked Caje?
Do you think they wanted Caje to make his home with them?

4 Do you think the night seemed long to Caje? Give reasons for your answers.

5 In what ways was the weather important in this story?

6 Which part of the story did you find most exciting? Find that part and be ready to read it aloud if your teacher calls on you.

7 Do you think this is a realistic story of pioneer life?
Do you think the ending is believable? Give reasons for your answers.

Of all the people who lived on the American frontier, none was stranger or more interesting than John Chapman. For many years this odd, kind man traveled through Ohio and Indiana, helping the pioneers. But John Chapman did one special thing that made him well known. Because of it he was often called "Johnny Appleseed."

Johnny Appleseed

Of Jonathan Chapman
Two things are known,
That he loved apples,
That he walked alone.

At seventy-odd
He was gnarled as could be,
But ruddy and sound
As a good apple tree.

For fifty years over
Of harvest and dew,
He planted his apples
Where no apples grew.

The winds of the prairie
Might blow through his rags,
But he carried his seeds
In the best deerskin bags.

From old Ashtabula
To frontier Fort Wayne,
He planted and pruned
And he planted again.

He had not a hat
To encumber his head.
He wore a tin pan
On his white hair instead.

He nested with owl,
And with bear-cub and possum,
And knew all his orchards
Root, tendril and blossom.

A fine old man,
As ripe as a pippin,
His heart still light,
And his step still skipping.

The stalking Indian,
The beast in its lair
Did no hurt
While he was there.

For they could tell,
As wild things can,
That Jonathan Chapman
Was God's own man.

Why did he do it?
We do not know.
He wished that apples
Might root and grow.

He has no statue.
He has no tomb.
He has his apple trees
Still in bloom.

Consider, consider,
Think well upon
The marvelous story
Of Appleseed John.

Rosemary Carr Benét

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Suffixes, Prefixes, and Syllables

When a suffix or a prefix is added to a word, it usually forms a syllable in the new word.

1 How many syllables do each of the following words have?

cheer	bitter	flood
happy	low	mind

2 A suffix or prefix has been added to each of the words below. Does the suffix or prefix form a syllable in the word?

cheerful	bitterly	flooded
unhappy	below	remind

The suffix **ed** usually has one of these sounds.

Right after any voiceless consonant except **t**, it has the sound of **t**.

Right after a vowel sound or any voiced consonant sound except **d**, it has the sound of **d**.

Right after the consonant **t** or **d**, it has the sound of **ĕd** or **ĭd**.

3 Which sound of **ed** is in each of the following words?

bragged	pitched	flooded
glowed	frosted	cheered
tipped	cried	minded

The suffixes **s** and **es** may have one of four different sounds.

They may have the sound of **s** when they come right after a voiceless consonant sound in a word.

They may have the sound of **z** when they come right after a voiced consonant sound or a vowel sound.

4 Which sound is at the end of each of the following words—a vowel sound, a voiced consonant sound, or a voiceless consonant sound?

arm	gift	pie
rag	chore	shoot

5 Which sound of **s** or **es** is at the end of each of these words—the sound of **s** or the sound of **z**?

arms	gifts	cheers
shoots	chores	quilts
pies	rumbles	houses

The suffix **es** has the sound of **ĕz** or **ĭz** when it is added to words ending with hissing sounds such as **s, z, ch, sh,** or **x.**

6 Find the words that end with the sound of **ĕz** or **ĭz.**

buffaloes	reaches	foxes
buzzes	knives	misses

The suffixes **s** and **es** are added to some root words to make them mean more than one.

They are added to other words to explain that he, she, or it does what the root word shows.

7 Which of the underlined words mean more than one? Which mean that he, she, or it does what the root word shows?

The stars were shining.

The scout hunts buffaloes.

He shoots a rifle.

Pioneers made rugs and quilts.

Sound the Words

beamed	beasts	bloom
chuckled	effect	maple
offered	present	settlers

Because of all the hardships and dangers on the frontier, sometimes even the bravest of the pioneers could not seem to learn how to live on the new land. Some of them gave up and went back home. Others stayed on but grew sad and bitter. And then, once in a while, help came to them in strange ways.

As you have read in the poem, we do not know just why Johnny Appleseed planted his apple trees in the wilderness. Many people have wondered why. This story about Ada Bartlett and her family, some Indiana pioneers, gives a possible reason. See if you think it is a good one.

A Birthday Gift Forever

On her tenth birthday Ada Bartlett cried. Her father and mother had forgotten her birthday, and there were no gifts. Her brother, Ned, had offered her his pocketknife as a gift, but Ada would not let him give it up. So it was just going to be another unhappy day, like all the rest.

Life on the Indiana frontier had been very hard. The Bartletts' crops had failed, and wild animals had killed their cattle. In their poorly built cabin the winter had been almost too cold to bear. Ada's eyes filled with tears when she thought about her little brother, who had become ill and died during that terrible winter. There had been no doctor to save him. The Bartletts were sad, and now they were afraid of the frontier. It was no wonder Ada's tenth birthday just didn't seem important enough to remember.

After breakfast Ada ran down the path to the spring. It was there that she cried. While she sat on the ground crying, an old man dressed in ragged clothes walked up. Ada stood up quickly in surprise.

"Do you care if I sit down and rest here a spell?" he asked.

When he saw that she had been crying, the odd-looking man spoke gently to Ada. Soon she felt better. When the man learned that it was her birthday, he gave her a little leather bag. The bag was filled with tiny black seeds. The man was John Chapman.

Almost all the people in this wilderness country had heard of Mr. Chapman. They called him Johnny Appleseed. Many stories were told about how he had helped new settlers and how he traveled about, giving away apple seeds.

Ada thought the seeds were a strange birthday present. But the old man seemed so gentle and kind that she asked him to come to the cabin for dinner. When she showed her family the seeds, her father became angry.

"Apple seeds!" he said bitterly. "You needn't think I'm going to do the work of raising apple trees with all the other chores I have to do. There are crops to plant and take care of, and these seeds will only add a new load to my back. We don't have time for orchards here. I don't thank you for this, Johnny Appleseed." And Mr. Bartlett banged his fist on the table.

Johnny Appleseed turned to Mrs. Bartlett. "Maybe you would like an orchard by your house," he said. "How would it be to look out every spring on an orchard in bloom? It's the most beautiful sight in the the world, and you can have it right here."

Mrs. Bartlett smiled, thinking of the apple orchard back home. It was the first smile Ada had seen on her face since the baby died.

Johnny told about the wonders of apple seeds. They grew into trees with beautiful blossoms and firm, good apples. There would be apple pies and apple dumplings.

Mrs. Bartlett thought of the trees in bloom. Ada thought of fresh apples. Ned thought of apple pies and apple dumplings. But Mr. Bartlett thought of all the extra work and would not listen.

Johnny Appleseed talked on. Now he began to speak of this new land. He told about the fine home he had built on the frontier and how he had left it to spend his life bringing help to other pioneers. Then he talked again of apple trees and of the orchards he had helped settlers start. The trees brought beauty to the wilderness and made it seem like home.

"You can live a lot happier if you have them," the old man insisted in his gentle way. In spite of himself, Mr. Bartlett began to believe what Johnny said. He looked at his family. Their eyes were shining. "Does an orchard mean that much to you?" he asked.

"It would be like a little bit of home," Mrs. Bartlett said.

Finally Mr. Bartlett agreed to plant the seeds. "It will be Ada's birthday present." Ada jumped up and threw her arms around her father's neck, and Ned shouted for joy.

"But we don't know a thing about planting an orchard," Mr. Bartlett said. "Johnny, could you stay with us a while to help us get it started?"

"That's what I was planning to do," Johnny Appleseed beamed. "Ever since you banged your fist on the table," he chuckled, "I knew you wanted an orchard."

The next day, while they planted the seeds, Johnny talked of pioneering and its hardships. He talked of learning about the new country—how to live with it and not fight against it. Mr. Bartlett began to feel cheerful again. He had new hope of making a home in the wilderness. For the first time the whole family was happy to be on the frontier.

Johnny Appleseed went as quietly as he had come. But he had left behind a birthday present for Ada.

Every day Ada went to watch over her treasure. At first she couldn't quite believe that anything would really come of those magic black seeds. But the sun and the rain made them grow, and one morning she saw the first little shoots coming out of the earth.

"Look, look!" she cried. "The orchard's starting!"

The rest of the family left their work to see.

That summer Ada dug around the tiny plants and almost flooded them with water that she and Ned carried from the spring. With Ada's loving care, the plants grew during the long, hot summer and lived through the first winter.

The apple trees were not all that grew in the wilderness that year.

"If Johnny Appleseed built a real house for himself," Mr. Bartlett said, "I can do the same for my wife and children. I can't give you fine things, but you will have everything I can make with these two hands."

"Don't forget mine, too," bragged Ned, as he held out a pair of strong hands.

Slowly, when they were not doing chores, Mr. Bartlett and Ned made the cabin into a real home. They added bedrooms, put down a wood floor, and finally took out the old paper windows and put in glass ones.

When they finished the first new room, Mrs. Bartlett became eager, too. "Goodness!" she exclaimed. "If you men work like this for our home, we women should do our share, too."

Ada helped her mother. They made rag rugs for the floor. The best rags they saved to make into gay patchwork quilts. Mrs. Bartlett sat up late at night, making curtains for the new glass windows.

Ada made little jars from mud that she found at the spring. She made the rooms look bright with wild flowers that she put in the jars.

Soon the Bartlett farm was doing well. Crops grew, and there was plenty to eat. Ned shot wild game

in the woods and caught fish in the streams. The Bartletts found that there were even good things to eat in the wilderness. They found wild honey and learned how to make maple sugar.

One day Mrs. Bartlett said, "We missed most of the good things here at first. We wanted the wilderness to go our way, and we didn't know how to use what it had for us."

She looked around at all they had done and then at the little apple trees.

"Working together makes people forget themselves," she said. "Once the future looked black. But today I am looking ahead to the time when those trees will be in bloom." She took a deep breath. "I can almost smell the blossoms now."

Mr. Bartlett laughed. "There will be plenty of hard work before we can smell any apple blossoms," he reminded her.

"I won't mind the work," Ned said. "Not if it brings apple pies and dumplings!"

Ada was not thinking of pies. She was thinking of something Johnny Appleseed had said—how an orchard could make a farm into a real home.

Planting this orchard had changed them all, she thought. They knew now that this was their home for keeps, and they had started to make the best of it.

She remembered Johnny Appleseed and smiled. She would have that tenth birthday gift forever.

There are many stories about early pioneers. Perhaps you have heard something about pioneering days in your part of the country. You may also know about people in your own family who were pioneers.

Such stories tell us many things about the pioneers. Danger and hardship failed to stop them. They kept on moving the frontier west. As they moved, they built a great country.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which of the following sentences tell about hardships that made the Bartletts sad and bitter?

a. Ned and Ada had to carry water from the spring for the young plants.

b. The Bartletts' crops had failed.

c. Wild animals had killed their cattle.

d. Mrs. Bartlett sat up late at night, making curtains for the windows.

e. The Bartletts had been very cold in their poorly built cabin.

f. The baby had become ill and died.

g. Mr. Bartlett banged his fist on the table.

h. Mr. Bartlett and Ned added bedrooms to the house.

2 What did the Bartletts think of while Johnny talked about the wonders of apple seeds? Match the names of the people with the groups of words that tell what they thought about.

a. Ada **c.** Mr. Bartlett
b. Ned **d.** Mrs. Bartlett

trees in bloom
all the extra work
fresh apples
apple pies and apple dumplings

3 Why do you think the people in the story did the following things? Write a sentence to answer each question.

a. Why did Ada's mother and father forget her birthday?

b. Why did the thought of the apple orchard back home make Mrs. Bartlett smile?

c. What did Johnny mean when he said that one had to learn to live with the new country and not fight against it?

d. Why did the Bartletts begin doing well on their farm?

e. Why did Ada smile when she remembered Johnny Appleseed?

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Do you agree with Mrs. Bartlett that working together makes people forget themselves? Explain why you think as you do.

2 How did the planting of the seeds change the Bartletts? Why do you think the planting had the effect it did?

3 What was the theme of this story?

4 Do you think this story has a good title?
What was the birthday present that would last forever?
Give reasons for your answers.

THINKING BACK

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Here are the titles of the pioneer stories you have just read:
"Sandy Gets His First Buffalo"
"Flatboats and Indians"
"The Hard Winter"
"A Birthday Gift Forever"
Which stories told about each of the following hardships? Write the titles of the stories for your answers.

a. Which story or stories showed how pioneers had to get their food?

b. Which story or stories showed the danger of enemy Indians?

c. Which story or stories showed the hardship of weather?

d. Which story or stories told about pioneers who had trouble in learning to live a new way?

2 What does the word "pioneer" mean to you now that you have read the pioneer stories?

3 Which pioneer story did you like best? Explain why you liked the plot, the characters, or the theme of the story.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Which character in the pioneer stories did you like best? Why did you like that character?

2 What do you think is the real spirit of pioneering? Find examples of the pioneering spirit in the stories you have read. Be ready to talk about these examples if your teacher calls on you.

3 Do you think there are pioneers today? If so, what important differences can you think of between pioneering today and in earlier times?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Vowel Sounds

You must think of the meaning of some words before you can be sure what sound to give the vowels in the word. When you try different sounds for the vowels, you can tell which sound makes a word that makes sense in the sentence.

The vowels **ie** have the sound of ī as in **die,** ē as in **chief,** or ĭ as in **cookie.**

The vowel **i** sometimes has the sound of the consonant **y.**

1 What sounds does **ie** have in the underlined words?

The coals were fiery red.

Do you believe in ghosts?

The priest went into the church.

We saw cattle on the prairie.

2 What sounds does **i** have in the underlined words?

A million years is a long time.

The ice on the pond was solid.

What is your opinion of the story?

Consonant Sounds

Remember that some consonants have more than one sound.

1 What sound does **c** have in each word?

center caused cinder

2 What sound does **g** have in each word?

legend gods gypsy

The consonant blend **sc** usually has the sound of **s** when it comes just before **e, i,** or **y.**

The consonant blend **sc** usually has the sound of **sk** when it comes just before any letter except **e, i,** or **y.**

3 What sound does **sc** have in each word?

scientist scarcely scent

Word Meaning

You know how describing words are used to make thought pictures. Often thought pictures are made by naming something that is like the thing described.

1 Tell which of the phrases can be used to finish the following sentences.

The explosion flashed ____.
- **a.** like thunder
- **b.** like lightning

The hill was shaped ____.
- **a.** like a big hat
- **b.** like a cave

The snow lay ____ on the earth.
- **a.** like a leaf
- **b.** like a blanket

The tree seemed to be as high ____.
- **a.** as the sky
- **b.** as the river

The red sunset glowed ____.
- **a.** like ice
- **b.** like fire

Sound the Words

action blanket chosen column
monster nature outlined oxen
squeeze thunder torch volcano
erupt erupting eruption
explore explored explorers

Wonders of Nature

The Changing Earth

Nature is always busy changing this earth of ours, and with the changes many wonderful and surprising things are formed. Land may wear away to make rivers and valleys. It may build up into mountains and hills and sloping plains.

How do these changes happen? Do they come suddenly, like a great explosion?

Sometimes they do. A volcano may erupt and change the land around it in a few days. But many changes have been made quietly, through hundreds and thousands and millions of years.

Most people who see the wonderful things that these changes have made wonder how they were formed. Long ago people thought they were made by gods and goddesses or great spirits. They told stories, or legends, to explain what they believed.

Through long ages men have set out to explore the wonders of nature and find out what caused them. Scientists are working today to learn more about them.

The stories you will read next tell about some of the great wonders of nature that have been explored. Although science can explain some of them, there are many things yet to be learned about how nature works.

It isn't often that people have a chance to see a volcano born. When such a thing happens, the whole world wants to know about it. For nothing in nature is as fearful or exciting as the sight of a volcano spitting out dust and bits of rock.

That is why, in 1943, newspapers were full of stories about Parícutin, the little Mexican volcano born in a cornfield.

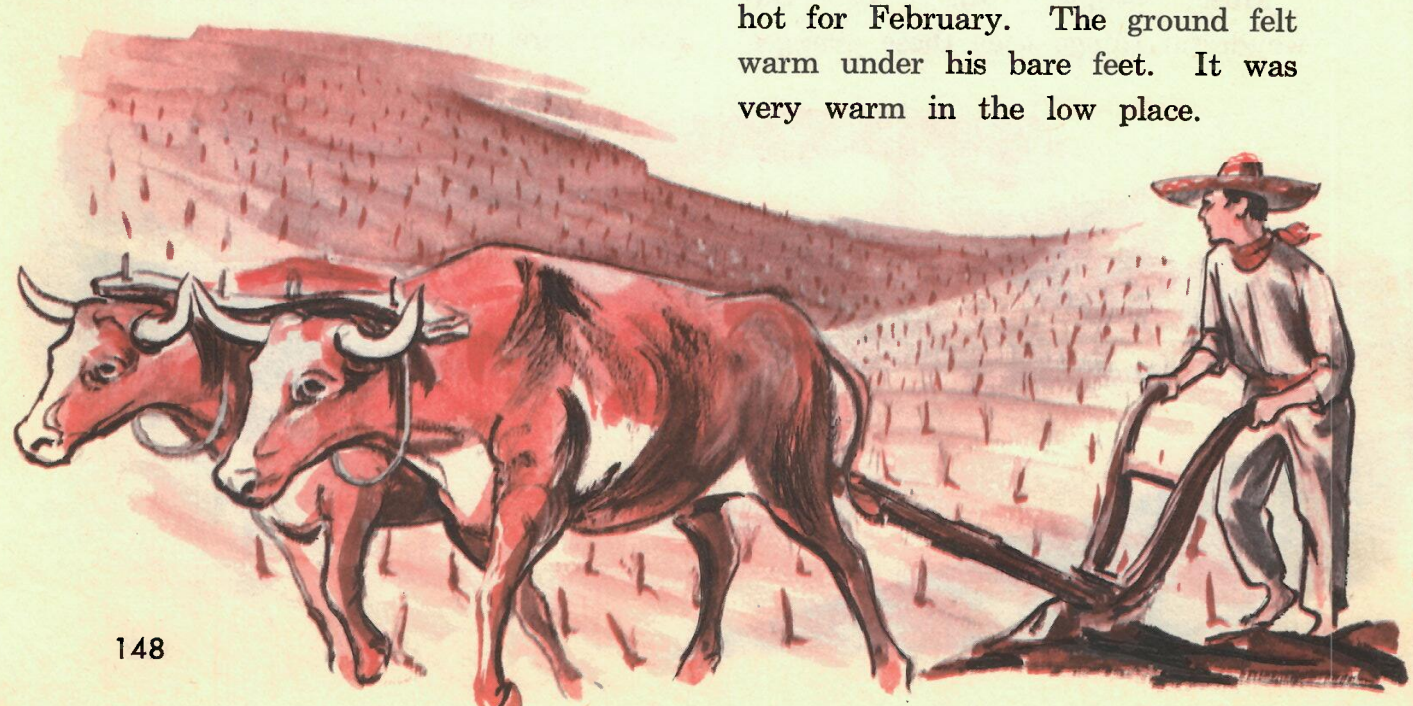
The Monster

One February day in 1943, a man named Dionisio Polido started out from his home in the Mexican village of Parícutin. He turned and started down a worn path. He was going to plow his cornfield and get it ready for planting. He took along his team of oxen and a wooden plow.

When he reached the field, he looked across his land. It was a good field except for one low place where the corn never grew very well. But Dionisio always plowed and planted the low place. Maybe someday good corn would grow there.

At last he started to work. Slowly the two oxen pulled the wooden plow around the field. Dionisio walked along behind.

It was a good day to work, quite hot for February. The ground felt warm under his bare feet. It was very warm in the low place.



Up one row and down another went the oxen and Dionisio. But today each row seemed never to end. As he turned to come back across the field, Dionisio thought he saw smoke rising from the low place. Was something burning in his field? He stopped his team and went over to see. He leaned over to see more clearly, and his sombrero fell beside a crack in the ground. Something like smoke was coming from this crack. Dionisio stared at it.

Suddenly a great rumble came from deep in the ground, and the earth began to shake under Dionisio's feet. The oxen snorted loudly and stood swaying with the shaking of the earth. Then with a roar another crack opened in the ground, right by Dionisio's sombrero. The hat flew high into the air. Before it hit the ground, Dionisio was running for help.

Then he heard the oxen bellow. The poor beasts were trying to run, but they were still fastened to the plow, and they pulled in different directions. He ran to them and unhitched them from the plow. Away they tore across the field.

Dionisio turned and looked back toward the low place. The dark, smokelike cloud was still rising from the cracks. And now stones were shooting into the air. It looked as if someone inside the earth were

throwing the stones. Dionisio didn't stop to watch. His legs had never carried him as fast as now. He ran straight toward San Juan, a village three miles away.

When he reached the village, the people were standing in the streets staring. Even here, three miles away, the rumbles could be clearly heard.

"What is it?" asked an old man, as Dionisio passed. "What is that great noise we hear?"

"I don't know," Dionisio called back. "I just know that something terrible is happening!"

"Get the priest!" shouted a woman.

"That's where I'm going," said Dionisio, and on he ran to the church.

On his way other people called to him, "What is happening?" But Dionisio had no time to talk. He must save his breath for running.

"Father! Father! Come with me!" called Dionisio, as he reached the church.

"Yes, Dionisio, I'm coming," the priest said quietly.

The people crowded around them as Dionisio poured out his story. The bursts of sound could be heard more often now, and in the distance a thin column that looked like smoke could be seen climbing high into the sky.

"I will go with you, my son," the priest said. Many of the men followed them as they walked the three miles to the cornfield. Dionisio was very tired now and could not hurry as fast as before.

When they reached the edge of the cornfield, they could hardly believe what they saw. In the short time since Dionisio had left, the field had changed. On the spot that had been the low place, a pile of black cinders stood as tall as a tree! A stream of rocks and dust shot high into the air from its center and settled back on the pile. As the rocks fell, they piled up around the opening and built a chimney. Through this chimney a great smokelike column of steam and dust kept pouring out.

"What is it, Father?" Dionisio asked in great fear. "What kind of terrible monster is it?"

The priest looked a moment in silence. Then he turned to the people about him. "It is a volcano," he said in a quiet voice. "It is a volcano being born."

"Volcano! Volcano!" the people said over and over. They knew about volcanoes. There were many near their village. But no one had ever seen one erupt.

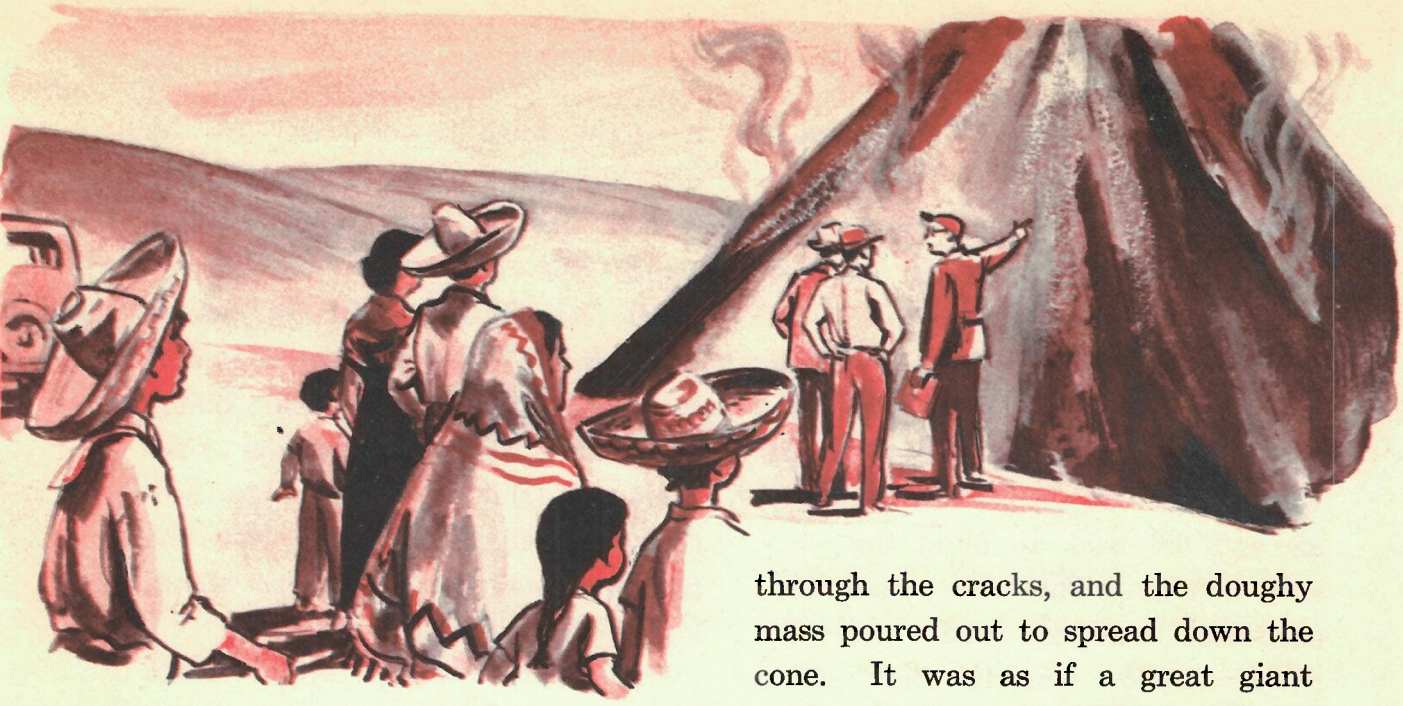
The shape of the pile of rocks was still changing. Now the volcano began to look like a cone. More and more rocks flew into the air and fell back to build the cone still higher. The roar from the outbursts was so loud that the people could scarcely hear each other talk.

As the sun set and darkness came, the sight became more frightening. The flying rocks glowed like fire. When they fell back upon the cone, it was outlined in fiery red. As the dust and rocks blew out, the volcano looked like a huge torch blazing against the sky.

All through the night the people watched. What would happen next? How high would the monster build?

In the light of morning they could see that the cone was now two hundred feet high. But the fiery red was gone, and the stones looked black.

And now other people came streaming from far and near to see the wonder. Many cars jammed the road and chugged around Dionisio's cornfield. They called the volcano Parícutin after the nearby village.



Some of the visitors were scientists who came to study the volcano. They were greatly excited. This was the first time they had been able to see a volcano being born. They knew they could learn from it many things about the action of volcanoes. They all watched in excitement as the rocks and dust flew into the air.

Day after day the people watched as the cone built higher and higher. Then something new happened. A stiff, doughy mass began to squeeze from an opening at the side of the cone. It was melted rock, or lava. It moved slowly down the side of the cone. Now and then splatters of the liquid rock fell on Dionisio's cornfield.

On the outside the lava was cool and black. But hotter lava below the surface pushed against the crust and cracked it. A red glow showed through the cracks, and the doughy mass poured out to spread down the cone. It was as if a great giant were pushing an endless pile of loose, red-hot rocks. Steam rose above it like a cloud.

The lava flow crept down the cone and onto Dionisio's cornfield. It moved across the land until the whole field disappeared under the great blanket of liquid rock. Then it spilled over into the forest beyond and stripped the branches from the trees as it went.

The fireworks kept bursting, with flashes like lightning and rumbles like thunder. The ground shook, and the lava poured on and on.

The village of Parícutin lay in the path of the flowing lava. Dust from the volcano filled the air and dropped on the streets and houses. The people could hardly breathe. They would have to move away and leave their homes to the monster.

Soon the people of Parícutin left their village. They moved to good farms they had chosen out of reach

of the dust. Dionisio and his family went to a farm many miles away.

Slowly the lava took over the town. Now there was no village of Parícutin. It was swallowed up by the monster.

Still the lava kept moving. The people of San Juan were filled with fear. Would the monster take over their town, too? A government commission laid out a new town a safe distance from the volcano. But the people stayed in San Juan as long as they could.

When the dust came, they had to fight great clouds of it. They could hardly breathe. Many people left, but a few families stayed on.

Then a greater, stronger lava flow began to move straight toward San Juan. At last the few families that were left gave up. They piled their belongings into trucks and began their trip to the new town.

When the lava had covered San Juan, Parícutin had about reached the end of its powers. Then, a little more than nine years after the low spot in Dionisio's cornfield had begun to crack and send out smokelike clouds, the monster Parícutin died. Nothing was left but a giant black cinder cone.

Dionisio and his friends who had lived in the village of Parícutin never forgot those terrible days. In their new homes they told the story again and again to strangers. "The monster, the volcano Parícutin, swallowed up our homes," they said.

As Dionisio plowed and planted his new field, he often thought sadly of his old field with the low spot which was now the heart of a mountain. He was reminded of his home in Parícutin, which now lay deep under a solid mass of lava. And he sighed as he remembered.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Can you find sentences in the story that make you know the following statements are true? Write the sentences you find.

a. Dionisio was puzzled by the cloud that came from the crack.

b. The oxen were frightened by the roar and the shaking of the earth.

c. The people in San Juan did not want to leave their homes.

d. Dionisio missed his old home, which now lay deep under a solid mass of lava.

2 In what order did these things happen in "The Monster"?

a. He leaned over to see more clearly and his sombrero fell by a crack in the ground.

b. Lava flowed until it covered the villages of Parícutin and San Juan.

c. The priest said the monster was a volcano.

d. Dionisio went to plow his field.

e. The monster died, leaving a giant black cinder cone.

f. Day after day crowds of people watched the volcano erupt.

g. He thought he saw smoke rising from the field.

h. He ran to San Juan to bring the priest to his field.

i. The earth began to shake under Dionisio's feet.

3 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "The hat flew high into the air" means:

The hat had wings.

The hat looked like a bird.

The hat moved as if it were flying.

b. "The fireworks kept bursting" means:

The Mexicans were having a holiday.

The volcano kept erupting.

Someone threw fireworks into the cone.

c. "The village was swallowed up by the monster" means:

The village was covered with lava.

A huge animal ate the village.

The village fell into a great crack in the earth.

d. "Dionisio poured out his story" means:

He talked very slowly.

He told his story very fast.

He told what happened when he was young.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 What were the steps in the birth and growth of the volcano Parícutin?

2 What noises and colors were used to describe the volcano and the lava? Did they help you understand what it would be like to be near an erupting volcano?

3 How do you think you would have felt if you had been in Dionisio's place?

4 What do you think were the differences in the feelings of the people from the village, the priest, and the scientists when they saw the volcano erupting?

5 Is "The Monster" a good title for the story? Give reasons for your answer.

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Silent Letters

Many words have letters that you cannot hear when you say the words. Such letters are silent letters.

In the spelling **alm** the **a** usually has the sound of **ä** and the **l** is silent, as in **calm.**

The vowel **e** is usually silent when it is at the end of a word.

If a word has a double consonant, only one of the letters is sounded, and the other is silent.

1 Which consonant is silent in each of these words?

chalk	palm	column
hiss	paddle	toss

2 Which vowel is silent in each word?

wave	glowing	seek
alone	since	lodge

Accent

Remember that accent affects the vowel sounds in syllables.

1 Find the accented syllable in each word. Does the word have a modified long vowel sound?

revenge coconut erupting

2 Find the accented syllable in each word. Does the word have a long vowel sound at the end of a syllable?

decide coconut tepee

Root Words

Root words are often changed before a suffix is added.

1 What is the root word for each word below?

curved hissed plunged

2 Was the root word changed before the suffix was added to each word?

goddess flaming tossed

Word Meaning

A doing word or a describing word will often help you understand the feelings of a person you are reading about.

1 Answer the following questions.

The woman smiled at the little girl. Was the woman friendly, unkind, or brave?

The child frowned at his plate. Was the child excited, unhappy, or merry?

The prince glared at the witch. Was he happy, sad, or angry?

The man spoke in a quiet voice. Was he excited, calm, or angry?

The child yawned and rubbed her eyes. Was she sad, gay, or sleepy?

The dog's wagging tail thumped the floor. Was the dog friendly, lazy, or cruel?

With fearful eyes the boy watched the snake. Was the boy lonely, afraid, or wicked?

With dragging feet the man went to bed. Was he tired, cross, or sad?

Sound the Words

cheered downward frown
glared palms seeking spear
burst

Many of the Hawaiian Islands are made of lava. It took ages and ages for the volcanoes at the bottom of the sea to pour out enough melted rock to build the islands above the surface of the water.

These volcanoes went on erupting at times even after people came to live on the islands. The lava poured from the open tops of the mountains, down their sides, and over the land. Usually it flowed slowly, but sometimes it flowed swiftly, covering towns and people caught in its path.

The early Hawaiian people did not know what made volcanoes erupt. They thought that the volcanoes were the work of an angry goddess. Pele was the name they gave to the goddess of the volcanoes.

The people believed that when Pele was happy the volcanoes would not erupt but that when she was angry she stamped her foot.

Then the earth shook, and red-hot lava flowed down the mountainside and across the land. This was her way of seeking revenge.

The people thought that the volcanoes would not erupt if Pele was kept happy. So they brought food for her and threw it into the open tops of the mountains.

The story that follows is a legend about Pele and Kahavari, the chief of Puna. The Hawaiian people told this legend to explain an old lava flow near Kapoho.

The Revenge of Pele

The people of Puna had met at the foot of a hill near the town of Kapoho. They were there to watch the games at the monthly festival.

The day was beautiful. A light breeze shook the leaves of the palm trees and blew spray from the waves of the sea as they broke on the shore of Puna.

While the people waited for the main part of the festival, all the children raced about playing games. Men and women danced, sang about legends of long-ago days, or watched the games of the children. Then they sat under the palms and ate coconuts and bananas and chewed sugar cane.

All this while the crowd was waiting for something special. It was to be the holua race between Kahavari, the young chief of Puna, and his best friend, Ahua. The crowd grew excited as the time for the race drew near.

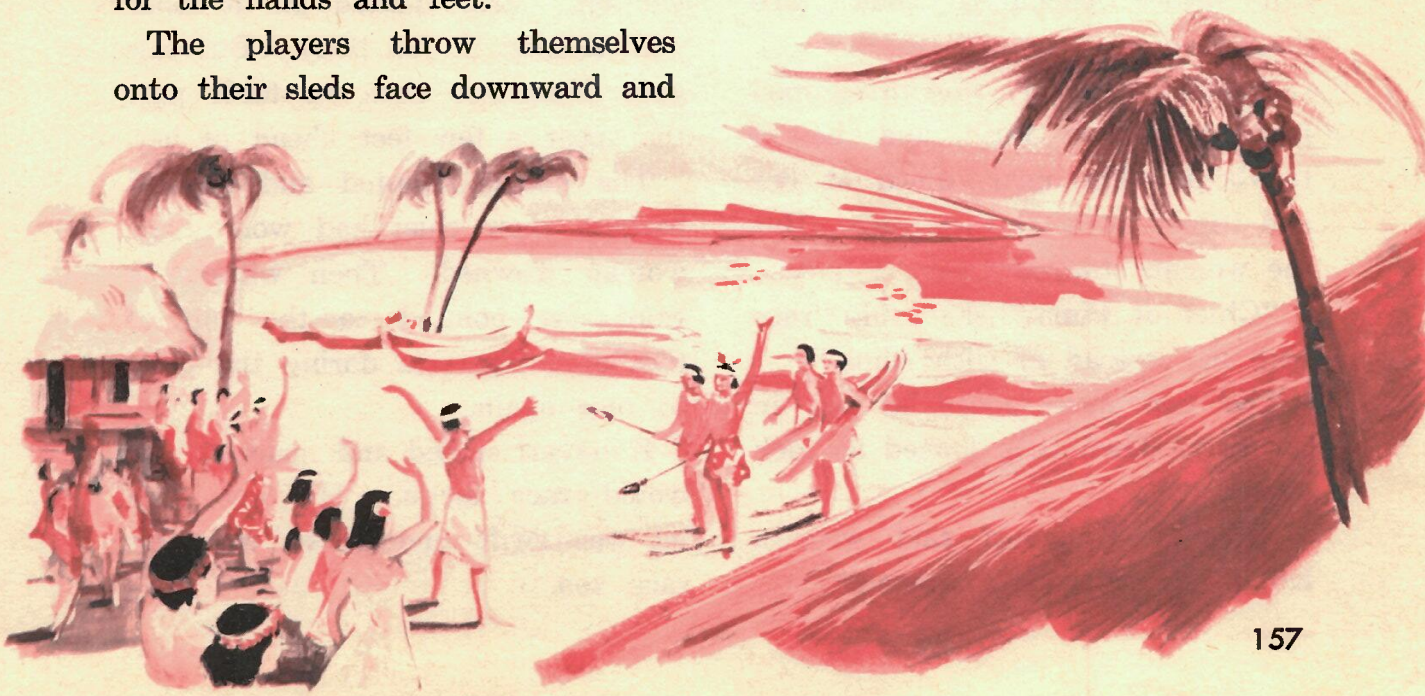
In the game of holua the players slide down a steep hill on narrow sleds. The sleds are eight to twelve feet long but only six to eight inches wide. They have long wooden runners that turn up in front. These runners are tied at each end and have crosspieces for the hands and feet.

The players throw themselves onto their sleds face downward and dash headlong down the smooth holua track. The narrow sleds are hard to guide. Each player must be able to stay on his sled while it is gliding swiftly down the hill. It takes much practice to learn how to guide a holua sled and stay on it.

Kahavari was a very good holua player, but so was his friend Ahua. So the people knew the race would be exciting to watch.

Finally Kahavari and Ahua appeared at the foot of the hill. Behind each walked a man carrying a sled.

The waiting people greeted their chief with loud cheers and took their places to watch. The young chief smiled at them. He stuck his spear into the ground at the bottom of the hill to show the finish line of the race. Then he and Ahua took their sleds under their arms and climbed to the top of the hill.



They stopped for a moment at the top before beginning their race downward.

Suddenly a lovely woman stepped from behind a bush and bowed to them. The men smiled at her and turned to start their race. But the woman stopped them.

"Chief of Puna," she said, "race with me instead of with Ahua."

The two men looked at her in surprise. Then they looked at each other.

"What!" Kahavari said with a laugh. "Race with a woman?"

"And why not with a woman if she can race better than you and if you are not afraid to race with her?" answered the woman.

"You are bold, woman!" said Kahavari with a frown. "What do you know about holua?"

"Enough to reach the bottom of the hill in front of the chief of Puna," was the quick, proud answer.

"Is it so, indeed?" said Kahavari in anger. "Then take the sled and we will see!"

The woman smiled. Kahavari told Ahua to give his sled to the woman. And the race began.

Kahavari threw himself on his sled and plunged down the hill with the strange woman close behind him. On and on went the pair, around curves and over rocks, at breakneck speed.

Then for a moment the woman's sled began to sway, and she almost fell off. She righted it at once with a twist of her body. But this gave Kahavari time to flash past the spear a few feet ahead of her.

The people shouted and cheered because their chief had won. The woman frowned. Then without a word she pointed to the top of the hill. She was daring the chief to race again.

Kahavari smiled and nodded. He would race again. He was sure he was swift enough to win this race, too.

So the woman and the young man started back up the hill. They walked to the top in silence and turned for another start.

Then the woman spoke. "Stop!" she said. "Your sled is better than mine. If you would be fair, take my sled and give me yours!"

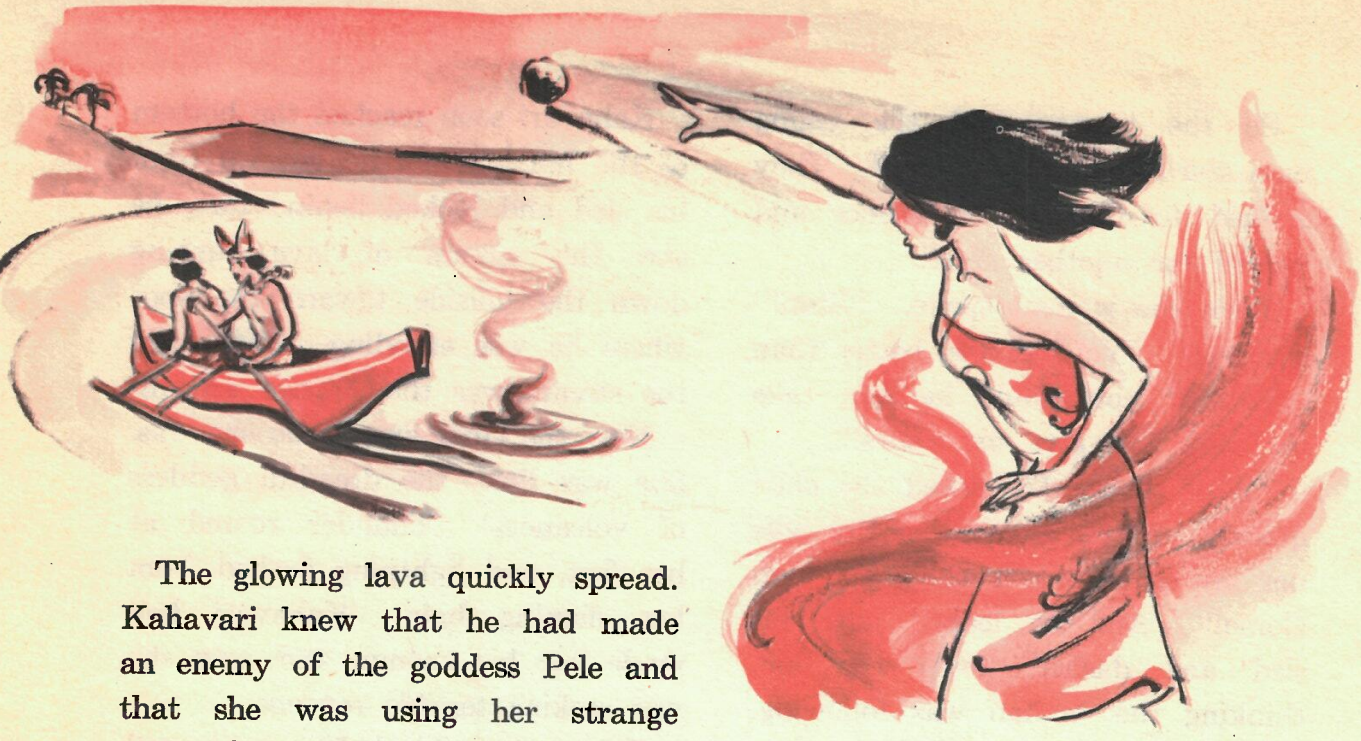
"Why should I?" asked the chief quickly. "You are neither my wife nor my sister, and I know you not. Come!" And he leaped onto his sled and dashed down the hill, thinking the woman was following.

But she was not following. She stood at the top of the hill and glared after him. Suddenly she stamped her foot in anger. And a river of melted lava burst from the hill and began to pour down its side.

Kahavari soon reached the bottom of the hill. When he got up from his sled and looked behind him, he saw the stream of lava rushing down the hillside toward the spot where he was standing. Riding on the stream was the strange woman!

Now the chief knew who she was. She was Pele, the dreadful goddess of volcanoes! Thunder roared at her feet, and lightning flashed from her flaming hair. Kahavari had made her his enemy, and now she was seeking terrible revenge.

Kahavari grabbed his spear and raced for his life to a hill nearby. Ahua caught up with him and ran beside him. As they looked back, the two young men saw a crowd of people suddenly covered by a sea of red-hot lava.



The glowing lava quickly spread. Kahavari knew that he had made an enemy of the goddess Pele and that she was using her strange power for revenge. The chief knew that the only way he could stay alive was to reach the sea.

With Ahua beside him, Kahavari dashed away. But right before them they saw a crack in the earth. And Pele was sending a stream of lava straight down the crack to cut them off from safety. With blazing hair the goddess rode on the lava stream.

Kahavari quickly laid his spear over the crack, and he and his friend crossed on it. They reached the sea with Pele close behind them.

On the shore the two young men sighted an empty canoe. They leaped into it. Using his spear for a paddle, Kahavari moved the boat swiftly away from the shore. Soon they were beyond the reach of the goddess.

The angry Pele rode the lava flow on into the water after them. But when she saw that she could not catch them, she glared and tossed rocks after them. The rocks were so hot that they hissed as they struck the water. At last Pele gave up and turned back.

Kahavari and Ahua finally reached the island of Oahu, where the chief of Puna stayed for the rest of his life. All of his family and hundreds of the people near Kapoho had been covered by Pele's lava flow.

Kahavari never went back to Puna. He feared that Pele would visit the place with another dreadful eruption.

Another lava flow now lies over the old one in Kapoho. Not long ago the volcano erupted again. Did Pele ride that red-hot stream of flowing lava? Perhaps she still seeks revenge against Kahavari, chief of Puna.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What word will complete each sentence and make a true statement about the story?

a. Kahavari was the ____ of Puna.

b. The people came to watch the games at the monthly ____.

c. The main event was to be the ____ race.

d. Pele was a ____.

2 Do you think the sentence is true? If so, write *Yes*. If you think the sentence is not true, write *No*.

a. The people of Puna liked their chief.

b. Kahavari wanted to race with a woman.

c. Pele tricked Kahavari into racing with her.

d. Kahavari was unfair when he told Pele she could not use his sled.

e. Pele was a good sport.

f. Kahavari was sorry that he had made the goddess angry.

3 Which three words best describe Pele in this story?

a. sad
b. fair
c. kind
d. proud
e. afraid
f. dreadful
g. good
h. angry

4 In what three ways did Kahavari use his spear? Write a sentence about each of the ways.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 What is the plot of this story? Be ready to tell the plot in a few sentences if your teacher calls on you.

2 Do you think Pele had a right to seek revenge?
Do you think boys and girls should seek revenge for unfair things done to them?
Should grown people?
Give reasons for your answers.

3 Which part of the story did you think was most exciting? Find that part of the story and be ready to read it aloud.

4 What is a legend? Explain why this story may be called a legend. Why do you think people make up legends about nature?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Words and Their Meanings

When you meet a word that you have not read before, you must look at the whole word and all its parts. You must think about the syllables and the accent, about the sounds of the vowels and consonants, and about the prefixes and suffixes. Then you can usually say the word correctly.

Saying a word correctly is an important step in reading. But you should not stop there. Be sure that you always understand the meaning of the word as it is used in the sentence.

1 Pitched is an interesting word.

a. How many vowels do you hear in **pitched?**

b. Find a consonant blend in the word. What is its sound?

c. What is the sound of the suffix in the word?

d. What is the meaning of **pitched** in the following sentence?

The boys pitched their tent at the bottom of the hill.

e. Think of a sentence in which **pitched** has another meaning.

2 Natural is a good word to study.

a. How many syllables are in **natural?**

b. What sound does the **t** have?

c. What vowel sound do you hear in the second syllable?

d. What is the root word?

e. What suffix was added to the root word?

f. What is the meaning of **natural** in the following sentence?

The Grand Canyon is a natural wonder.

3 Unknown is another interesting word.

a. How many syllables are in **unknown?**

b. What vowel sound do you hear in the second syllable?

c. What is the root word?

d. What suffix was added to it?

e. What prefix does the word have?

f. What is the meaning of **unknown** in this sentence?

The men explored the unknown parts of the mountain.

Word Meaning

You can better understand what you read if you know how words are used.

1 Which of the following are naming words?

tribe shadow dies

2 Which of the following are doing words?

decide tepees swung

3 Which of the following are describing words?

climb dim bright

Sound the Words

claws dim grizzly probably
swung tepees tribes

Like the Hawaiians, the Indians had many legends to explain the wonders of nature that they did not understand. One of the legends of the Plains Indians explains how they thought Devil's Tower was made.

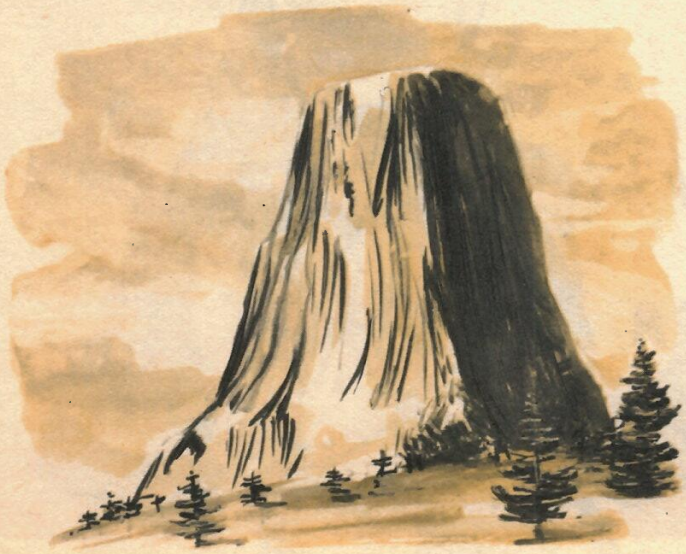
Devil's Tower is a huge column of natural rock, 1,200 feet high. Scientists explain that this was probably made by a volcano. They know that when a volcano dies lava is sometimes left in its center and that as this lava cools it becomes hard, solid rock.

Through millions of years a volcano is washed away by flowing water or is ground away by wind and sand. But the lava rock in the center is sometimes too hard to be worn away as fast as the cone about it. As the outside disappears, the hard lava center is left. There it stands, hundreds of feet high, a great column of rock that can be seen from far over the land.

In this old Indian legend Devil's Tower is called the "Great Spirit's Tower." You will find out why it has this name.

The Great Spirit's Tower

Long ago a band of Indians wandered into a new country. They pitched their lodges close together in a camp circle. The chief told all the people to stay in sight of the tepees until the scouts could search the country and learn of its dangers.



It might be that wild beasts prowled over the plains around the camp. Unfriendly tribes might be near. And there might be many other unknown dangers.

Until the band of Indians could learn more about the country around them, they could not feel safe. So the scouts were sent out to hunt on the prairie, while the rest of the band stayed close to the camp.

But one day three young Indian girls wanted to go out onto the prairie to look for long grasses to use in making rugs. They asked if they could leave the camp.

"If you promise to be careful, you may go," the old chief told them. "But be sure to stay within sight of the camp circle."

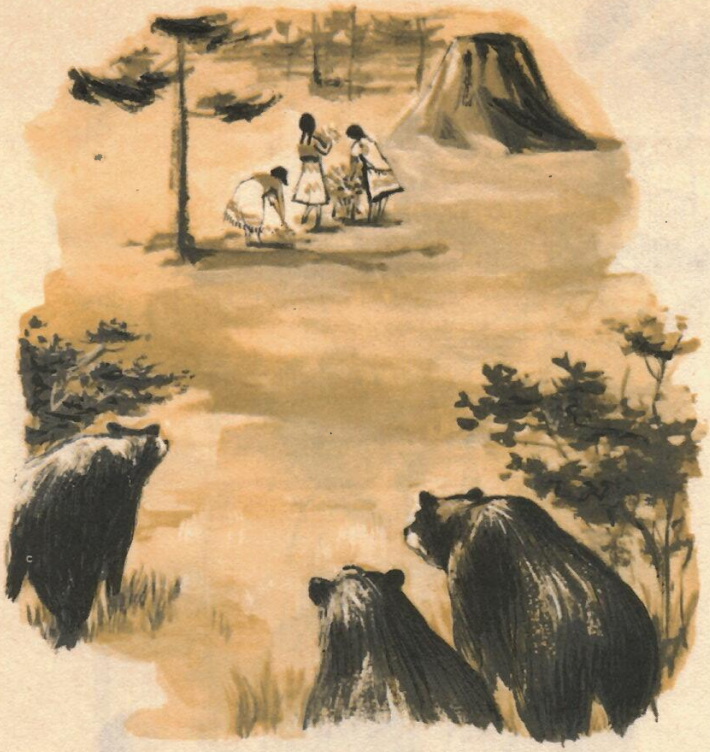
The girls promised, and off they went. As they walked, they looked back now and then to see how far they were from the tepees.

But young people soon forget danger when their minds are filled with other things. The weather was sunny, and the country was beautiful. Flowers of bright colors grew all through the prairie grass. They were so lovely and their scent was so sweet that the girls began to pick them. On and on they went, for always just ahead there was one brightly colored flower sweeter than all the rest. Each girl picked and picked until she had an armload of the tender flowers and long grasses.

The girls did not mean to disobey the word of their chief. But as they laughed and talked, they were so happy that they forgot what he had said. They wandered farther and farther from the camp. Soon the smoke from the campfire was a dim shadow in the distance.

From his home beyond the clouds the Great Spirit who protected the Indians watched the girls wander far out onto the prairie. He had heard the old chief tell them not to go far from camp, and he knew of the dangers in the land. He saw that, although the girls did not know it, danger was close to them. Three grizzly bears had seen them. The bears, hidden in the tall grass, began to move quietly toward them.

When the girls were too far from camp to call for help, the grizzly



bears leaped toward them, growling and showing their teeth. The girls ran screaming. They could not decide which way to go!

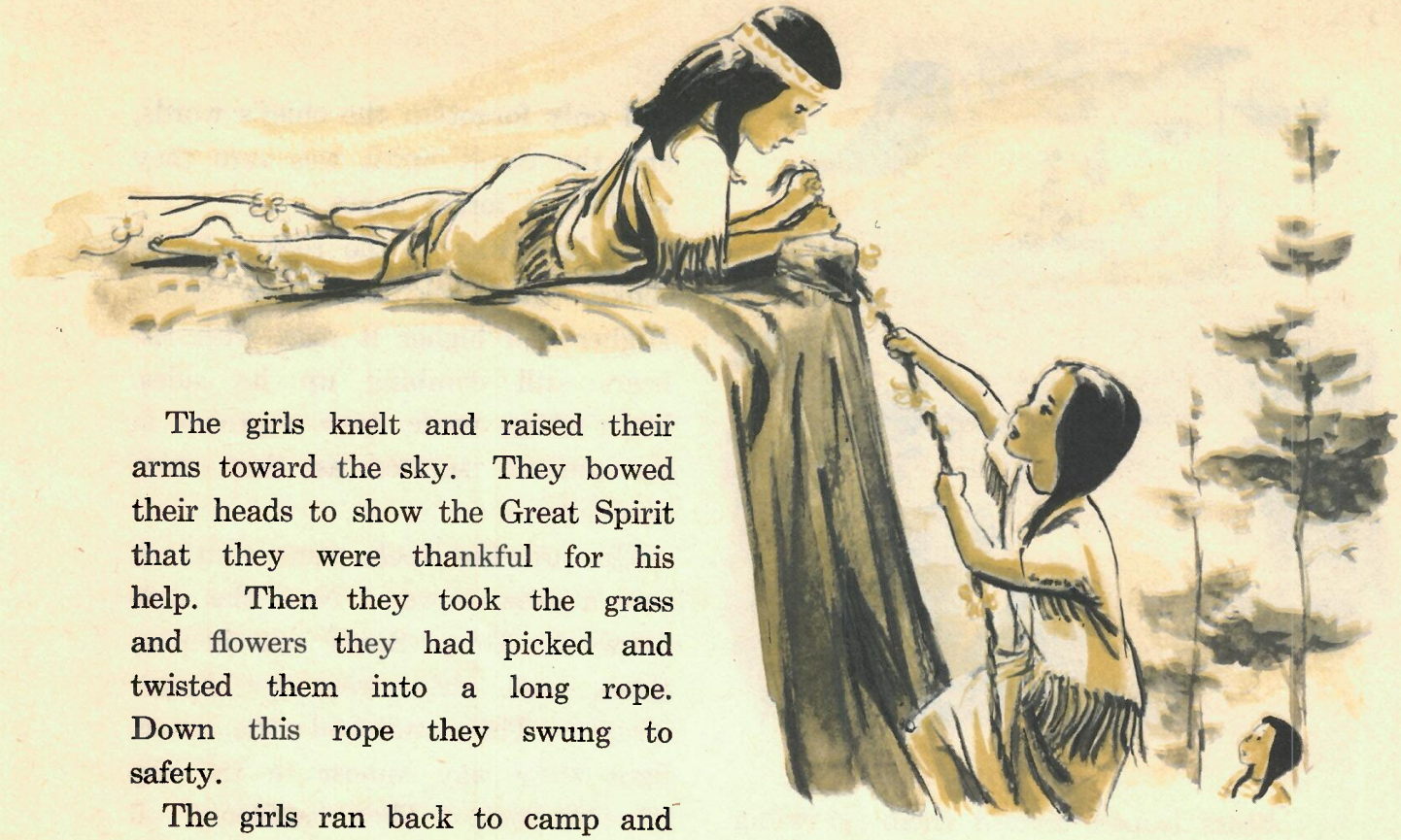
The Great Spirit guided their feet to a large rock close by and helped them to its top. But even here they were not out of danger. The bears could climb, and they started up the sides of the rock. The girls could do nothing but stand close together in fear, watching the bears climb higher and higher.

The sides of the rock were smooth, and the bears dug their sharp claws into it to keep from falling. Sometimes they would slide back a little. But they climbed nearer and nearer.

Now the Great Spirit helped the young girls again. He knew they had not meant to disobey. They had only forgotten the chief's words, and the Great Spirit was sure they would not forget again.

So he spoke to the rock. As he spoke, the rock began to grow. Higher and higher it rose, with the bears still climbing up its sides. Their claws made deep scratches in the smooth surface as they tried to climb.

Up, up the rock went, until it was a great tower. Now the girls knew the Great Spirit was helping them, and they were no longer afraid. They watched the bears fight their way almost to the top of the rock. Then suddenly all three bears lost their hold and fell. They were so high when they fell that they were killed when they struck the ground.



The girls knelt and raised their arms toward the sky. They bowed their heads to show the Great Spirit that they were thankful for his help. Then they took the grass and flowers they had picked and twisted them into a long rope. Down this rope they swung to safety.

The girls ran back to camp and told the old chief what had happened. The chief did not scold them, for he knew they would never disobey again.

The Great Spirit did not change the rock, so it stayed as high as a tower. All along its sides were the deep scratches made by the grizzly bears. Whenever the Indians saw the magic tower, they lifted their faces to the sky and remembered that there beyond the clouds the Great Spirit was watching to protect them.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which sentence gives the main idea of "The Great Spirit's Tower"?

a. Three Indian girls had trouble when they did not obey their chief.

b. A natural wonder was made by the Great Spirit to save the lives of three Indian girls.

c. Indians were never afraid, for the Great Spirit always saved them when they were in danger.

2 In what two ways did the Great Spirit help the girls? Write a sentence about each of the ways.

3 Which sentence tells how the girls got down from the tower?

a. They built a ladder of tree branches and climbed down.

b. The Great Spirit helped the girls down.

c. They made a rope of their flowers and grass and swung down the rope.

4 Which sentences tell how the girls showed the Great Spirit that they were thankful?

a. They gave him the bright flowers.

b. They knelt and raised their arms toward the sky.

c. They bowed their heads.

d. They did not disobey their chief again.

5 To whom or to what do the underlined words refer? From the words in parentheses choose the ones that the underlined words stand for. Write those words for your answers.

a. Three young Indian girls wanted to look for grasses to use in making rugs. They asked if they could leave the camp. (girls, grasses, rugs)

b. Flowers of bright colors grew all through the prairie grass. They were so lovely that the girls began to pick them. (Flowers, Colors, Girls)

c. Whenever the Indians saw the magic tower, they lifted their faces and remembered that the Great Spirit was watching to protect them. (Indians, faces, clouds)

d. When the girls were too far from camp to call for help, the grizzly bears leaped toward them, growling and showing their teeth. (Indians, girls, bears)

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Why did the Indian girls disobey their chief? Why didn't he scold them?

2 Do you agree that young people soon forget danger when their minds are filled with other things? Tell about things that have happened to you that make you think as you do.

3 How do scientists think the rock tower was made?

4 Did you enjoy "The Revenge of Pele" and "The Great Spirit's Tower"? Which one did you enjoy more? Give reasons for your answers.

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Words and Their Meanings

When you see a strange word, remember to study it and all its parts until you can say it correctly. Then be sure you understand its meaning.

1 **Rustling** is a good word to study.

a. Where is **rustling** divided into syllables?

b. What vowel sound do you hear in the first syllable?

c. Do you hear the **t** in this word?

d. What is the root word? Has the root word been changed?

e. What suffix is in the word?

f. What is the meaning of **rustling** in the following sentence?

I can hear the rustling of leaves when the wind blows.

2 **Mystery** is another interesting word to study.

a. How many syllables are in **mystery?**

b. What vowel sound do you hear in the first and last syllables?

c. What sound does **er** have in this word?

d. What is the meaning of **mystery** in the following sentence?

The disappearance of my book remains a mystery.

3 Study **stalactites** until you can answer these questions about the word.

a. How many syllables are in **stalactites?**

b. Which syllable is accented?

c. What vowel sound do you hear in each syllable?

d. What is the sound of the consonant blend in the word?

e. What suffix does the word have?

f. What is the meaning of **stalactites** in the following sentence?

Thousands of stalactites hang from the ceiling of the cave.

Word Meaning

Remember that thought pictures are often made by naming something that is like the thing described.

1 Tell which of the phrases can be used to finish the following sentences.

The wind sounded ____.
a. like a whining dog
b. like dripping water

The smoke looked ____.
a. like a bright fire
b. like a lazy cloud

The dripping water tinkled ____.
a. like the beat of a drum
b. like sleigh bells

The thumping sounded as loud ____.
a. as a drum
b. as the roar of a lion

Sound the Words

cavern deposits dripping
gallop explanation fertilizer
flickering icicles stalagmites
structures

One of the greatest of all the wonders made by nature was discovered by a cowboy, Jim White. The stories Jim told about what he saw were hard to believe. But he insisted on going back to the place. There he uncovered a strange world which had taken ages to form and which had long been hidden in unknown darkness.

Strange Black Smoke

Jim's Discovery

Jim White had spent a hot, dusty day on the range. Now he was enjoying the ride home in the late afternoon. His horse walked lazily along.

Jim looked at the land spread around him. He never tired of seeing it. There was always some interesting sight in this part of New Mexico. Every time he saw the desert plain, the hills, and the Guadalupe Mountains, he found some new beauty. But the sight was never so beautiful as in the late afternoon, when the sun painted the high mountaintop and the foothills with warm colors. Then how far the Guadalupe Mountains reached! They seemed to grow larger and larger as the shadows added to their size and mystery.

Suddenly the cowboy brought his horse to a stop. "Look at that!" he cried in excitement. "There's smoke coming out of that mountain!"

For a moment he watched in silence. A great cloud of black smoke seemed to be twisting out of the foothills.

Jim looked away, then back again. Light and shadow often play tricks on the eyes when one looks at the mountains. But this was no trick, he decided. Heavy black smoke was certainly curling up from somewhere in the foothills. It rose as high as the mountain and swirled off toward the south.

"That's sure enough smoke!" cried Jim. "I wonder what's on fire!"

Jim started his horse at a gallop straight toward the smoke. Out here where ranch houses were far apart and there was little water, a fire could mean real trouble.

As Jim came close to the foothills, he could see that the smoke was even thicker than he had thought. It twisted and it turned as though it were alive.

"The whole hillside over there must be on fire!" Jim cried to his horse.

When he reached the top of the slope, Jim stopped his horse and stared in surprise. For it wasn't the hillside that was burning. No, the smoke was coming right out of a hole in the side of the mountain! Jim decided to go closer.

His horse snorted and stepped carefully as they moved down the hill toward the smoking hole. Above the sound of his horse's hoofs, Jim could hear a strange rustling sound, like the whirring wings of many birds. But he could see no birds at all flying overhead.

As Jim drew nearer to the mountainside, the sound of wings beating the air grew louder. It seemed to be coming right out of the cloud of smoke.

Then suddenly Jim stopped again. "That isn't smoke!" he cried. "It's bats! Thousands of bats flying out of that hole in the mountain!"

The bats poured out of the mountainside in a thick black stream and became a part of the cloud that rolled and twisted. They were coming out for food. Jim watched and watched. And still they kept coming.

"You stay here and nibble some grass," Jim said to his horse. "I'm going closer and wait until they all come out."

He sat on a rock and watched. An hour passed. Two hours. Still the bats poured out of the cave. After nearly three hours the cloud began to thin. Finally the last few bats came out to fly after the others.

Jim waited a few minutes to make sure they had all left. Then he walked to the cave and looked in. All he could see was a big black hole. He couldn't see the bottom of it. He needed a light. So he picked up some sticks and built a fire. Then one by one he tossed the lighted sticks into the hole. Each showed a little light for a moment, then disappeared.

He tossed some larger sticks. As they passed downward, he could see the walls of the hole. But the light the sticks made was soon swallowed up by the darkness. The bottom of the pit was too far down to be seen.

The sun had gone down, and Jim knew he must leave for home. He whistled to his horse, and it came up to him with a whinny. Jim swung into the saddle and started off at a gallop.

"Good boy!" laughed Jim. "You must be as hungry as I am! I hope we're not too late for supper!"

While he rode across the desert plain, Jim kept thinking about the bat cave. As soon as he could, he must come back and explore it.

When Jim White reached the ranch, he tried to tell the other cowboys all about his wonderful discovery. But he was so excited that he could hardly get the words out.

"There must have been a million bats!" he cried. "Maybe two, three million! They looked like a great big cloud of black smoke!"

But the cowboys just grinned.

"Aw, sure," said Art Baker. "You saw a cave with some bats flying out of it. We've all seen bat caves! But millions of bats! That sounds crazy!"

"But there *were* millions of the bats!" cried Jim. "I watched for nearly three hours before they all came out."

"Aw, come off it, Jim!" said Shorty Long. "Three hours! It just seemed that long to you!"

"I tell you it *was* three hours!" Jim insisted hotly. But his friends just laughed and shrugged.

"You've been out in the sun too long," said Art. "Come on! Let's wash up for supper!"

Jim followed them slowly as they started toward the house. They didn't believe him! He knew it was hard for them to believe his story. He knew that it sounded crazy. But he *had* seen the bats, millions of them!

Deep in the Ground

A few evenings later Jim talked some of his friends into going with him to watch the bats fly out for food. The men went along just to please him. But when they saw the cloud of bats and heard the sound of their whirring wings, they were as surprised as he had been.

When they returned and told what they had seen, the rest of the men still wouldn't believe them.

But the strange story spread. At last the owner of a fertilizer company heard it. He came out to see Jim White.

"If what you say is true," he said, "that cave must be thick with guano. The droppings from all those bats will make fine fertilizer. Will you show me the cave?"

So Jim took the man to the bat cave. And he became as excited as Jim. "I can hardly believe it!" the man said. "That guano will make money for anyone who can mine it. Do you want a job helping me, Jim?"

The cowboy was delighted. At last he would have a chance to go down into that pit and explore!

The fertilizer company built a passage far down into the pit. And Jim White was lowered deep into the ground. He found great deposits of guano.

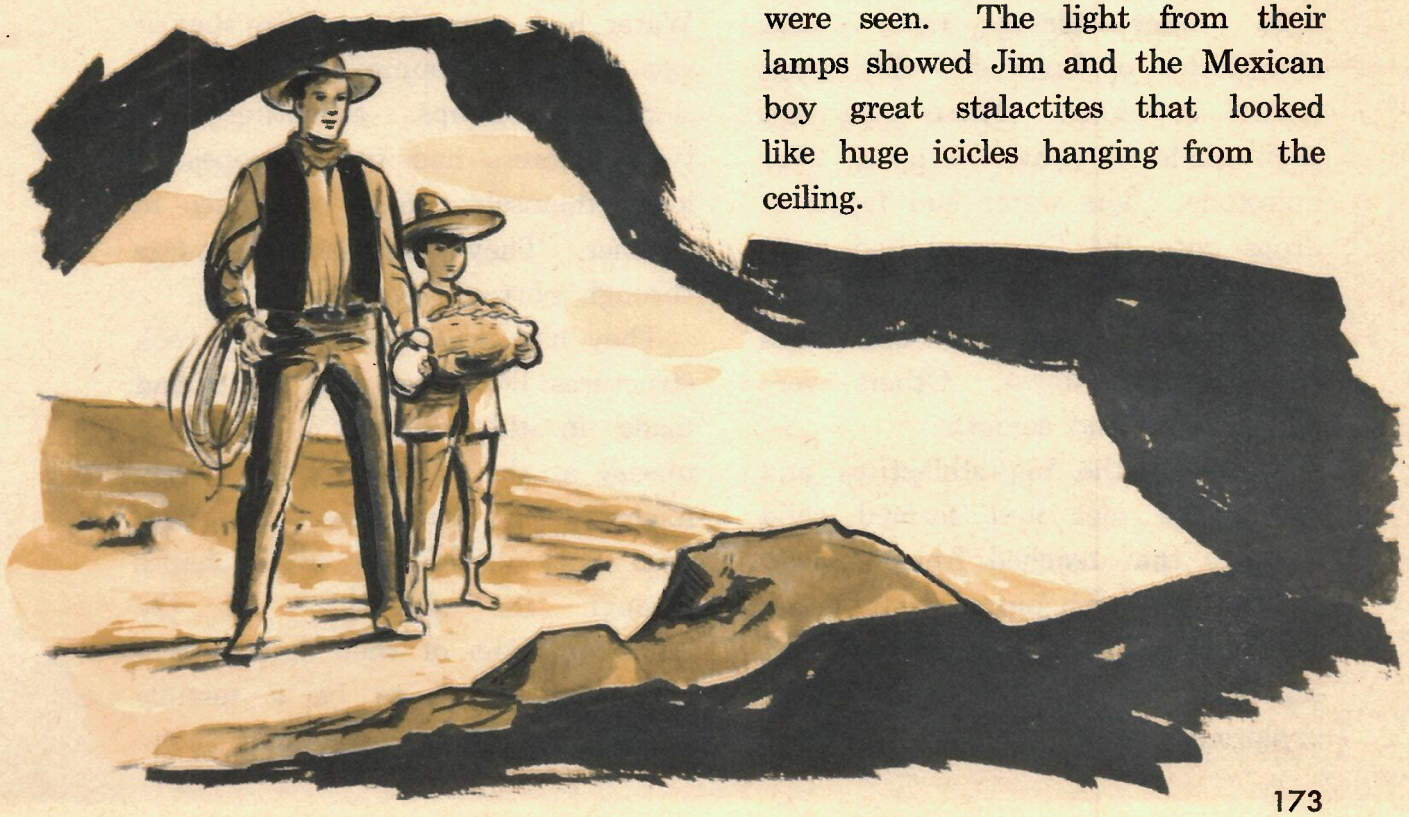
For several years he was in charge of the men who mined the guano. As he looked for other deposits of fertilizer, he found that there were rooms both to the left and to the right of the passage. Because of the deposits of guano in the rooms to the left, he knew that the bats lived there. But to the right there was no sign of guano, only unknown darkness.

As he worked, Jim kept thinking about that dark, unknown part of the caves. He made up his mind to find out what was there. He didn't want to explore all alone, because there might be dangers. But none of his friends wanted to go with him. Finally he found a young Mexican boy who would go, and they began to make plans to explore the caverns.

In Search of New Wonders

One morning Jim and his Mexican friend took some food, lamps, balls of string, and long ropes. They set out to explore the mystery that lay hidden in the darkness. As Jim and the Mexican boy began their search, they found themselves in a world of wonder.

For thousands of years the caverns had been in darkness. Now, for the first time, they were lighted. And for the first time their beauties were seen. The light from their lamps showed Jim and the Mexican boy great stalactites that looked like huge icicles hanging from the ceiling.



The stalactites had been made by water trickling over limestone for thousands of years. Bits of lime in the water had stuck to the ceiling. More and more lime had been added through the years and had made these structures. Where the light fell on them, the stone icicles sparkled with rainbow colors.

In other places there were stalagmites of huge size like great forests of stone. These also had been made by water dripping over limestone. The water had fallen in drops onto the floor and had built up structures there. Some of the stalagmites looked like stalactites turned upside down. Others were dark-colored and smooth.

Many of the big stalactites and stalagmites met and formed solid columns that reached from floor to ceiling. In some places both stalactites and stalagmites showed beautiful colors in the dim light of the explorers' lamps.

Jim and the Mexican boy could hardly believe that the things they saw were real. They stood and stared at the greatness and beauty of the rooms.

The explorers were drawn on and on, although it was hard to move about in the caverns. The rocky, uneven floor was hard to walk on. Water had worn it away so that it was rough and bumpy, with sudden slopes and drops. Sometimes the two explorers had to use ropes to lower themselves from one place to another. They often had to squeeze through narrow openings.

They had never seen strange rock structures like those the water had made in the caverns. They felt uneasy at the thought of what they might find in the rooms. Now and then they could see huge shapes through the shadows. In the flickering light of their lamps each of these seemed to be a terrible monster, ready to leap upon them.

The day passed, and the two explorers did not return. Their friends began to worry about them. But Jim and the Mexican boy were still going through the caverns.

Scared though they were, they were so excited by what they saw that they decided to stay and see how far the rooms went. Their supplies would last for another day if they were careful.

They lay down to sleep on a bed of stone. But now and again the silence was broken by sudden notes of ghostly music. There was little sleep for either of them that night. After a few hours, they got up to explore farther. But the caverns seemed to go on and on.

At last the explorers turned back. Their supplies would last only long enough for them to get back to daylight.

When Jim and the Mexican boy came out of the cave, they were tired and dusty but filled with wonder at what they had found. This time Jim White had seen some of the real beauty of the great caverns. His story was so strange that again people found it hard to believe.

"It was just like a new world!" Jim said. "We flashed our lights and saw the strangest things!"

"*Sí, sí,* it was beautiful," sighed his Mexican friend. "It was so big!"

"And the ceilings looked hundreds of feet high in some places," added Jim.

The ranch hands looked at one another. Who could believe such stories? But they listened as Jim told of more and more wonders.

"But why didn't you come back yesterday and go out again this morning?" Shorty asked. "You had us worried. We thought that something had happened to you."

"We wanted to see for ourselves how far the caves reached," Jim explained. "So we just kept going on. It was so dark in there that we couldn't tell when yesterday ended and today began."

"So we stay and sleep," the Mexican boy said.

Jim grinned. "You mean, we tried to sleep," he said. "But we couldn't. One minute it was so still that we could hear ourselves breathe. And then, in the silence, we would hear something that sounded like notes of music."

His friends looked at one another and shook their heads.

"Well, how far do the caverns reach?" asked Art.

"We still don't know," Jim said. "They just seem to go on forever! But we didn't dare stay too long today. We had a long way to come back. We knew our oil wouldn't last much longer, and we didn't want our lamps to go out. I wouldn't want to be left there in the dark!"

"Well, you thought up a good story this time," said Shorty.

Art shrugged his shoulders. He said, "Jim, you're the best story-teller I ever heard!"

"But it's all true, I tell you!" Jim shouted.

His friends just turned away. They still didn't believe him.

Jim and the Mexican boy looked at each other. How could they make the others believe what they said about the wonders in the huge dark caves?

Alone in the Dark

In the next few years Jim made many trips into the caverns. Most of the time he went alone. He always took a rope, a lamp, plenty of string, and a wire ladder.

Many strange and fearful things happened to Jim on these trips. One time his string broke. When he found out that he had no guide string, he was frightened. He was lost and alone, and there were so many winding passages that it would be hard to find the way he had come. He must try to find his string again.

Jim started back slowly, looking every step of the way for his string. He tried to remember special structures he had seen. He saw two large stalactites that he remembered passing. When his light had struck them, they had looked like large, colored icicles reaching almost to the floor.

A little farther on he came to a room that had several openings. At first he could not decide which way to go. Then, turning his light this way and that, he saw a huge stalagmite that looked like a great monster. He had seen it before. So he went in that direction.

It led him to the largest room Jim had seen in the caverns. He

remembered that he had crossed this room. He was sure that the ceiling was several hundred feet high. Yes, he was going in the right direction.

He tried to run down a slope, but his foot caught in a hole, and he fell. His lamp flew from his hand and dropped with a clatter to the floor. The clatter sounded all through the huge hall.

Jim lay there a minute with his eyes closed, breathing deeply. He must not let fear make him act foolishly. When he opened his eyes, he saw that his lamp was still burning.

He got to his feet and picked up the lamp. Then he went on carefully. He began to see more colors and more shapes that he remembered. He felt that he was on the right path now. And sure enough, just as he went around a turn, there was the end of the string! It had broken on a sharp rock. Jim laughed with joy. And his laugh came back again and again from the walls. The caverns seemed to be laughing with him.

For now it would be easy. The string would guide him back to the opening of the cave. Since he was safe, he could enjoy the rainbow colors of the stalactites and the stalagmites.

But suddenly Jim was in trouble again. His flickering lamp went out. Its oil was gone. Once more he was alone and frightened. But this time he had his string to follow. He would move slowly and carefully.

The darkness made him hear many things that he had not heard before. His footsteps sounded so loud that he stopped to make sure no one else was there.

Then he could hear strange rustling and whispering sounds and the drip, drip of water. Soft, ghostly notes of music sounded around him—one, then another, then several together. Some were like chimes or sleigh bells. Others sounded more like notes from a piano.

Now Jim felt sure he was hearing things that weren't there at all. Where could music come from in here? He quieted his fears and went on, step by step, following his string. It seemed days before he finally came to the opening in the cave. How good it was to see daylight!

Although fearful things happened on some of his trips, Jim White returned to the caverns again and again. He learned that there really were sounds like chimes or sleigh bells and piano notes in some of the rooms. He explored farther and farther into the unknown darkness.

Jim never reached the end of the caverns. No one has yet found how far they go. But all the world now knows that Jim White found something far more important than a bat cave. He was led by the strange black smoke to one of the great wonders of our times—Carlsbad Caverns.

Every year many thousands of visitors go to Carlsbad Caverns to see the beauty of this natural wonder. But it is only one of the many great wonders of nature that have been discovered. There are others that are being explored today.

Nature is still changing the face of the earth, making volcanoes, caves, and other wonders. With heat, wind, and trickling drops of water new wonders are always being made. Who knows what will be discovered in the years ahead?

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Can you find sentences in "Jim's Discovery" that make you know the following statements are true? For your answers, write the sentences you find.

a. Jim White liked New Mexico.

b. Jim was worried when he saw smoke coming from the foothills.

c. Jim knew that he had made a great discovery.

2 What four things did Jim and his young friend take into the cave with them? Explain why you think they needed each thing.

3 Which word in parentheses best fits the meaning of the sentence and helps you see or hear what happened in the story?

a. The stone icicles sparkled with (many, bright, rainbow) colors.

b. They often had to (go, squeeze, push) through narrow openings.

c. The silence was broken by notes of (strange, ghostly, loud) music.

d. His lamp dropped to the floor with a (clatter, roar, bang).

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas.

1 What kind of person was Jim White? Why do you think the other cowboys didn't believe his story about the bats?

2 If you had been in Jim White's place, alone and lost in the dark, how would you have felt?

3 Which part of the story did you like best? Be ready to read it aloud.

THINKING BACK

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Would you rather read a scientist's explanation of a natural wonder, a legend about a natural wonder, or a realistic story about a natural wonder? Give reasons for your answer.

2 Which story about natural wonders did you think was best? Give reasons for your answer.

3 What natural wonders other than volcanoes and caves do you know about?

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Some structures are natural wonders. What is there about these structures that makes us call them natural wonders?

2 Why don't people today make up legends to explain natural wonders as they did long ago?

3 Have you ever visited a natural wonder? If you have, be ready to tell the class about it.

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Suffixes and Prefixes

Root words are often changed before suffixes are added.

1 Was the root word changed before a suffix was added to each word below? If so, what change was made?

prepared	depended	pierced
skilled	snapping	raging

Sometimes more than one suffix is added to a root word.

2 Find the root word in each word below. What suffixes were added to each root word?

blackened	hunters	sharpened
Americans	frightened	farmers

Sometimes both a prefix and a suffix are added to a root word.

3 Find the root word in each word below. What prefix and suffix were added to each root word?

disappeared unknown disobeyed

The suffix **hood** is sometimes added to a root word to make a naming word.

4 Say the following words. What does each one mean?

childhood falsehood brotherhood

Word Meaning

Remember that doing words and describing words often help you understand the feelings of people and animals you read about.

1 Read each sentence to find out about the feelings of people or animals. Then answer the question that follows the sentence.

The two boys' hearts leaped as they saw the bear. Were the boys angry, frightened, or sad?

With blazing eyes the bear rushed at the boy. Was the bear sad, frightened, or angry?

Silently the boys stared at the ground as they listened to the rebuke. Were the boys ashamed, merry, or brave?

Sound the Words

paused	difficult		council
backward	antler		entered
ridge	rage	eagle	vegetables

The Earliest Americans

How They Lived

Long, long ago, when the first Indians came to America, there were no white men at all in this great land. So the Indians can really be called the "earliest Americans."

In spite of their name, the "Indians" did not really come from India. Today we are pretty sure that they came across to America from Siberia.

These earliest Americans were hunters. When they reached America, they traveled all across the land. They moved from west to east, and from north to south, searching for food and for good places to live.

America is made up of many different kinds of land. Some parts are forests. Other parts are rolling plains, great deserts, and high mountains. As the Indians moved into these different parts of the country, they learned how to find food, build homes, and protect themselves and their families. The kinds of food, clothing, and homes they had—in short, their whole way of life—depended on where they chose to live. You can imagine that Indians who made the forests their homes lived very different lives from the Indians who chose the deserts for their homes.

The stories that follow will tell you something about the ways of life of four large groups of Indian tribes. These four groups are by no means all the groups that lived in early America. But stories about the way these four groups lived will tell you a lot about America in the days before the white men came.

In the northeast part of America lived the Forest Indians. These people lived and hunted in the forests. Some of the Forest Indians, known as the People of the Long House, built large homes of wood and bark.

The People of the Long House were farmers. They grew corn and other vegetables. But they were hunters, too. From the time they were children, the boys of the tribe were trained to become good hunters. This story about White Eagle and the other boy hunters tells how they were trained and what happened when they forgot what they had been taught.

The Boy Hunters

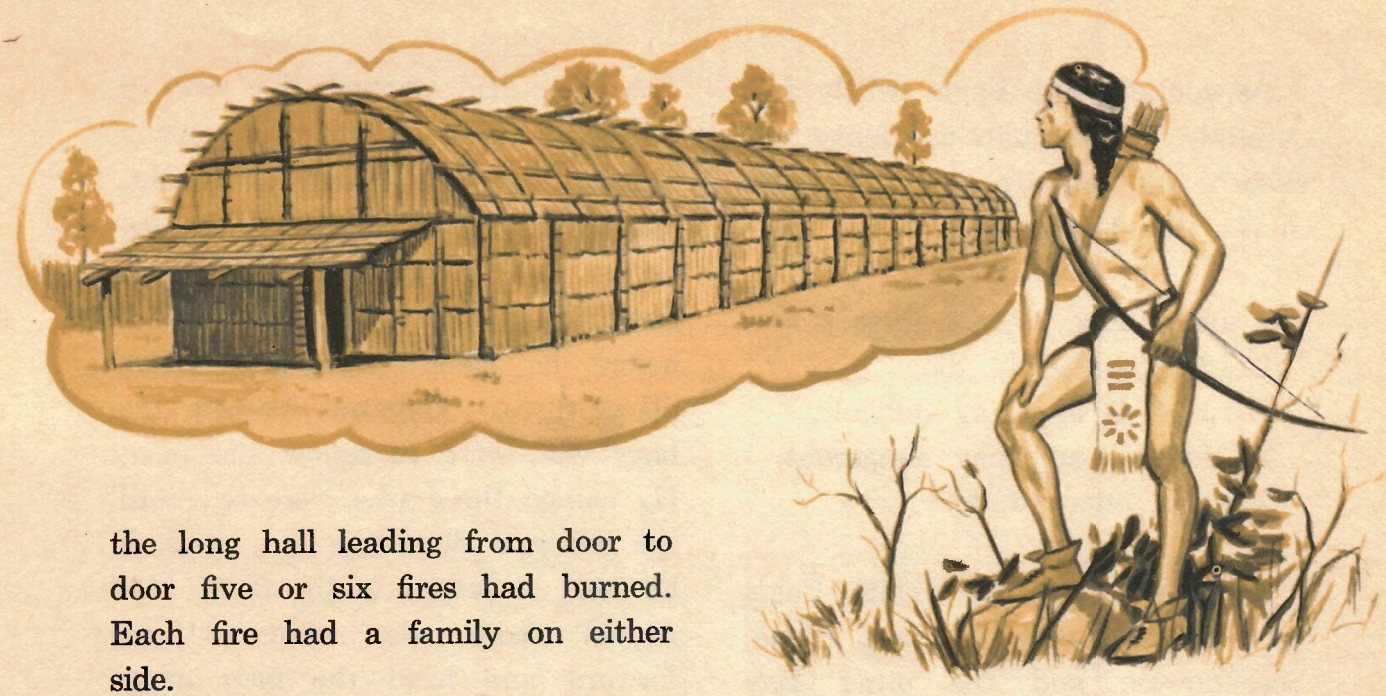
Once long ago a large tribe of Iroquois Indians grew tired of their old village in the forest. They decided to move to a new place on the top of a hill. The new village was near a river, and nearby there was a clear space in the forest where the people could plant corn. It was a good place for a village.

One day in early fall White Eagle, a boy of this Iroquois village, was walking in the forest. Suddenly he came to the old village where his people had lived before moving to the hill.

White Eagle paused at the door of the long house that had been his old home. He remembered how, as a very little boy, he had watched this house being built.

The young people of the village had cut down strong young trees, made them into poles, and set them in the ground. Upon these poles they had placed cross poles and fastened them with ropes made of branches. They had covered this frame with bark boards, fastening them over each other. Then they had set up a frame of poles along the outside of the boards and across the rafters. They had fastened this frame to the inner frame to hold the bark boards in place. When it was finished, it was a strong, well-built house.

The house was over a hundred feet long. It had to be long, because many families had lived there together. There was a door at each end of the house. Over each door was the sign of the turtle, the Iroquois family's sign. White Eagle remembered that in



the long hall leading from door to door five or six fires had burned. Each fire had a family on either side.

When White Eagle's family had lived there, the long house had been a busy, happy place. At night the fires had burned brightly and had thrown interesting shadows on the walls. From the rafters had hung barrels filled with corn. But now the house was empty and still.

White Eagle entered the silent long house. He knew that the house would soon become the home of the owl and the snake. Outside, when the winter's snow came, the wolf would boldly prowl where the council fire had burned. And the deer would run through the old cornfield.

Slowly White Eagle went to the blackened fireplace that had once been his mother's. Out of the silence something whispered: "You have left the days of your childhood. Now it is time for you to begin learning to be a man."

As White Eagle came out of the empty long house, all the world seemed to call him to action. Loudly the forest spoke: "Come and find new adventure. Race with the swift deer! Try your arm against the bear! Try your mind against Jitso, the fox!"

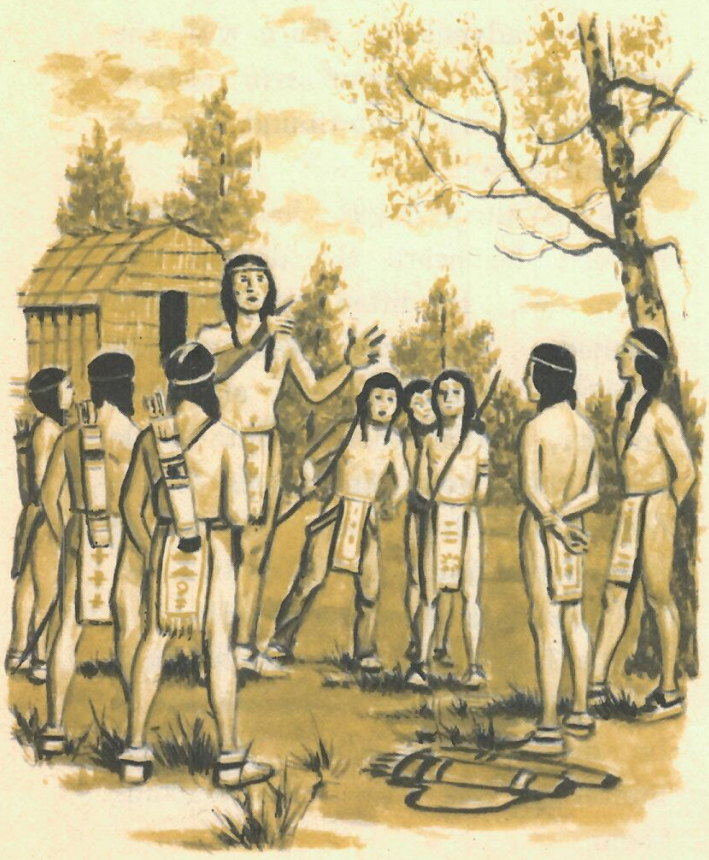
As White Eagle looked and listened, he heard the distant call of an owl. He lifted his head and listened. The call was quickly answered by another call, and then another, and another. White Eagle knew they were the signals of his friends, the Boy Foxes. He turned toward the forest, gave the owl cry, and disappeared in the woodland.

The Boy Foxes were the boys of the tribe who were being trained to be hunters. Hodegweh, the best hunter of the tribe, was teaching them.

As young White Eagle swiftly and carefully ran through the forest, he silently and proudly sang the words of the Boy Foxes' song:

I am a Fox, a wise Jitso,
I am prepared to die;
If there is anything difficult,
If there is anything dangerous,
That is mine to do.

A little while later White Eagle was standing with his best friend, Sosondoweh, and the other Boy Foxes. They were listening to the words of Gayewas, their leader and the oldest of the Boy Foxes.

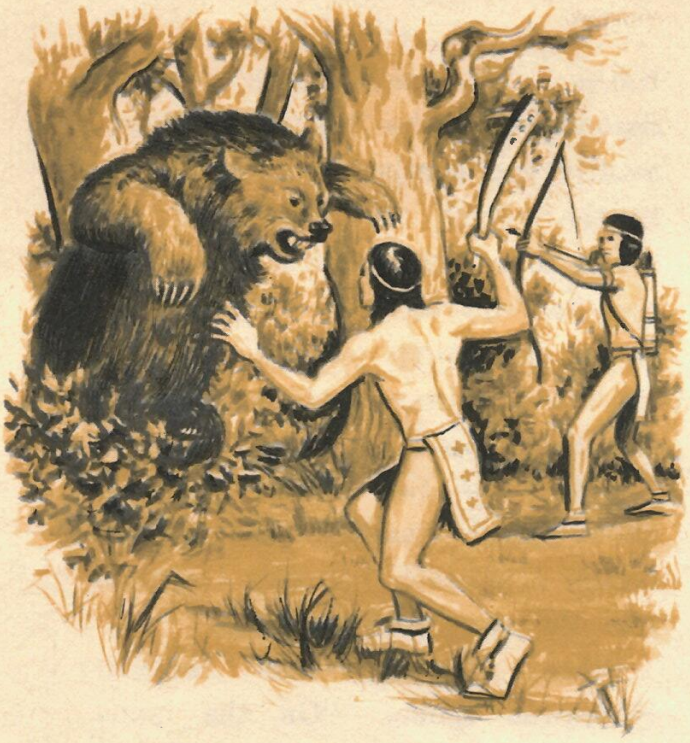


A bear had crossed the river a half hour before. He was slowly making his way toward a distant, rocky ridge. Hodegweh, the skilled hunter, had said that the Boy Foxes must follow the bear and kill him before he could reach his hiding place there. Gayewas named the boys who were to follow the bear. He named those who were to guard the left and drive the bear back if he tried to return to the river. He named those who were to run forward and head the bear away from the mountain.

Swiftly and silently they began the chase. Soon the distant calls of the owl were given and answered. The bear had been sighted.

White Eagle was the youngest of the Boy Foxes. But he ran so well that he kept beside Gayewas, the leader. They ran until the ridge was just before them. Suddenly there was the sound of snapping underbrush in front, and the bear came into sight. The two boys' hearts leaped as they looked. It was the largest bear they had ever seen. Both drew their bows, and two arrows pierced the bear at the same instant. The great bear turned in a rage to fight, but in a moment Gayewas sent an arrow that sank between his shoulders.

On all sides the Boy Foxes were closing in. The body of the bear was soon pierced by many arrows,



but he was still fighting. He raised himself on his hind legs and with blazing eyes rushed at one of the boy hunters.

Then Gayewas, strong and fearless, ran swiftly to meet the great bear, calling, "Ho, grandfather!" The young hunter struck him a heavy blow with his club, a heavy maple club to which a deer's antler had been fastened. The antler broke the skull of the bear, and he dropped dead at their feet.

The boys gathered about the body in silence. Each paused, amazed by the great size of the bear.

Then Gayewas lighted his pipe and asked the dead bear to forgive them because in their need of meat they had taken his life.

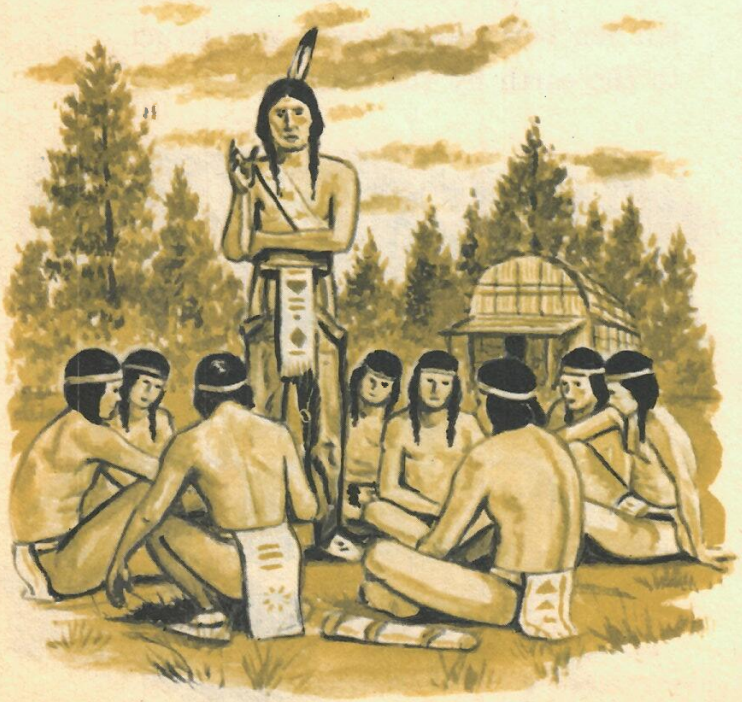
The Boy Foxes turned toward the village, dragging the huge body. At first they were silent and careful, as they had been taught. But soon one of the boy hunters began singing their song. All the Boy Foxes joined: "I am a Fox, a wise Jitso." Over and over they sang it, their happy voices ringing all through the woodland.

Suddenly they heard the sound of heavy running behind them. They had scarcely grasped their bows when they saw another huge bear rushing upon them, her eyes blazing with anger. In an instant the Boy Foxes had disappeared, and the raging bear was left alone with her dead mate.

Then Sosondoweh, White Eagle's best friend and a swift runner, came boldly out from behind a tree and quickly drew his bow on the raging beast. But before the arrow had left his bow, Sosondoweh was struck to the earth by the bear's huge paw.

That moment would have been the end of Sosondoweh if White Eagle had not boldly stepped from cover. The bear rose to fight. White Eagle ran forward and hit the bear a blow with his sharpened maple club. But White Eagle's arm was not strong enough. The bear was only dazed for an instant. Then she rushed at White Eagle with raised paws. White Eagle lifted his arm to strike again. But another club fell on the bear. It was the club of Gayewas. The sharp point of the antler on the club pierced the skull of the great bear, who fell backward and sank dead beside her mate.

But there was no joy in the hearts of the Boy Foxes as they paused to look at the two huge bodies. All their thoughts were for Sosondoweh, who lay badly hurt. Swiftly and gently they carried him to the village. Two of them ran ahead to tell the news, and another ran to call a woman who was skilled in healing wounds. Quickly she made a dressing of medicines to heal Sosondoweh.



Later the Boy Foxes gathered about their teacher, the skilled hunter Hodegweh. Quietly Gayewas told the story of their hunt.

When Gayewas had finished, Hodegweh spoke. "On the home path you should have kept silence, for only in silence can the ear warn you of danger. Remember that the eye sees the forward path only. The backward path must be guarded by the ear.

"The boldness of Sosondoweh was foolish, for his arrow could not hurt the bear. White Eagle was a true friend in defending Sosondoweh, but he has disobeyed my teachings. He is the youngest of the Boy Foxes, and his arm is not strong enough to break the skull of a bear.

"Remember my words, for soon you will have greater things to learn. See that you are ready. I have spoken."

In silence the boys listened to the rebuke of Hodegweh. They had killed the two huge bears, but they felt no pride. Had they not run away from the second bear? Had

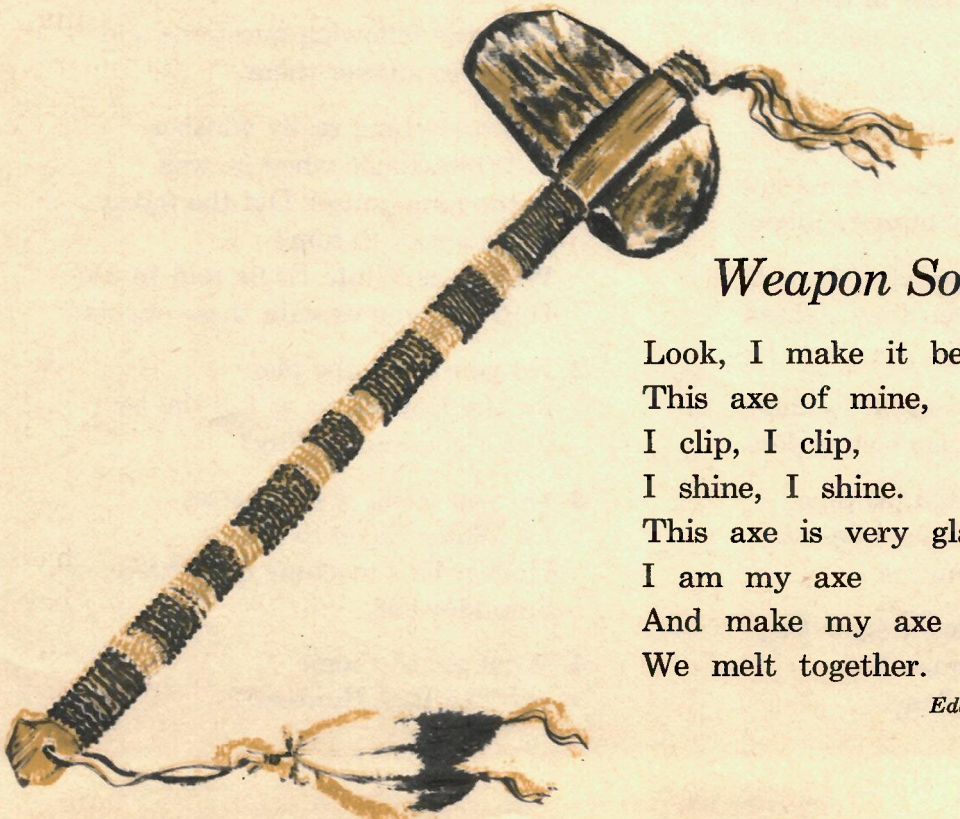
not a friend fallen? Each boy knew well that an older hunter would have quickly killed the raging bear in open fight. If they had been swift and sure with their weapons, Sosondoweh would not have been wounded.

That evening at the wood's edge a fire was lighted, and the people went out to look at the two dead bears. The old men told tales of their hunting. They told of huge bears killed by their fathers. But never before had boy hunters brought such a kill to their village.

But White Eagle did not listen to the old men's praise. His mind was filled with the rebuke of Hodegweh and with the sharper rebuke that would come to Sosondoweh when his wounds had healed. White Eagle knew that he had disobeyed. He would not do so again. He knew, too, that his blow had helped his friend only a little. But still he was glad that he had struck it.

To all the Indians of America, their weapons were very important. They used their weapons to help them get food, build homes, and protect themselves.

This song was first sung by an Indian of long ago. In it he tells how his weapon was so important to him that it was almost a part of him.



Weapon Song

Look, I make it beautiful,
This axe of mine,
I clip, I clip,
I shine, I shine.
This axe is very glad to be.
I am my axe
And make my axe me;
We melt together.

Eda Lou Walton

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 How did the Iroquois Indians build a long house? Write the following sentences in order to show what they did first, second, and so on.

a. They set up a frame of poles along the outside of the boards and across the rafters.

b. They made the trees into poles.

c. They covered the inner frame with bark boards.

d. They fastened the outside frame to the inner frame.

e. To make the inner frame, they set the poles in the ground and fastened cross poles to them.

f. Young people of the village cut down strong young trees.

2 Which three sentences tell about mistakes the boy hunters made?

a. The Boy Foxes gave the call of the owl when they sighted the bear.

b. Gayewas sent an arrow that sank between the bear's shoulders.

c. Gayewas lighted his pipe and asked the dead bear to forgive the hunters.

d. The Boy Foxes sang as they dragged the huge bear toward the village.

e. Sosondoweh came out from behind a tree and drew his bow on the dead bear's mate.

f. White Eagle hit the dead bear's mate with his club.

3 Which word in parentheses best fits the meaning of the sentence and helps you hear or see what happened in the story?

a. The boy hunters heard the sound of (breaking, shaking, snapping) underbrush.

b. Two arrows (struck, pierced, hit) the bear at the same instant.

c. With (shining, blazing, fiery) eyes the bear rushed at one of the boys.

d. Each boy paused, (amazed, surprised, frightened) by the great size of the dead bear.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and be ready to answer them.

1 Did something really whisper to White Eagle when he was in the long house? Did the forest really speak to him? What was White Eagle told to do? How can you explain these events?

2 Do you think the plan for the Boy Foxes to kill the bear was a good one? Why?

3 Do you think it was better for White Eagle to follow Hodegweh's teaching or to help Sosondoweh?

4 What is the theme of "The Boy Hunters"?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Vowels with r

The consonant **r** usually affects the sound of a vowel that comes just before it. The accent in a word also affects the vowel sound.

1 Find the accent in each word. What sound does the vowel with **r** have in the unaccented syllables?

favor murmured quiver

Silent Letters

Many words have letters you do not hear when you say the words.

1 Find the silent vowels in the following words.

awe seize lined

2 Find the silent consonants in the following words.

honor yells knives

Root Words

A root word is often changed before a suffix is added.

1 Find the words in which the root word was not changed.

bones stampeding favored

2 Find the words in which the root word was changed. What change was made?

gazing skinned knives

Word Meaning

You can often tell something about the meaning of a word by the way it is used in a sentence. For example, you can tell whether a word is a naming, doing, or describing word by the way it is used in a sentence.

1 Is a naming word, a doing word, or a describing word needed to complete each sentence?

a. People ____ out of their houses to find out what had caused the loud noise.

b. The tired children sat on the ____ grass.

c. ____ whizzed down the hill.

2 Is the underlined word a doing word, a describing word, or a naming word?

a. The dog began to quiver with fear.

b. The boy took an arrow from his quiver.

c. The wood was a beautiful tan color.

d. Indian women knew how to tan a deerskin.

e. The Indians would not eat a sacred buffalo.

f. The Great Spirit protected the Indians.

g. Those children all favor their mother.

h. What kind of favor did you get at the party?

i. While we were gazing at the sky, we saw a falling star.

Sound the Words

favor sacred awe dawn
tan bones quivers murmured
knives gazing prayers

The Forest Indians were farmers as well as hunters. But the Indians who lived on the plains of America were mostly hunters. They hunted deer and other game, but by far the most important animal to the Plains Indians was the buffalo. They ate buffalo meat, made their tents of buffalo skins, and made many of their tools and weapons from buffalo bones. Their whole way of life depended on the buffalo.

In this story you will read of an exciting and wonderful thing that happened to a Plains Indian boy named Gray Wolf.

Big Medicine

The Spring Buffalo Hunt

"Buffaloes! Buffaloes!" Gray Wolf shouted, as he rode into the village. People came running out of their tepees.

"Where?" the men shouted at the boy, who jumped off his horse and ran toward Chief White Cloud's tepee.

Gray Wolf was out of breath and could only point off toward the southwest as he ran. He raced up to the chief's tepee.

"Rest," White Cloud said. "Let the breath come back into your body. Then tell me what you have seen."

When Gray Wolf could breathe more easily, he said, "I was hunting not far from here, toward the setting sun. I saw a great gray cloud reaching from the ground to the sky. Then from a ridge I saw many, many buffaloes in the valley below."

"You bear good news," White Cloud said. "We have been waiting for the spring coming of the buffaloes. The Great Spirit has sent them to us again. Now we shall have meat for another year. Go now to your father and tell him we leave at dawn for the hunt."

Gray Wolf hurried to his family's tepee.

"My son," said his father, Straight Arrow, "the Great Spirit has shown you favor by leading you to the buffaloes. Our village will eat well this year."

Soft Rain, his mother, said nothing but looked at him with pride.

Gray Wolf began to tell about the great herd. Straight Arrow asked him, "You did not see a white buffalo in the herd, my son?"

"No, Father, I did not," replied Gray Wolf. His father sighed. It was the dream of every hunter in the village to kill a white buffalo. The white buffalo was sacred. Its skin would bring a tribe good luck. To the man who might kill one would come honor and great power.

There was a legend in the tribe that once long ago a hunter had killed a white buffalo. But no one of this village had ever seen one.

Straight Arrow sighed again and then smiled at his son. "You are young, Gray Wolf," he said, "and you have never hunted buffaloes. But tomorrow you hunt with us because it was you who saw the buffaloes returning. May all your arrows be swift and true."

Gray Wolf was filled with pride, but he answered quietly, "I will try to be a great hunter like my father."

"Come, we must get ready," said Straight Arrow. He and Gray Wolf filled their quivers with their best arrows. Straight Arrow gave one of his own bows to Gray Wolf. The boy was proud of this sign that he would soon be a man. He could scarcely wait for the dawn.

While the men got their hunting weapons ready, Soft Rain sharpened her knives. She and the other women would skin and cut up the buffaloes the men killed. Then they would tan the hides. They would make robes, bags, needles, bowstrings, and many other things they needed.

While the men and women made ready for the hunt, the medicine man, Black Bear, made medicine. The old man entered his tepee and sat down before a small fire. He murmured secret words and threw something special on the fire to make the smoke carry his prayers to the Great Spirit. He put colored sand in a dish and made magic shapes. Black Bear's medicine would help the hunters kill many buffaloes.

At dawn the hunters jumped on their horses. Straight Arrow gave one of his best horses, Swift Wind, to Gray Wolf. "Swift Wind knows the buffaloes," he said. "He will help you to hunt."

"Thank you, Father," said Gray Wolf proudly. Again his father had shown him honor.

With a loud yell the hunters galloped out of the village. Then they slowed their horses to a trot so as not to tire them. Gray Wolf rode beside his father and listened to him tell of hunts of the past and of the many buffaloes they would kill today.

When they came to the ridge overlooking the valley, the Indians saw thousands of buffaloes eating the fresh spring grass.

"There will be much meat," Straight Arrow said happily.

Gray Wolf grew hungry as he thought of the fresh buffalo meat they would eat that night.

Quietly the Indians started down into the valley. They did not want the buffaloes to stampede until they had killed several. It was hard to shoot stampeding buffaloes.

As the Indians came within range, they began to fit arrows to their bows. Then the buffaloes saw the hunters, and all at once, as if a signal had been given, the whole herd began to run. The Indians yelled and let their arrows fly. Several young buffaloes fell along the edge of the herd.

Then the men galloped into the herd, trying to cut young animals toward the edge, where they would shoot them. Quickly Swift Wind raced into the herd, and he and Gray Wolf were soon carried along with the fast-running river of buffaloes.

Gray Wolf was so excited that he could scarcely breathe, but he was not afraid. From the time he was a child every Indian hunter was taught to be brave and never show fear. He guided Swift Wind toward the edge of the herd so he would have a better chance of killing a buffalo. The dust raised by the herd filled Gray Wolf's eyes and made it hard to breathe. After a few minutes the air cleared a little, and he saw a fat young buffalo racing along beside him. He was about to pull an arrow from his quiver, when suddenly Swift Wind leaped over a calf fallen in his path. Gray Wolf flew off the horse and landed on his knees on the ground. He got to his feet and ran up the ridge until he was out of the way of the stampeding buffaloes.

Gray Wolf looked back down over the herd. Then he thought of his horse. "Swift Wind!" he yelled. "Swift Wind!"

All he could see through the dust was the running buffaloes.

Gray Wolf was bitterly ashamed. "Never since I learned to ride have I been thrown from a horse. Why did this happen? Can it be that I have done something to anger the Great Spirit?"

Gray Wolf tried to think what to do. Perhaps he could still shoot a buffalo. Then his shame would not be quite so great. He looked at the bow in his hand. He had held onto it through all that had happened. A good hunter never let go of his weapon.

The bow was cracked. Gray Wolf did not know that it would shoot, but he must try it. He reached into his quiver for an arrow. But all the arrows had fallen out when he was thrown from his horse. Filled with shame, Gray Wolf looked out over the dust-filled valley. Then slowly he started back along the side of the ridge.

A Man with Power

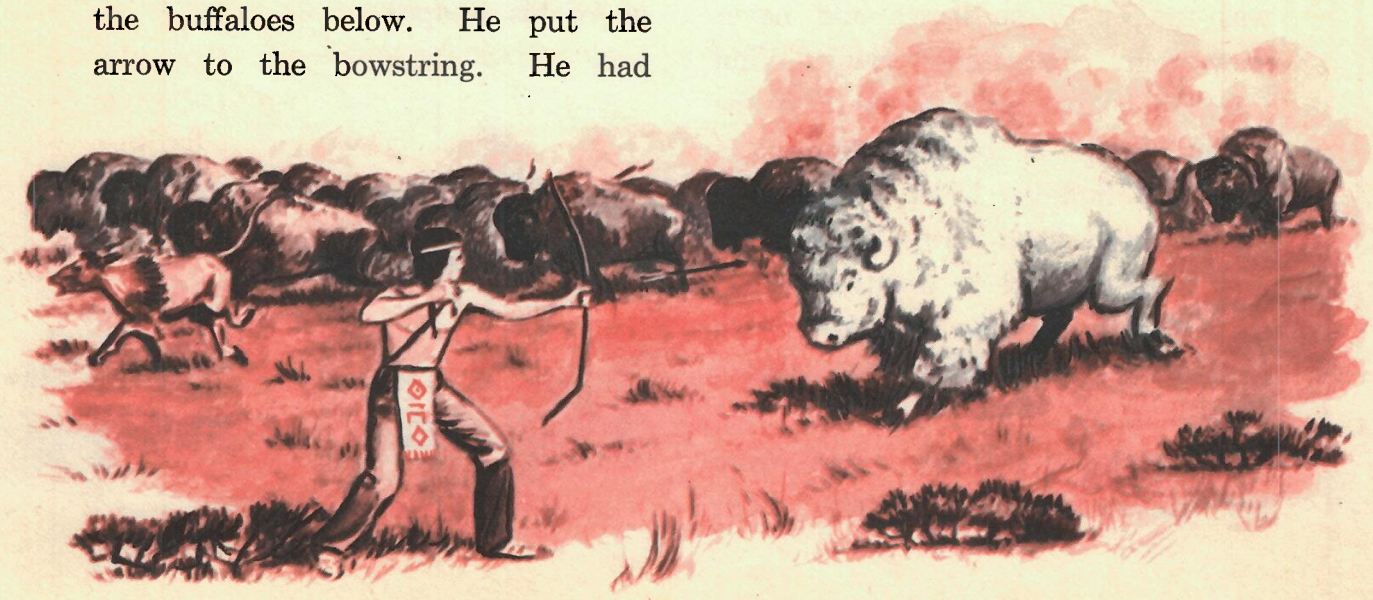
Not far below him the buffaloes raced by. Now and then the yells of hunters sounded above the roar. As Gray Wolf walked along, he forgot the buffaloes, the dust, and the noise. He could think only of his shame.

Something sticking out of the hillside caught at his leg. He looked down and saw that it was an arrow. Someone had shot at a buffalo and missed.

Gray Wolf quickly picked up the arrow. It was one of his father's. This was a good sign. Perhaps the Great Spirit was not angry after all. Gray Wolf turned to look again at the buffaloes below. He put the arrow to the bowstring. He had only one arrow and a cracked bow that might break when he pulled the string back to shoot.

He watched for a buffalo to come running along the edge of the herd. Again and again the dust rose and hid the animals. Then he saw a huge gray shape racing along just outside the herd. A cloud of dust swept over Gray Wolf. When he could see again, the shape was nearer, and now he saw that it was not gray—but white!

Gray Wolf could scarcely believe his eyes. In a daze he aimed his arrow and pulled the bowstring.



The bow broke, but the arrow flew away. Gray Wolf saw the white buffalo leap, run a little way, and then fall.

Dazed, Gray Wolf sat down hard where he was. He did not see the herd disappear from sight. He did not see the wind slowly clear the dust from the air. He sat there staring at the white buffalo he had killed.

"The white buffalo!" he whispered in awe. "The sacred buffalo of the Sun. To dream of one is good medicine. To see one is to be in high favor with the Great Spirit. To kill one is to have the most powerful medicine there is on earth!"

These thoughts raced through Gray Wolf's mind. He sat dazed. He could not believe that he, Gray Wolf, had done what only one man had ever done in all the legends of his tribe.

Gray Wolf did not hear the hunter who came up and stared and then rode away shouting to the others. He did not hear the men race up. He did not hear them call to the Great Spirit in voices filled with awe and praise. He did not move until Straight Arrow came to him and shook him from his daze.

"Why do you not move?" asked his worried father. "Has your spirit gone with the spirit of the white buffalo?"

Gray Wolf stared into his father's frightened eyes. "No, Father," he said. "I am here. But all this—it is like a dream."

As Gray Wolf slowly rose and walked over to the white buffalo with his father, the men made way for him and murmured about him in awe.

"The white buffalo must be skinned, my son," said Straight Arrow.

"Father, I cannot skin it," said Gray Wolf. "I know not how to do it well."

"I will skin it for you," said his father. "Your mother will tan the hide and make a robe from it. Then at the next medicine council you will raise the robe on a post and offer it to the Great Spirit."

Straight Arrow took out his knife and carefully began to skin the buffalo. The meat would be left behind. It was not to be eaten.

Gray Wolf sat beside the buffalo and watched his father work. He was tired, and his body hurt from his fall. But the hurt was good. It told him that what had happened was real. He stood up and raised his hands to the sky. Then he gave thanks to the Great Spirit for showing him favor and giving him this powerful medicine.

After his prayers Gray Wolf suddenly remembered Swift Wind.

"Father," he said, "I have lost the horse you gave me."

Straight Arrow smiled at him. "Another hunter caught him. It is not good to lose your horse. But I believe that the Great Spirit planned it so that you might kill the sacred white buffalo. Tonight in council you will tell us about it."

When Straight Arrow finished skinning the white buffalo, he gave the hide to Gray Wolf. A hunter brought Swift Wind, and Gray Wolf jumped on him. All the braves lined up behind them. Gray Wolf galloped home, leading the rest of the hunters. When they came to the village, Gray Wolf was met

with prayers and shouts of praise. He rode through the village, holding up the hide for all to see.

Coming to his own tepee, Gray Wolf jumped from his horse and gave the skin to his mother to tan. Soft Rain smiled at her son with pride and love. Gray Wolf entered the tepee and sat down to rest. Soon he was called to a meeting in the chief's tepee.

Chief White Cloud and the other headmen of the village were sitting around the council fire. When Gray Wolf entered, Chief White Cloud pointed to a seat between him and Black Bear, the old medicine man. When Gray Wolf was seated, the pipe was handed around. At last it was handed to Gray Wolf. As he puffed, he knew that he was now a man of the tribe. He was asked to tell how he shot the white buffalo. In a clear voice he told how it had happened.

When he finished, Chief White Cloud said, "You are young and have much to learn. But the Great Spirit smiles on you, and from this day you are a man. You will be given a man's name. You will be called He-Who-Killed-the-White-Buffalo. You will hunt and go to war with the men."

Then Black Bear spoke to the boy. "Your medicine is powerful. I will teach you the secrets I know, and one day you will take my

place as medicine man of the tribe. Your medicine will be stronger than any our tribe has ever had. The Great Spirit has given you his special protection and great power."

"It is good," the others murmured.

The meeting ended, and He-Who-Killed-the-White-Buffalo started home. He did not run as a boy would. He walked slowly and proudly through the village. He knew that everyone was looking at him and praising him. He was a man with big medicine. He had brought power and honor to his tribe.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 What word or words will complete each sentence and make a true statement about "The Spring Buffalo Hunt"?

a. The white buffalo was ____.

b. The skin of a white buffalo would bring a tribe ____.

c. To the man who might kill a white buffalo would come ____ and great ____.

d. Black Bear's ____ would help the hunters kill many buffaloes.

2 Why do you think the people in "The Spring Buffalo Hunt" did the following things? Write a sentence to answer each question.

a. Why did Straight Arrow show honor to his son?

b. Why did Soft Rain sharpen her knives?

c. Why did Gray Wolf fly off his horse?

3 Which three sentences show that the Great Spirit favored Gray Wolf?

a. Straight Arrow skinned the buffalo for Gray Wolf.

b. Gray Wolf was the first to see the buffaloes.

c. The boy saw a white buffalo.

d. He did not see the herd disappear from sight.

e. The young hunter killed a white buffalo.

4 Which word in parentheses best fits the meaning of the sentence and helps you hear or see what happened in the story?

a. Gray Wolf sat there (looking, staring, gazing) at the white buffalo.

b. Quick thoughts (went, ran, raced) through Gray Wolf's mind.

c. The men called to the Great Spirit in voices filled with (surprise, awe, fear) and praise.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 Do you think "Big Medicine" has a good plot? Be ready to tell the plot of the story.

2 Why do you think the meat of the white buffalo was not to be eaten?

3 What did others in the story do to show respect for Gray Wolf?

4 Was this story believable? Give reasons for your answer.

In time the great buffalo herds of the plains were gone. And with them went the way of life of the Plains Indians.

As you read this poem, you may have a feeling almost of sadness and a longing for a time that is now gone forever.

The Flower-fed Buffaloes

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low:—
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:—
With the Blackfeet, lying low.
With the Pawnees, lying low,
Lying low.

—*Vachel Lindsay*

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Words and Their Meanings

The following exercises will help you study some words you will meet in the next story. When you see such words for the first time, be sure you study their parts until you can say the words correctly. Then be sure you understand their meanings.

1 **Frost** is a word you will read in the next story.

a. How many syllables are in **frost?**

b. What consonant blend is at the beginning of the word?

c. What vowel sound do you hear in the word? Why does **o** have that sound?

d. What consonant blend do you hear at the end of the word?

e. What is the meaning of **frost** in the following sentences?

There was a frost last night.

Mother will frost the cake.

2 Another word you will meet is **apartment.**

a. How many syllables are in **apartment?** Which syllable is accented?

b. What is the root word?

c. What prefix was added to the root word? What sound does the prefix have?

d. What suffix was added to the root word? What sound does the suffix have?

e. What is the meaning of **apartment** in the following sentence?

We live in an apartment.

3 **Pottery** is another interesting word you will read.

a. How many syllables are in **pottery?**

b. What is the root word?

c. What change was made in the root word before a suffix was added?

d. What suffixes were added to the root word? What is the sound of each suffix?

e. What is the meaning of **pottery** in the following sentence?

The man was painting designs on the pottery.

Word Meaning

Thought pictures help you understand what is being described in a story. One way to make a thought picture is to name something that is like the thing being described.

1 Which phrase can be used to complete the thought picture in the sentence?

The frightened child ran as fast ____.

a. as a turtle
b. as a deer

The swift stream looked ____.

a. like a stormy sky
b. like a mirror

Pueblos look almost ____.

a. like tepees
b. like apartment houses

To the south and west of the Plains Indians lived the Desert Indians. These Indians were not mainly hunters. Very early many of them learned how to farm and how to weave baskets and cloth. They also learned how to make beautiful pottery.

These Indians were peaceful friendly Indians. But other Indian tribes who came into the desert were not friendly and attacked the peaceful farmer Indians. In time some of the farmer Indians began to build their villages on top of mesas or cliffs, where they would be safe from enemies. These villages, called "pueblos," were great houses with clay and stone walls and many rooms. To us, they would look almost like apartment houses.

Chi-weé, the girl in this story, lived in such a village high above the desert. By that time there was little danger of attacks from other Indians. The Indians who lived on the desert below were mostly peaceful and friendly, too.

But there were other dangers on the desert, as Chi-weé learned one day.

Chi-weé and the Piñon Nuts

Sky Above and Sky Below

Chi-weé felt very lonely today. There was no one to play with in all the pueblo. She stood on the edge of the mesa and looked away into the great desert, where the wind was playing tag with the little white-tailed hares. The desert was so far below that she could not see even the largest hares. But she could smell the odor of rain far away and could see the clouds piling up behind the blue hills at the edge of the desert. On days like this the little hares always dodged behind the sage as the playful wind came whirling around.

"It is never really lonely in the desert," thought Chi-weé with a sigh. But here in the pueblo it was different.

"Come, Chi-weé, my daughter," called a voice. Chi-weé turned and walked slowly back into her one-room home. Her mother sat in a corner near the door. She was putting drawings on the clay pottery jars that she made all day long and often into the night.

The mother smiled as the girl entered. There was understanding in her smile. She did not look up but spoke quietly. "The wind blew cold from the north last night. Do you not think so, my daughter?"

"Yes," nodded Chi-weé, but with no great interest. "Yes, it was cold, my mother."

"Do you think there was frost in his breath, Chi-weé? Some say there was."

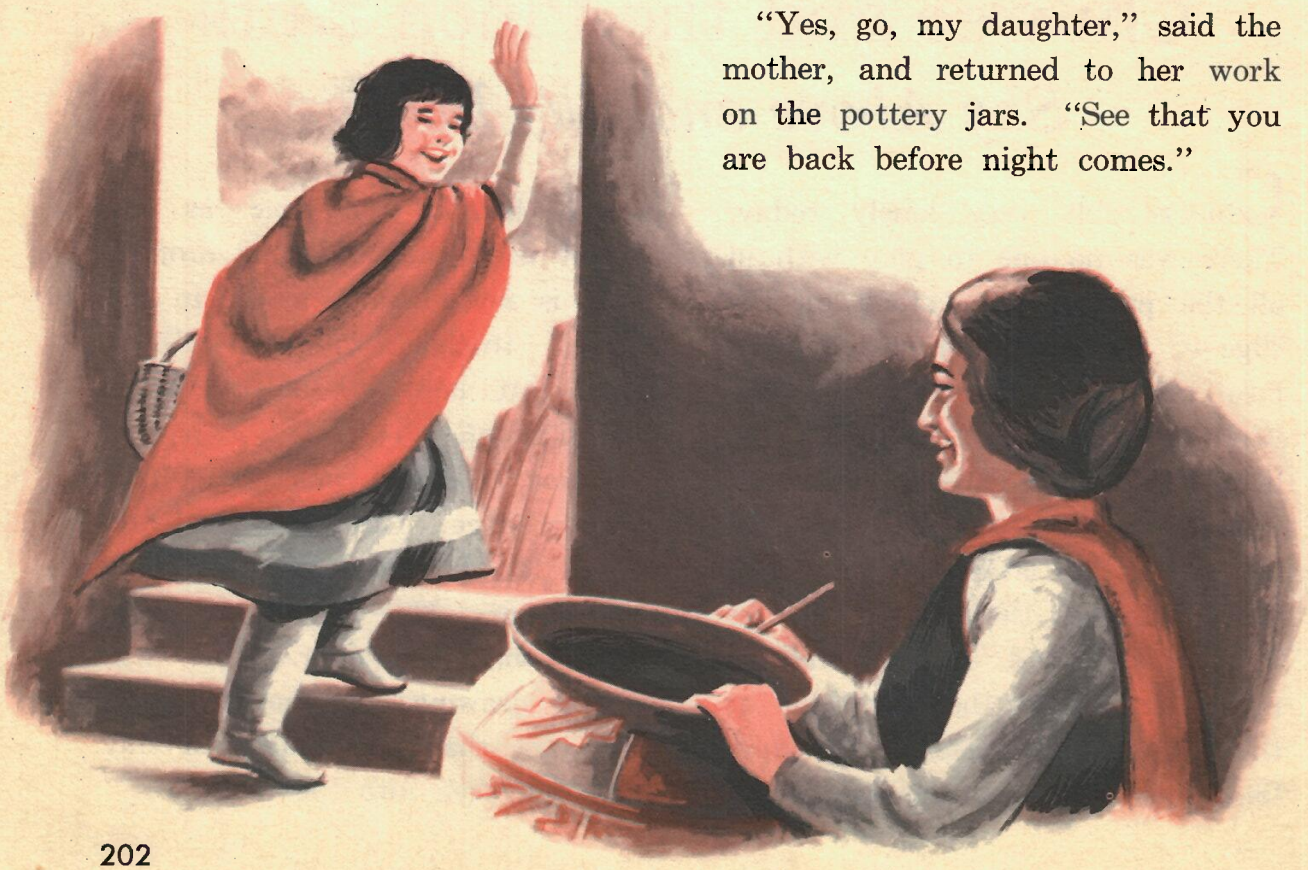
"Yes," answered the girl again, "there was frost in the house shadows before the sun came up, my mother."

Her mother glanced up from her pottery then. "Could you reach the piñon trees and return before dark?"

Then Chi-weé opened her eyes wide. Now she understood the words of her mother. Always the first frost loosened the little piñon nuts. Then they could be gathered up and made into many good things to eat—or eaten just as they were. And the piñon trees were out in the desert on the edge of the large arroyo.

"May I go, my mother?" cried Chi-weé. Gone was all her loneliness now. "I will fill my basket with the best of all the nuts. Oh, may I go now?" She ran to a corner of the room and drew out her newest and best basket. Then she was at the door again with her heart beating fast and with bright, eager eyes.

"Yes, go, my daughter," said the mother, and returned to her work on the pottery jars. "See that you are back before night comes."



Chi-weé took one of her mother's hands and held it against her cheek, and then she was gone. Down the trail she danced, and her thoughts kept time with her flying feet. Past rocks and sharp turns she ran. Even when she reached the desert below, she did not stop. Now she could feel the desert wind in her face, and the smell of the sage was good. More than once she saw the little white tails of the hares popping into the sage. She felt that she was a part of it all and laughed out loud as she ran across the desert.

It was quite far to the piñon trees on the arroyo, but it did not take Chi-weé very long to reach them. Sure enough, she found some of the nuts on the ground, and when she threw rocks up into the branches, more fell. She ate a few, and they tasted better than ever before. But there would be plenty of time to gather the nuts. She sat on the edge of the arroyo and looked down at its smooth, sandy floor.

How clean it looked, and what a lovely place to run! She looked, too, at the steep, sandy sides but felt sure that she could find a way down.

She found that it was very easy to get down. All she had to do was to start, and the sand did the rest. She slid straight to the

bottom and found herself standing on the clean white floor. It looked to be what it really was—the bed of a stream in the time of rains, but very dry now.

How cool and pleasant it felt under her feet! Chi-weé threw back her head and ran like a deer up the wide white trail. She did not know that, as she ran, a tiny pool of water gathered in each spot where her feet touched the sand!

On she ran, and on, until finally she stopped, out of breath, and looked for a place to rest. A twisted old piñon tree grew right out of the side of the arroyo about a third of the way up. The tree offered Chi-weé just the place she wanted.

Chi-weé climbed up into its branches and stretched out. It just seemed made for her, and she lay back happily, looking up at the blue sky through the twisted old branches.

How quiet it was here, and how beautiful—and how tired she was. . . .

Slowly her eyes grew heavy, and soon she slipped off to sleep. . . .

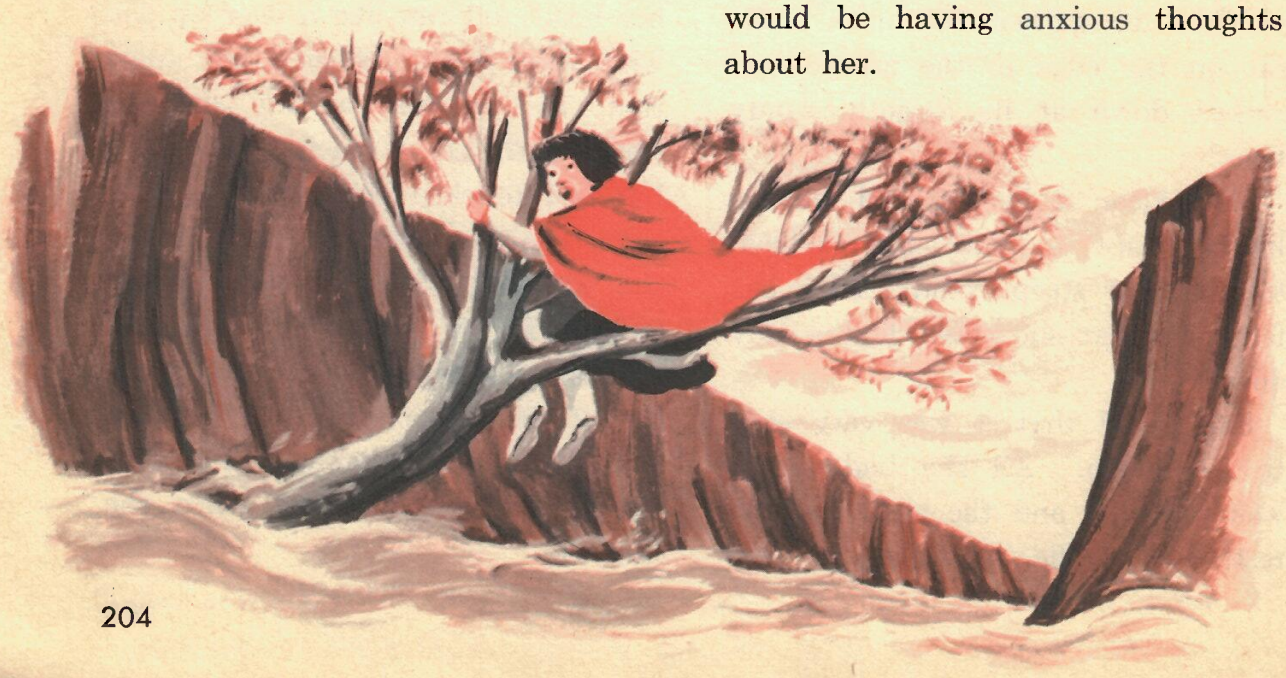
It seemed to Chi-weé that she had just closed her eyes and opened them again, but what strange thing had happened so suddenly?

It was growing dark now and was very cold, and what queer sounds were all around her! At first she could not think where she was. Carefully she lifted her head and looked about her.

Above her was sky, gray and soft. And below her was sky, but cold wind, too, and noise. The sky above was still, but the sky below was moving swiftly, with a rushing sound! And suddenly she knew! It was WATER! THE ARROYO WAS FULL OF WATER—a wide, wild stream!

She must have slept all through the afternoon. And it had rained far away in the hills. She remembered the clouds she had seen. Now the arroyo was a river, she could not guess how deep.

She could not go down again, that was plain. But she must climb up and go home just as quickly as possible, for her mother would be having anxious thoughts about her.



It was growing darker now, and Chi-weé could barely see the sandy bank above her. As she looked at it, her heart sank. The bank was curved *in*, and there was no way to climb it. From her tree no ledge or trail led in either direction. It looked very much as if she could *not* get away from her tree until the waters went down. That might not be for many hours or even days. Chi-weé tried several times to climb up the bank but only slipped back the few feet she could go. The loose sand slid from under her hands and feet, and she knew if she was not very careful she would fall into the rushing stream below.

She tried to call out, but the sound of the water drowned her voice. Suddenly she felt very, very miserable and lonely and afraid and hungry! She put her hands over her face and lay in the tree, trying to think what to do.

A Song from the Desert

She could not tell how long she lay there. The sky turned grayer and grayer still, and the sun left a narrow streak of red as it sank in the west. It was quickly growing dark.

Then, suddenly, she heard a strange sound. She sat up in her tree, listening. At first she could not tell what it was. Then she knew that it must be someone singing a very queer song—someone very near!

Chi-weé cried out as loudly as she could, once and then again. The singing stopped. Then she called again with all her might. She threw her head back and watched eagerly the dark line of sage above her. That was all she could see of the upper edge of the arroyo. And then suddenly she almost fell out of her tree. For there, right above her, was a face looking into her own.

The face so close to hers was one with eyes as wide and surprised as her own. Above the eyes was black hair tied back with a red cloth. Farther over the edge came the head, and Chi-weé saw that it was a boy—a Navaho boy with a very pleasant, friendly face. He looked as if he could hardly believe what he saw.

"It's just me," called Chi-weé, rather shyly after her first surprise. "I fell asleep in the tree, and the waters came. Is there a way that you can get me out?"

"Wait!" cried the boy, and his head disappeared. Chi-weé felt very alone again when he had gone. Suppose he did not come back! But in a little while she saw a tiny black line drop down from the edge of the sage. Nearer it came and nearer, down the sandy bank. At last it stopped just beyond her reach. Then the Navaho boy looked over the bank again.

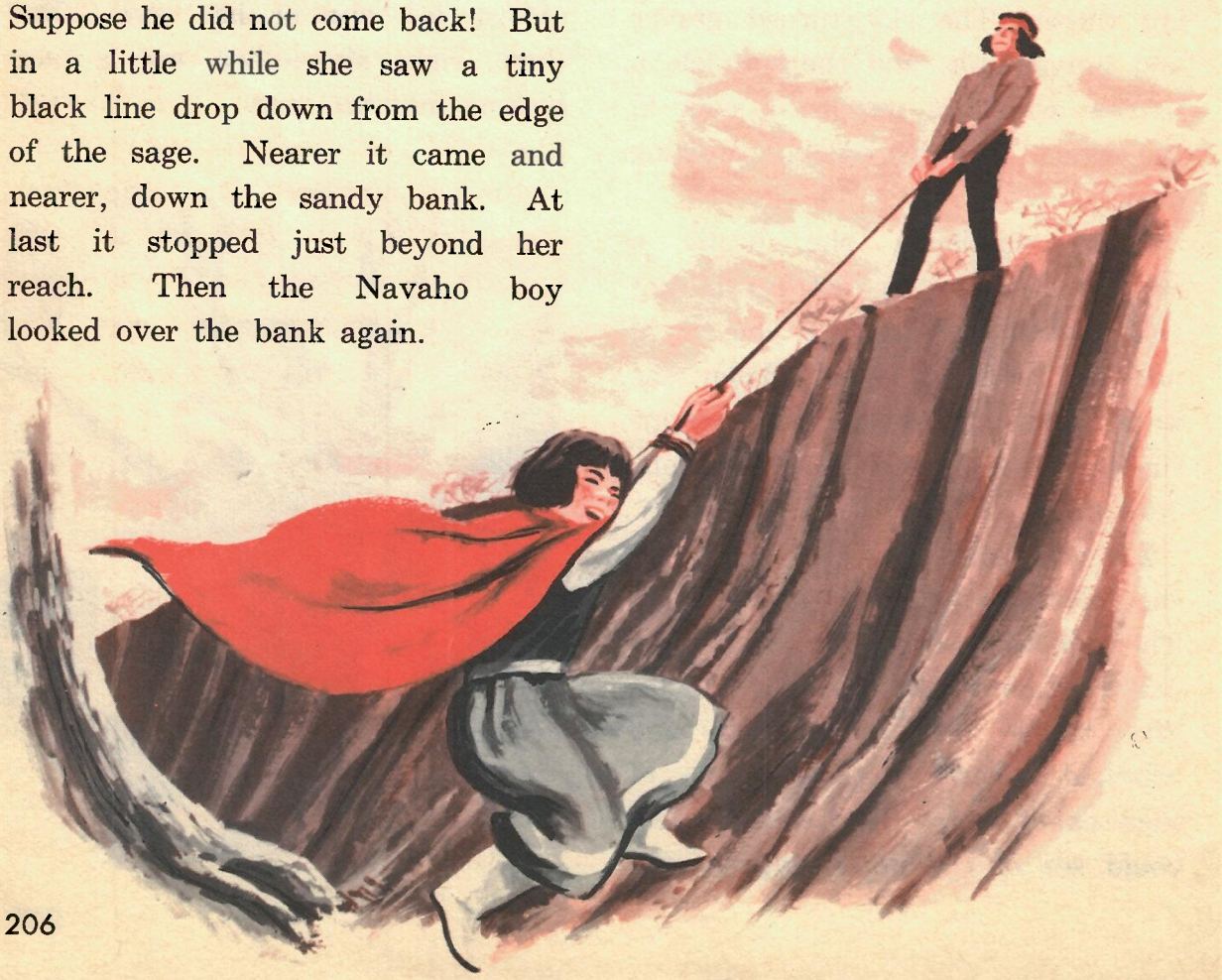
"Is it near enough? Can you reach the thong?" he cried.

"No," answered Chi-weé miserably, "my hand cannot reach it."

"Wait!" he called, and drew the line back. In a little while she saw it again. This time the strong hide thong slid closer and closer until Chi-weé caught hold of it and wrapped it about both wrists.

"Do not put *all* your weight on the thong," called the boy. "Climb with your feet and hold to the line."

But Chi-weé did not need this warning. This was something she had done before. Very soon she was up in the sage on the arroyo



bank, unwrapping the thong from her wrists.

The Navaho boy was very gentle and knew just what to do. He carefully rubbed the red lines the thong had made on her wrists.

"You must be hungry," he said quietly. "Sit down and eat." He gave her some dried goat's meat and a seed cake.

Oh, how good they tasted to Chi-weé! The boy gave her a drink from his water bottle.

"You are from the pueblo?" he asked, a little shyly now.

"Yes," answered Chi-weé, "I am from the pueblo, and my mother will have very anxious thoughts for me. I must go. See, it is dark!" She rose and looked about her.

Then her eyes opened very wide. "But look!" she cried. "How can I get to my home on the mesa? Look! We are on the far side of the arroyo!"

It was true. The Navaho boy thought for a moment. He knew they could not cross the stream below them.

Then he said, "Come, I know a place not so wide. Let us go quickly while we can see."

Chi-weé followed him. There was something about this boy that told her he knew what to do and would help her.

The two walked quickly. Every little while the boy would look down the bank to see if it grew any narrower. It did not seem quite so dark now. Their eyes were growing used to the shadows. Besides, the stars were growing very bright.

In a little while the boy cried out, "This is the place! I think we can cross here."

But when they had climbed down a little way, they found it much wider than they had thought. From the top they could not see that the water had eaten into the sandy bank. Even a man could not have crossed. But the sharp eyes of Chi-weé had seen something else farther up the stream.

"What is that dark thing?" she cried. "It looks like a tree." And it was. The water had washed almost all of the sand away from the roots of a large tree that had been growing in the side of the arroyo. The tree had fallen right across the water in such a way that it made a tree bridge across the stream.

The boy walked across it easily and called to Chi-weé from the other side. But she stood on the great roots and could not make herself go across. The tree trembled with the water passing under it and gave a great shake once in a while.

"Oh, I cannot!" cried Chi-weé. "I will fall into the water!"

The boy laughed at that. "You will not fall," he said. "Look why you will not fall." And he came back across the tree and held out his hand.

Chi-weé took hold of his hand. It felt very strong. Step by step he led her across the shaking bridge, just a little way at a time. At the last she gave a jump and landed on the right side of the arroyo.

"Oh, it is good to be on this side!" she cried. "You have helped me very much." She looked at him a little shyly again and thought how lonely it had been on the mesa that very morning. This Navaho boy did not look as if he could be lonely. He seemed to know what she was thinking and answered almost her very thoughts.

"I take care of sheep for my mother," he said. "We live on the edge of the desert. I often come here with my sheep. It is nice to watch the wild things in the desert—and the sheep. Will you come to this place again?"

A happy feeling came into Chi-weé's heart then, and a laugh into her voice.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I have much love for the desert things—and for the sheep. Oh, yes, I shall come to this place." Then, like a little wild thing herself, she ran toward the mesa with the speed of the wind. Her heart was very happy, for it told her that she could come again to gather piñon nuts and that she had found a new friend!

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Can you answer the following questions about "Sky Above and Sky Below"? Write your answers.

a. Why did her mother ask Chi-weé whether or not there had been frost during the night?

b. Why was Chi-weé eager to go into the desert?

c. Why did Chi-weé go down into the arroyo?

d. Why did Chi-weé think there was sky below her when she woke up?

e. Why did Chi-weé want to go home as quickly as possible?

f. Why couldn't Chi-weé climb to the top of the bank?

2 What word or words will make a true statement about "A Song from the Desert"?

a. A ____ boy looked over the edge of the arroyo.

b. The boy told Chi-weé not to put all her weight on the ____.

c. Chi-weé was afraid she could not get back to her home, for she was on the far side of the ____.

d. Chi-weé saw a ____ that made a bridge across the stream.

e. Chi-weé was happy, for she had found a new ____.

3 What do the following groups of words mean in the story?

a. "There was frost in the wind's breath" means:

When the wind blew, frost came out of his mouth.

The wind blew across a deep blanket of snow.

There was frost and cold wind.

b. "Her thoughts kept time with her flying feet" means:

She was running and thinking very fast.

She wondered where her feet were.

She thought about each step she took.

c. "She ran with the speed of the wind" means:

The wind blew her along.

She ran very fast.

She tried to keep away from the wind.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and be ready to answer them.

1 Why do you think Chi-weé was lonely at the beginning of the story? What had changed to make her feelings different at the end of the story?

2 In what ways were piñon trees important to this story?

3 If you had been Chi-weé, how would you have felt when you woke up in the tree? What would you have done?

WE WORK WITH WORDS

Words and Their Meanings

The following exercises will help you study some words you will meet in the next story.

1 **Blamed** is a word you will read in the next story.

a. What is the root word in **blamed?**

b. What vowel sound do you hear in the root word? Why does the vowel have that sound?

c. Was the root word changed before a suffix was added?

d. What suffix was added to the root word? What is the sound of the suffix?

e. What is the meaning of **blamed** in the following sentence?

The boys were blamed for the broken window.

2 Another word you will meet is **orphan.**

a. How many syllables are in **orphan?** Where is the word divided? Which syllable in the word is accented?

b. What is the sound of the vowel with **r?**

c. What is the sound of the digraph in this word?

d. What vowel sound do you hear in the last syllable? Why does the **a** have that sound?

e. What is the meaning of **orphan** in the following sentence?

The orphan lived with his aunt and uncle.

3 **Hunger** is another interesting word in the next story.

a. How many syllables are in **hunger?** Where is the word divided?

b. What vowel sound do you hear in the first syllable?

c. What sound do you hear at the end of the first syllable? Why does the consonant **n** have that sound?

d. What sound does the **er** have?

e. What does **hunger** mean in the following sentence?

The boy was almost ill with hunger.

Sound the Words

Below are other words you will meet when you read the next story. Study them in much the same way you did the words in the exercises on this page.

Look at the whole word and all its parts.

Think about the syllables and the accent, about sounds of the vowels and consonants, and about prefixes and suffixes.

Blend the sounds together to say the word correctly.

Then think of the word's meaning.

beach blanket clams grateful
mask moss raven seize
whale daughters root swooping

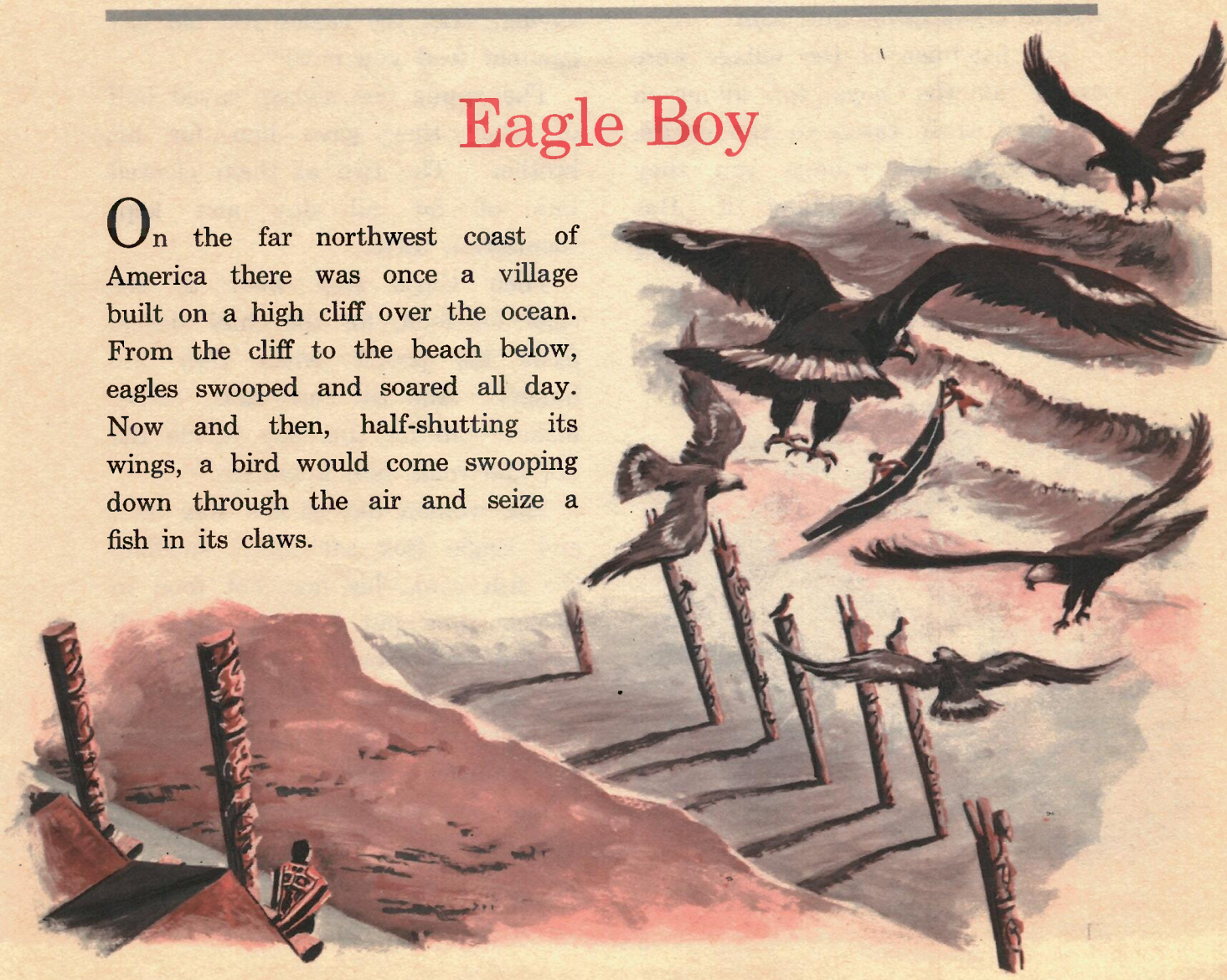
Farther to the west and north of Chi-weé and her people lived the Northwest Indians. These Indians lived along the coast of America. They hunted wild animals and birds and picked berries. But they were also fishermen, and they depended on the sea and rivers for much of their food. They had learned to make good boats that were strong enough to go to sea.

The Northwest Indians had many interesting legends about their way of life. Some of the old legends told about Raven, a magical bird who watched over the Indians and helped them when they were in trouble. When things were going badly, Raven would come to the people. Then they would say, "Raven has come! It is Raven, who sets things right."

This very old legend tells about an Indian boy who needed help and how Raven did indeed come to set things right.

Eagle Boy

On the far northwest coast of America there was once a village built on a high cliff over the ocean. From the cliff to the beach below, eagles swooped and soared all day. Now and then, half-shutting its wings, a bird would come swooping down through the air and seize a fish in its claws.



The people of the place hated the eagles, because they took their fish. They tried to drive the eagles away. But one boy, an orphan, never grew tired of seeing them wheel and soar above the ocean. When he and his younger brother came in from fishing for salmon, they would drop their salmon on the sandy beach and let the eagles have a share. People called the older brother Eagle Boy. He played with the eagles and let them light on his arms, and their wicked claws never hurt him.

The headmen of the village were angry at the boys for giving a share of their catch to the eagles. All during the salmon run they scolded the boys about it. But Eagle Boy said, "The eagles are my friends." And, like most little brothers, the younger one followed along.

When winter came, the food gave out, and the people were very hungry. Then they turned against the orphan boys and scolded them for having given salmon to the eagles. The boys had nothing left to eat, and they went to everyone in the village, asking for food. People shared what they had with the younger brother. But they often turned away the older boy, saying, "Let the eagles you fed last summer feed you now!"

The young one always saved half of what they gave him for his brother. The two of them chewed bits of fat all day and kept themselves alive.

Then Eagle Boy went to the chief for food, for the chief always feeds his people when they are hungry. And the chief said, "Wife, make room for this boy beside the fire and roast him a salmon."

The woman did as she was told, and Eagle Boy sat there, smelling the fish cook, his first hot food in weeks. She put it in a dish, all roasted and brown. The boy held out his hands to take it, thinking, "I must remember to save half for my younger brother."

Then the chief seized the smoking dish and said, "Let the eagles you fed last summer feed you now."

The boy went out, almost ill with hunger, but the chief's youngest daughter secretly gave him a bit of meat. She felt sorry for the poor orphan boy and hated to see him starve. But the whole town was near to starving, and at last the chief sent out word to the village that the people were to move to another beach. There he hoped they would find food. So the people gathered up all they had and packed their last bit of meat and fat into their ten canoes.

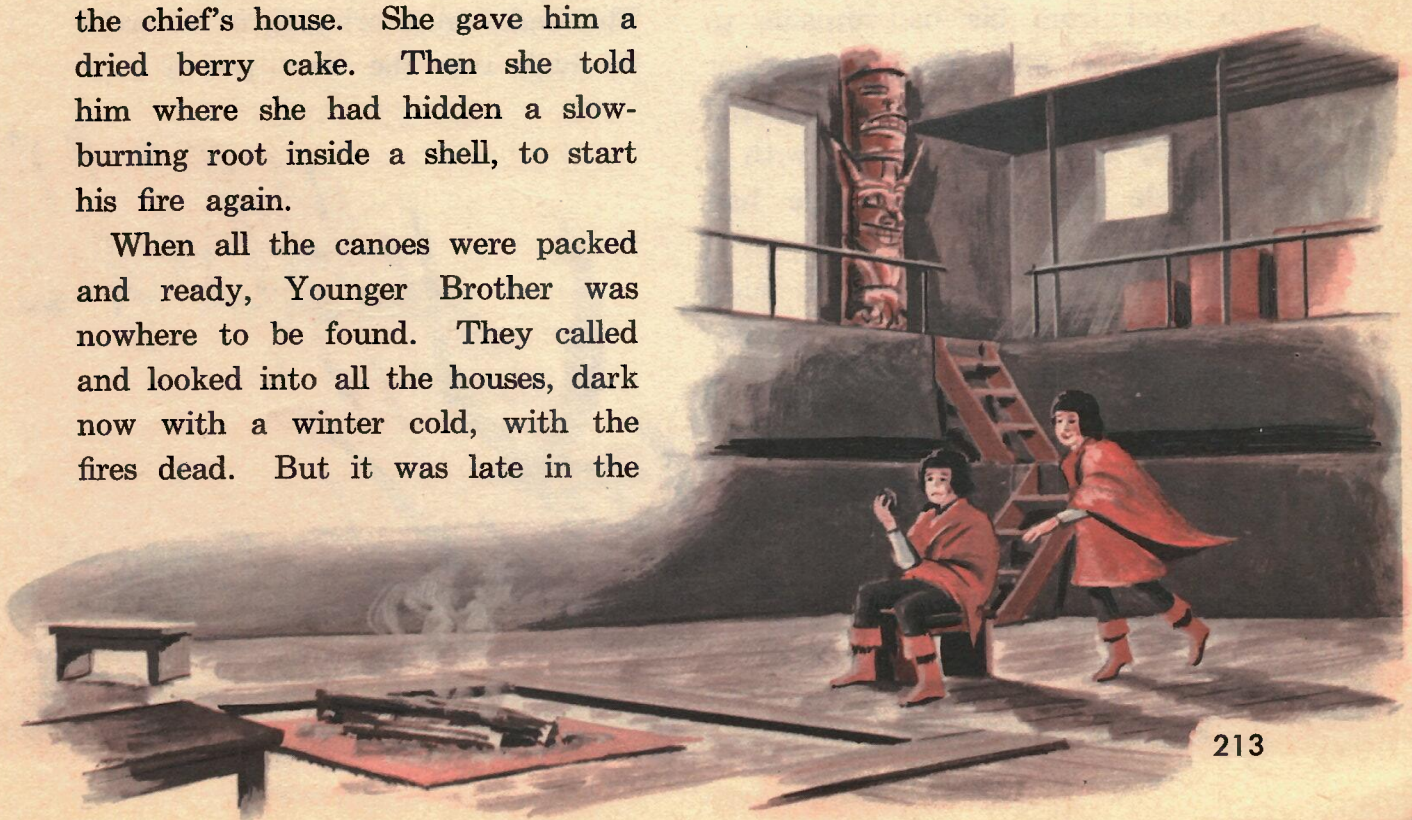
But still they would not forgive Eagle Boy. They left him behind them, saying, "Let the eagles you fed last summer feed you now!"

They put out all the fires and threw water on them. Then the chief's youngest daughter called Eagle Boy away, around the side of the chief's house. She gave him a dried berry cake. Then she told him where she had hidden a slow-burning root inside a shell, to start his fire again.

When all the canoes were packed and ready, Younger Brother was nowhere to be found. They called and looked into all the houses, dark now with a winter cold, with the fires dead. But it was late in the day, and night would come early. At last the chief shouted to his people they would have to set out without Younger Brother.

Eagle Boy stayed at the edge of the woods until the canoes had disappeared from sight. Then he went back to the lonely village and sat himself down in his empty house, hungry and all alone. The one little berry cake he held in his hand was all he had left to save him from starving. He put it to his mouth to eat it and be done with it. But all of a sudden he felt someone touch his arm, and his younger brother was grinning into his face!

"I ran away and hid!" Younger Brother told Eagle Boy proudly. "I didn't want to go away and leave you."



Now Eagle Boy felt worse than before, because he had never wanted his poor little younger brother to starve with him. He gave Younger Brother the berry cake to eat for his supper and ran to dig up the shell with the root burning inside it. He started up his fire with the root. Then he gathered a pile of moss. The moss would do for bed and blanket.

All night long, Eagle Boy had uneasy dreams of the summer, with eagles wheeling in the bright sunshine over the piles of fish. Great wings were beating around his head, and claws seized his arm.

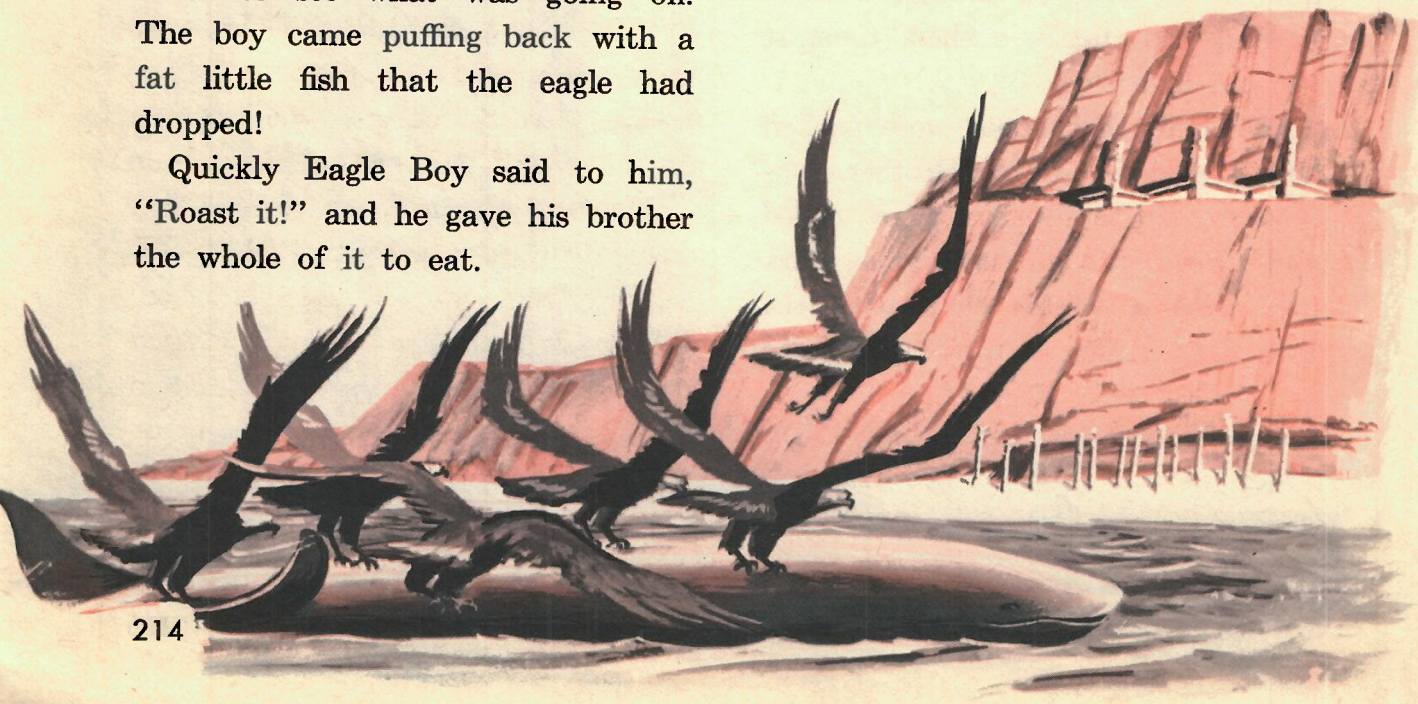
When he awoke in the morning, he thought he was dreaming still. As he lay under his blanket of moss, he heard the scream of an eagle down on the beach. He was too tired from his bad dreams to move, so he sent Younger Brother down to see what was going on. The boy came puffing back with a fat little fish that the eagle had dropped!

Quickly Eagle Boy said to him, "Roast it!" and he gave his brother the whole of it to eat.

Next morning the eagle screamed again, and the little boy ran to the beach. But he had to shout for Eagle Boy to help him, for this time the eagle had brought them a fish as big as Younger Brother. Now Eagle Boy thought they were sure to stay alive. They ate all they wanted and spread out the rest to dry.

Next day they heard two eagles screaming, and they ran down to the beach together. This time there was a sea lion. They cut up the meat and packed it away in the storehouse.

On the fourth day the boys awoke to the sound of many eagles screaming. Both of them ran down the path to the beach and saw eagles dipping and wheeling over something huge close to the shore. The eagles were bringing in a whale! At high tide the boys put a rope



around the whale and tied it to a rock. The next day they started to cut it up, and they filled three houses with whale fat.

While they were cutting up the whale, a raven swooped by and landed on the sand. "Oh, raven!" said Eagle Boy, "I wish you were a man, to carry some meat to the chief's youngest daughter, and tell her that I am alive!"

At that, Raven pushed up his bird mask and showed his man's face.

"Am I not a man?" Raven asked him. "I will give Youngest Daughter news of you."

When Raven pushed up his mask, Eagle Boy saw that the bird was Raven, Who Sets Things Right. He gave Raven a feast of whale fat. Then he tied small pieces of meat around Raven's neck, and the bird flew away.

The people were starving in the new village. Moving had made things worse than ever. Raven found the chief's youngest daughter, who was digging for clams on the beach.

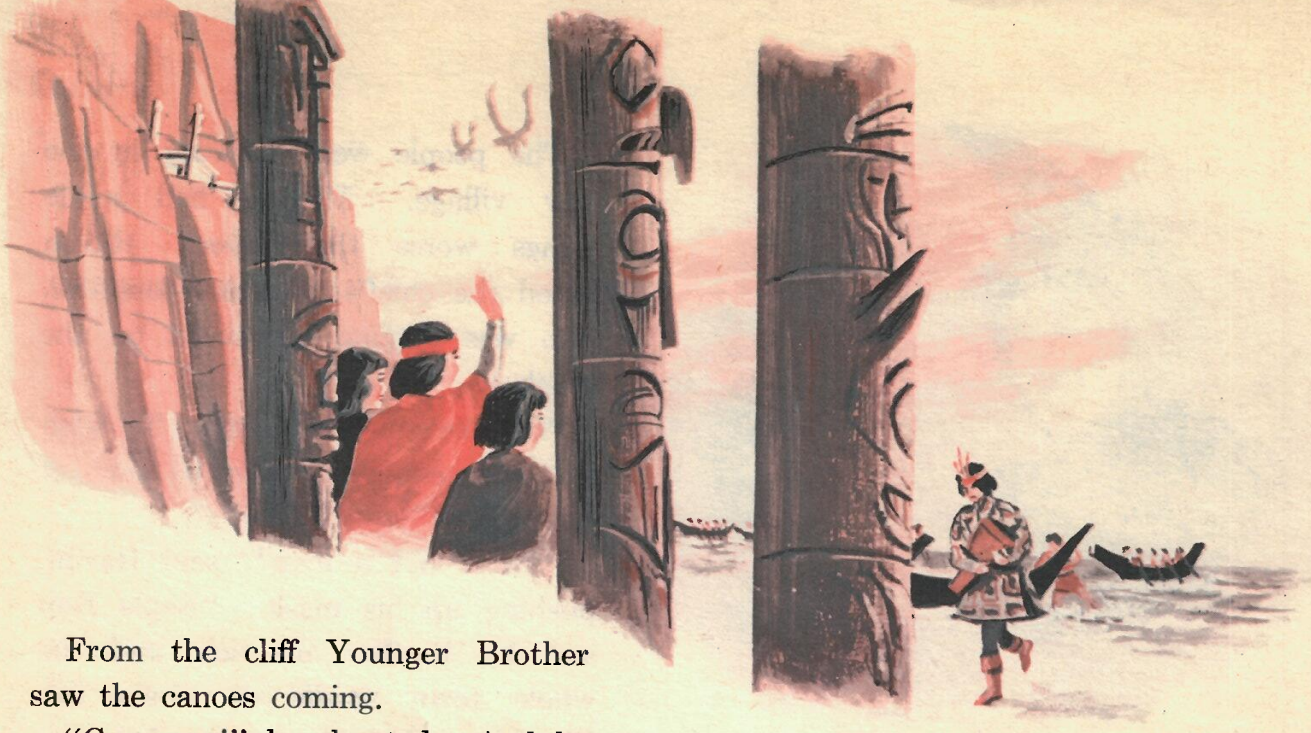
"Oh, raven!" she said, "I wish you were a man, to give us news of Eagle Boy!"

"Am I not a man?" said Raven, pushing up his mask. "Eagle Boy and his brother are rich, and the whole town smells of whale fat. They have four storehouses full, and he sends you this."

The hungry girl ate the bit of whale meat, and Raven flew away. When the two oldest daughters of the chief saw that their sister was chewing a bit of food, they said she was keeping the clams she found for herself. Then she had to tell them what Raven had said, and they took the clams to their father and told him the news.

"The boys you left behind are rich, while we are starving!"

The chief called the people together and told them they were going home. He only hoped that Eagle Boy would forgive them for leaving him and would let them land. So the people again gathered up all they had and set out. From far away they saw a cloud of green smoke against the sky. The hungry men paddled fast, smelling the whale meat cooking.



From the cliff Younger Brother saw the canoes coming.

"Go away!" he shouted. And he said to his brother, "Make them go!"

But Raven, hunting about among the scraps of fish, told him, "The strongest is the most forgiving."

Eagle Boy went down to the edge of the beach and watched the canoes coming to shore. He saw the chief in the first canoe. Youngest Daughter was back with the people. Eagle Boy held the others back, saying, "Let Youngest Daughter be the first to land, for she was kind to me."

Then the happy people came ashore, and Eagle Boy gave them a feast. Soon the tribes came from far and near and traded with Eagle Boy for food. They brought sea-otter clothing, blankets, and canoes. For Youngest Daughter they brought earrings made of killer whales' teeth, dippers made of horn, and lovely shells.

The eagles kept bringing whales, sea lions, and fish, so all of his life Eagle Boy was the richest of chiefs.

When the white men came to America, they changed the Indians' way of life. They brought their own ways of life to this country, and in time the Indians began to live as the white men lived. Today only in a few places do the Indians live as their fathers did. Only in such stories as those you have read can we go back to the time when this country was wild and free—the land of the earliest Americans.

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 Which sentence gives the main idea of "Eagle Boy"?

a. A magical raven helped a hungry Indian boy who had been kind to the eagles.

b. A chief who would not forgive an orphan boy almost starved.

c. An Indian girl was kind to an orphan boy who was hungry.

2 Can you find sentences in the story that make you know the following statements are true? For your answers, write the sentences you find.

a. Eagle Boy liked the eagles.

b. The people of the village blamed Eagle Boy more than Younger Brother for feeding the eagles.

c. The chief was cruel to Eagle Boy.

d. Eagle Boy was grateful to Younger Daughter.

3 Which three words best describe Eagle Boy in this story?

a. tall	**d.** proud	**g.** angry
b. selfish	**e.** forgiving	**h.** fair
c. gay	**f.** kind	

4 To whom or to what do the underlined words refer? From the words in parentheses choose the ones that the underlined words stand for. Write those words for your answer.

a. The people hated the eagles, because they took their fish. (the eagles', the people's, the fish's)

b. The headmen were angry with the boys for giving a share of their catch to the eagles. (the headmen's, the boys', the eagles')

c. Eagle Boy felt someone touch his arm, and his younger brother was grinning into his face. (Eagle Boy's, the younger brother's, the chief's)

d. At high tide the boys put a rope around the whale and tied it to a rock. (tide, rock, whale)

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 What is the plot of this story? Be ready to tell the plot in a few words if your teacher calls on you.

2 What is the theme of this story?

3 What events in the story show that it is make-believe instead of realistic?

4 Why did Raven help Eagle Boy?

5 Do you think brothers usually feel and act toward each other as Eagle Boy and Younger Brother did? Do you think brothers should feel and act that way?

THINKING BACK

Things to Study and Write About

On a sheet of paper write the answers to the following questions.

1 In which Indian story do you think the plot is most important in making the story interesting?

2 Which Indian story do you think had the most exciting climax?

3 Which character in the Indian stories seemed most believable to you? Give reasons for your answer.

4 Which story had a theme that you think you will remember? State the theme in as few words as you can.

5 Which Indian story did you like best? Explain in writing why you liked that story.

Things to Think and Talk About

Read the following questions and think about answers to them. Then be ready to talk about your ideas with the rest of your class.

1 From these Indian stories what did you learn about the different ways of life of the Forest Indians, the Plains Indians, the Desert Indians, and the Northwest Indians?

2 How was the life of the Indians like the life of the early American pioneers? How was the life of the Indians different from that of the pioneers?

3 Have you heard or read other stories that tell how Indians lived? Be ready to tell such a story.

4 Why do you think the Indians changed their way of life after the white men came to America?

Glossary

The following system of indicating pronunciation is used by permission of the copyright owners of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, copyright 1959 by G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers of the Merriam-Webster Dictionaries.

The glossary at the end of a book is something like a brief dictionary. In this glossary you will find some of the meanings for a number of the words introduced in your book. Each word in the list is followed by its respelling to help you pronounce the word. As you work with the words in the study exercises in this book, you will learn something about how to use the respellings.

The following list shows the symbols that stand for the vowel sounds. The symbols are listed in alphabetical order with key words that contain the sounds for which the symbols stand.

Symbols Used for Vowel Sounds

ā—**cake**	ī—**pie**	oi—**oil**	är—**car**
ă—**hat**	ĭ—**pig**	o͞o—**pool**	âr—**dare**
ä—**father**	ō—**rope**	o͝o—**book**	ēr—**butter**
ȧ—**ask**	ŏ—**top**	ou—**out**	ę̄r—**dear**
ē—**bean**	ô—**saw**	ū—**use**	ôr—**for**
ĕ—**pet**	o͝o—**soft**	ŭ—**nut**	ûr—**fur**

In respellings, any vowel shown in italics with a curved mark (◡) above it has a sound almost like short *u*. The vowel *a* shown in italics with one dot above it (*ȧ*) also has this sound.

Any vowel shown with this mark (⊥) above it is given its long vowel sound, but in pronouncing the word the sound is cut short.

This list shows the symbols that stand for the consonant sounds.

Symbols Used for Consonant Sounds

b—**boy**	k—**kite**	sh—**ship**
ch (tsh)—**church**	ks—**box**	t—**top**
d—**doll**	kw (qu)—**quack**	th—**think**
d͡ū—**gradual**	l—**look**	~~th~~—**then**
f—**fun**	m—**man**	t͡ū—**picture**
g—**go**	n—**not**	v—**vine**
gz—**exact**	ng—**sing**	w—**will**
h—**home**	p—**pet**	y—**yes**
hw (wh)—**white**	r—**run**	z—**zoo**
j—**jump**	s—**see**	zh—**azure**

A

ad·mire' (ăd·mīr'). To think well of; he *admired* the man for his kindness.

a·long'side' (ȧ·lŏng'sīd'). On one side; by the side of.

a·maze' (ȧ·māz'). To surprise very much; the bear's size *amazed* the hunter.

anx'ious (ăngk'shŭs; ăng'shŭs). Worried; uncertain; fearful.

arch (ärch). 1. The part of a doorway, bridge, and so on, that is curved or rounds to a point. 2. To curve in the form of an arch; the bridge *arches* over the river.

ar·roy'o (ă·roi'ō). The valley of a stream that may usually be dry except in time of rain.

at'om (ăt'ŭm). 1. The very smallest bit of something. 2. In chemistry, a tiny part of an element.

a·tom'ic (ȧ·tŏm'ĭk). Of atoms; having to do with atoms; *atomic* bombs.

a·tom'ic-age' (ȧ·tŏm'ĭk āj'). Having to do with a time when the atom is used for energy, power, and so on; *atomic-age* weapons.

au'thor (ô'thĕr). One who writes; he is the *author* of this story.

awe (ô). Great fear, wonder, and respect; the boy looked at the huge monster with *awe*.

B

bare'ly (bâr'lĭ). Scarcely; hardly; we *barely* have time to get there.

bel'low (bĕl'ō). 1. To roar deeply and loudly; to shout in a thundering voice; the oxen *bellowed*. 2. A roar; a shout.

blast (blȧst). 1. A powerful wind gust. 2. An outburst; an explosion.

blaze (blāz). 1. A bright, hot fire. 2. To glow like fire; the boy's eyes were *blazing* in fury.

blink (blĭngk). To open and close the eyes quickly.

bob'cat' (bŏb'kăt'). A kind of wildcat. It has a short tail and long legs.

bold'ly (bōld'lĭ). Fearlessly; with courage and daring.

break'neck' (brāk'nĕk'). Recklessly or dangerously fast; so fast that one's neck might get broken; the horse galloped at a *breakneck* pace.

bur'row (bûr'ō). 1. A hole that a rabbit or other animal digs in the ground to live in. 2. To make such a hole.

C

calm (käm) Peaceful; unexcited; quiet; she has a *calm* nature.

cav'ern (kăv'ĕrn). A big cave.

cel'e·brate (sĕl'ĕ·brāt). To take special note of something, such as by having a party or closing stores; we *celebrated* my birthday.

chime (chīm). One of a set of bells tuned to the musical scale, on which music can be played.

chuck'le (chŭk''l). 1. To laugh softly 2. To make a soft, clucking sound. 3. A soft laugh.

cin'der (sĭn'dĕr). 1. A small piece of wood that has been partly burned. 2. One of the bits of lava from a volcano.

clam (klăm). A shellfish that lives inside a double shell. It is something like an oyster.

clamp (klămp). To fasten one thing tightly to another.

com'fort·a·ble (kŭm'fĕrt·ȧ·b'l). Giving or having comfort; at ease; satisfied; she was *comfortable* in the big chair.

com'po·si'tion (kŏm'pō·zĭsh'ŭn). A piece of writing, art, music, and so on.

coun'cil (koun'sĭl). Several people who together decide a question or give advice.

creak (krēk). To make a long, shrill, or squeaking noise; the old wagon *creaked* as it moved.

crop (krŏp). 1. The total wheat, corn, or other farm product at the end of the growing season; his cotton *crop* was good this year. 2. To clip or cut something short; the barber *cropped* my hair.

cut'worm' (kŭt'wûrm'). A kind of caterpillar that kills vegetables and other plants by cutting them off near the ground.

D

dam'age (dăm'ĭj). 1. Hurt or harm; the fire did great *damage* to his house. 2. To hurt or harm.

dar'ing (dâr'ĭng). Courage; bravery; boldness.

daze (dāz). 1. To blind or confuse with a great light; the glare on the snow *dazed* him. 2. To shock greatly; to stun; he was *dazed* with surprise. 3. A state of great shock or surprise.

de·fend' (dē·fĕnd'). To shield, guard, or protect; the cat *defends* itself from its enemies with its claws.

de·mand' (dē·mănd'). To claim or ask strongly.

den (dĕn). A home, such as a cave, of a wild animal.

de·pos′it (dē·pŏz′ĭt). 1. To drop or put down; streams *deposit* mud in their beds. 2. Dirt, mud, and other materials dropped by water or other means; this land is filled with mineral *deposits*.

dike (dīk). A mound of dirt piled up to hold back water; Holland's *dikes* hold back the sea.

E

ea′ger (ē′gĕr). Enthusiastic; longing for something; he was *eager* to help his father.

ea′sel (ē′z'l). A stand to hold a painting.

en·cour′age (ĕn·kûr′ĭj). To help by giving courage; to rouse in spirit; to make more hopeful; she *encouraged* him to win the race.

e·rupt′ (ē·rŭpt′). To explode or blow out; the volcano was *erupting*.

e·rup′tion (ē·rŭp′shŭn). An explosion; the volcano's *eruption* was terrible to see.

ex·plo′sion (ĕks·plō′zhŭn). A blast or outburst; there was an *explosion* as the gun went off.

ex′tra-loud′ (ĕks′trȧ loud′). Very loud; louder than usual.

F

fa′vor (fā′vĕr). 1. High regard; special approval that is shown in some way; honor given to someone by a ruler, and so on; the king showed David high *favor*. 2. A good deed or act of kindness; they did her a *favor*.

fear′ful (fēr′fo͝ol; fēr′f'l). Filled with fear; frightened.

fear′less (fēr′lĕs; fēr′lĭs). Having or showing no fear; brave.

feast (fēst). A big meal with much food and celebration.

fer′ti·liz′er (fûr′tĭ·līz′ĕr). Something used in the soil to make it richer.

fes′ti·val (fĕs′tĭ·vȧl). A special holiday or time when there are feasts and celebrations; Thanksgiving is an American *festival*.

fierce (fērs). Very warlike, cruel, or ferocious; the lion is a *fierce* animal.

fi′nal·ly (fī′nȧl·ĭ). After a long time; at last.

fir (fûr). A kind of pine tree that has a shape like a cone.

flesh (flĕsh). The areas of the body of an animal that are not bone, are soft, and may be used as meat.

flick′er (flĭk′ĕr). To move like a candle in the wind; to waver; the torch was *flickering*.

fool′ish (fo͞ol′ĭsh). Unwise; without good sense; that was a *foolish* thing to do.

foot′hill′ (fo͝ot′hĭl′). A low hill at the beginning of a range of higher hills.

G

gal′lop (găl′ŭp). 1. To run very fast; the horse was *galloping* across the plains. 2. The top speed a horse can run.

gath′er (găth′ĕr). To come or bring to one place; clouds *gathered* in the sky.

gen′er·al (jĕn′ĕr·ȧl). Of many or all things; not limited to a few; a *general* store sells many kinds of goods. 2. An army officer.

gen′tle (jĕn′t'l). 1. Not wild; easy to handle; tame; a dog makes a *gentle* pet. 2. Polite; mild in manner; a *gentle* person. 3. Gradual; not steep; the slope had a *gentle* rise.

ge·og′ra·phy (jē·ŏg′rȧ·fĭ). The study of the earth and its crops, weather, people.

glare (glâr). 1. To gleam or shine very brightly. 2. To look hard and with great anger; the boys *glared* at the bully.

glide (glīd). To skim or move easily and smoothly; the skaters were *gliding* across the ice.

god (gŏd). One who is believed to have powers greater than those of a human being; the Greek *gods*.

god′dess (gŏd′ĕs). A female with powers greater than those of a human being; a female god.

grasp (grȧsp). To grip; to hold tightly with the hands; she *grasped* the handle.

griz′zly bear (grĭz′lĭ bâr). A bear that lives in the western part of North America. It is large and very strong and has brown fur.

gur′gle (gûr′g'l). To ripple; to move noisily like a stream flowing over rocks.

H

hare (hâr). An animal something like a very large rabbit.

haunt (hônt; hänt). 1. To come to the same place again and again. 2. Living in a place or visiting it in the form of a ghost; a ghost is *haunting* the barn.

hay′loft′ (hā′lôft′). A loft, or room, in the top of a barn. It is used for storing hay.

head′long (hĕd′lông). With the head first; very fast.

hick'o·ry (hĭk'ô·rĭ). A kind of walnut tree. The bark of the *shagbark hickory* comes off the tree in long pieces.

his'to·ry (hĭs'tô·rĭ). 1. Past time or things that happened in the past. 2. Study of times past.

hon'or (ŏn'ẽr). High regard; respect; he showed *honor* to his parents.

hon'or·a·ble (ŏn'ẽr·ȧ·b'l). 1. Being worth honor or respect. 2. A title of respect; *Honorable* Sir.

hot'ly (hŏt'lĭ). Angrily; in a hot way.

I

i'ci·cle (ī'sĭk·'l). Water that has frozen into a piece of ice that hangs down and is pointed at the bottom.

im·ag'i·nar'y (ĭ·măj'ĭ·nĕr'ĭ). Unreal; fancied; imagined; goblins are *imaginary* creatures.

im·ag'ine (ĭ·măj'ĭn). To picture something in the mind; *imagine* the time when you will be a grown man.

im'po·lite' (ĭm'pô·līt'). Rude; not polite.

in'no·cent (ĭn'ô·sĕnt). Not guilty; not to blame; the boy was *innocent* of the theft.

K

ki·mo'no (kĭ·mō'nȧ; kĭ·mō'nō). A kind of robe worn by the people of Japan.

knot'hole' (nŏt'hōl'). In a log or piece of wood, a hole where there was once a knot.

L

la'va (lä'vȧ; lăv'ȧ). Hot rock that melts and pours out of a volcano.

leg'end (lĕj'ĕnd; lē'jĕnd). A very old story that may or may not be true; the stories of King Arthur are *legends*.

liq'uid (lĭk'wĭd). 1. Like water or watery; not solid. 2. Something that moves like water; milk is a *liquid*.

live'ly (līv'lĭ). Full of energy; full of life; he is a *lively* boy.

loop'hole' (lōōp'hōl'). In a wall, a small hole to hold a rifle barrel so that it may be fired through the wall.

luck'i·ly (lŭk'ĭ·lĭ). In a lucky way; because of good luck.

M

mad'ame (măd'ăm; *French* mȧ'dȧm'). In the French language, a title of respect meaning "Mrs."

mag'i·cal (măj'ĭ·kăl). Having to do with magic.

ma·man' (mȧ·mä'). In the French language, a word used by a child, meaning "mother."

mask (măsk). Something tied or placed over the face to hide it.

mass (măs; mȧs). A great quantity of something; here is a *mass* of lava.

mes·quite' (mĕs·kēt'; mĕs'kēt). A kind of bush or tree. It grows in Mexico and in the Southwest part of the United States.

mis'er·a·ble (mĭz'ẽr·ȧ·b'l). Having or showing much unhappiness or pain; the toothache made me *miserable*.

moist (moist). Damp; a little wet.

Mon·sieur' (mẽ·syû'). In the French language, a title of respect meaning "Mr."

mon'ster (mŏn'stẽr). A huge or frightening animal or thing.

moss (mŏs). A small, flat plant that grows on trees, rocks, and so on.

mur'mur (mûr'mẽr). 1. A low sound like that of voices speaking softly. 2. To speak softly or make quiet noises.

mut'ter (mŭt'ẽr). 1. A low sound like that of angry voices speaking softly. 2. To talk or complain in an unclear or quiet way.

mys'ter·y (mĭs'tẽr·ĭ). Something that is secret, not known, or not explained.

N

non'sense (nŏn'sĕns). Foolishness; something without sense; this tall tale is *nonsense*.

O

odd'-look'ing (ŏd' lo͝ok'ĭng). Having a queer or unusual appearance; that is an *odd-looking* dog.

o'dor (ō'dẽr). A smell; these flowers have a pleasant *odor*.

of'fer (ŏf'ẽr). 1. To try to give; he *offered* me a piece of cake. 2. To say that one is willing; she *offered* to wash the dishes.

or'phan (ôr'făn). A child whose mother and father have died.

out'burst' (out'bûrst'). An explosion or bursting out; there was one last *outburst* from the dying volcano.

out'line' (out'līn'). To mark the outside edge of something to show its shape; the cowboy was *outlined* against the sky.

owe (ō). 1. To have to pay or repay something; I *owe* my brother five dollars. 2. To be under obligation; to have a debt; he *owes* his good health to his doctor.

P

pass (pȧs). 1. To move or proceed; the days *passed* very slowly. 2. To move around or by; he tried to *pass* the car.

pas'sage (păs'ĭj). 1. A hall, roadway, path, and so on; the castle was filled with narrow *passages*. 2. A part of a book, story, and so on.

pause (pôz). 1. A short rest. 2. To stop for a short time.

peace'ful (pēs'fo͝ol; pēs'f'l). Filled with peace; at peace; calm; quiet.

pierce (pērs). To stab; to make a hole with something pointed; to wound; the thorn *pierced* his arm.

pi'ñon (pē'nyŏn; pĭn'yŭn). A kind of pine tree that bears nuts. It is found in Mexico and in the West.

plunge (plŭnj). To drop or move down or ahead very fast; the diver *plunged* into the water.

pow'er (pou'ẽr). 1. Strength; might; great ability; he is a man of *power*. 2. A kind of force that does work; atomic *power* will move a submarine.

praise (prāz). 1. To say that one thinks highly of something. 2. To worship; to glorify. 3. Words of approval or worship.

prob'lem (prŏb'lĕm; prŏb'lĕm). 1. A question or difficulty to be faced and solved. 2. Something in doubt, not yet understood.

prowl (proul). To move secretly and without noise; the tiger *prowled* through the jungle.

pueb'lo (pwĕb'lō). A small town or village built by early Indians in the Southwest. A pueblo contained many-storied adobe houses, which were something like apartment houses. Indians who lived in these villages were called *Pueblo Indians*.

Q

quiv'er (kwĭv'ẽr). A holder for arrows. It is usually worn on the back.

R

raft'er (rȧf'tẽr). One of the wood beams that slope upward to hold up a roof.

rage (rāj). 1. Furious anger. 2. To be furiously angry.

ra'ven (rā'vĕn). A kind of black bird that looks something like a crow but is larger.

re·buke' (rē·būk'). A reproof; a scolding.

reel (rēl). A spool or frame which turns and on which rope and other kinds of lines are wound up.

re·lief' (rē·lēf'). Release from fear, pain, worry, and so on.

re·mind' (rē·mīnd'). To call to someone's mind again; to help someone remember.

re·pay' (rē·pā'). To return; to pay back; she *repaid* the money I loaned her.

re·spect' (rē·spĕkt'). To think highly of; to look up to.

re·venge' (rē·vĕnj'). Hurt or harm done in payment for being hurt or harmed.

rid (rĭd). 1. To release; to free; to *rid* the house of termites; they got *rid* of the old car.

ridge (rĭj). The top of a line of hills or mountains; he climbed the *ridge* to the cabin.

rud'der (rŭd'ẽr). A wood or metal piece fastened at the back of a boat and used for steering the boat.

rus'tle (rŭs''l). 1. To swish; to move gently and softly; the leaves are *rustling* in the breeze. 2. A soft, swishing sound.

S

sa'cred (sā'krĕd). Divine; holy; greatly respected.

sage (sāj). Sagebrush; a plant that grows in the West and Southwest.

sau'cy (sô'sĭ). Pert; bold in a gay way; cocky.

scam'per (skăm'pẽr). To run quickly and lightly; the squirrel *scampered* up the tree.

scent (sĕnt). A pleasant or unpleasant odor.

scrub oak (skrŭb ōk). A small oak tree.

seize (sēz). To grab; to take with force.

shed (shĕd). To let fall or throw away; the deer is *shedding* its antlers.

shel'ter (shĕl'tẽr). Something that gives protection or cover, as a house, a tree, and so on.

shrug (shrŭg). To raise the shoulders to show questioning, lack of interest, doubt, and so on.

side'-step' (sīd' stĕp'). To step to one side.

si'lence (sī'lĕns). Quietness; stillness; absence of noise; the snow fell in *silence*.

si'lent (sī'lĕnt). Quiet; still; noiseless.

skull (skŭl). The bones across the top of the head.

sleigh (slā). A horse-drawn vehicle like an open carriage that is placed on runners so that it will move over snow.

slink (slĭngk). To move or creep secretly or as though ashamed or frightened.

slope (slōp). Something that slants; the *slope* of a hill.

snarl (snärl). 1. To growl with bared teeth; the wolf *snarled* at the boy. 2. A fierce growl.

soar (sōr). To move or fly up; the eagles *soared* high into the sky.
som·bre′ro (sŏm·brā′rō). A kind of hat with a wide brim. It is worn in Mexico and other countries.
squawk (skwôk). 1. A call like that of a chicken. 2. To make such a noise.
stam·pede′ (stăm·pēd′). 1. A sudden rush of animals or people, caused by fear, panic, and so on. 2. To rush in fear; the cattle *stampeded* during the thunderstorm.
stead′i·ly (stĕd′ĭ·lĭ). In a steady, continuing, or calm way.
steep (stēp). Almost vertical, or up and down; not rising gradually; slowly they climbed the *steep* path.
steer (stēr). To guide something by using a wheel, a rudder, and so on; they took turns *steering* the boat.
strug′gle (strŭg′l). 1. To try very hard. 2. A great attempt against something difficult. 3. A battle or fight.
suf′fer (sŭf′ĕr). To be in great pain; to have great hardships.
suf′fer·ing (sŭf′ĕr·ĭng; sŭf′rĭng). Great pain or hardship.
sway (swā). To move forward and back or from one side to the other with a rocking motion.
swift (swĭft). Rapid; very fast.
swirl (swûrl). 1. To whirl or move around and around. 2. A whirling motion.
swoop (swōōp). To come down very quickly.
syc′a·more (sĭk′ə·mōr). A kind of leafy tree.

T

thong (thŏng). A long, narrow piece of leather.
till (tĭl). Until.
tire (tīr). To become tired or weary.
tribe (trīb). Several persons of the same race banded together; there are many *tribes* of Indians.
tum′ble·weed′ (tŭm′b'l·wēd′). A plant that usually breaks from its roots in autumn and is blown here and there by the wind.

U

un′de·serv′ing (ŭn′dē·zûrv′ĭng). Not deserving or being worthy.
un·eas′y (ŭn·ēz′ĭ). Not easy in the mind; worried; anxious.
up′roar′ (ŭp′rōr′). Loud noise and wild motion; the excited crowd was in an *uproar*.
u·ra′ni·um (ū·rā′nĭ·ŭm). A hard, heavy, valuable metal.
u′su·al·ly (ū′zhoŏ·ăl·ĭ). Most often; generally.

V

vol·ca′no (vŏl·kā′nō). A hill or mountain containing a hole through which lava, cinders, or steam are being or have been forced out of the earth.

W

wad′dle (wŏd′l). To walk like a duck, with short, swinging steps.
warn′ing (wôr′nĭng). Notice, advice, or caution about something; the radio gave *warning* of a coming storm.
watch′ful (wŏch′fo͝ol). On guard; watching carefully; the prison guard was *watchful*.
webbed (wĕbd). Having pieces of thin skin between the toes that join them together; ducks have *webbed* feet.
whim′per (hwĭm′pĕr). To make soft, short, crying sounds; the baby *whimpered* from hunger.
whir (hwûr). To turn or move with a sound like a humming noise.
whiz (hwĭz). To move very quickly with a sound like a buzzing noise; the car *whizzed* past them on the road.
wild′life′ (wīld′līf′). The wild animals that live in a certain place; the *wildlife* of Africa.
won′der (wŭn′dĕr). 1. An unusual or very fine thing; that mountain is a *wonder*. 2. To be greatly surprised or awed; he *wondered* at the beauty of the scenery. 3. To want to know; he was *wondering* what to do.
wood′land′ (wo͝od′lănd′; wo͝od′lənd). A place filled with trees.
wood′sy (wo͝od′zĭ). A woodsman; one who lives in the woods.
wound (wo͞ond; wound). To harm or injure by hitting or other means.

Y

yelp (yĕlp). 1. A quick, shrill yell or bark. 2. To make such a sound.

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